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13Apr '32

THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

Editor PAUL RUTLEDGE, '32

VOL. XXXVIII, NO. 1 BROOKLINE, MASS., NOVEMBER 3, 1931 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

OUIMET REPORTS OF HIS SUCCESS

In Sagamore Interview

During the past week I was greatly honored to spend an evening at the home of Francis Ouimet, recently crowned National Golf Champion. Mr. Ouimet, who is considered the greatest amateur golfer in the world, is incidentally an alumnus of Brookline High School. He has always been a great lover of all sports, and during his high school career played on the varsity hockey and golf teams. Due to lack of sufficient weight he was unable to compete on the gridiron, and since the golf and baseball seasons conflicted, he was unable to perform on the baseball diamond.

Ouimet's career as a golfer started at the age of eight, when he was employed as a caddy at the Brookline Country Club. It was then that he started to perfect those drives and chip-shots which have won him world renown.

During his days as a caddy, Ouimet never competed in a caddy tournament. When asked if he thought caddying benefited one who desires to learn golf, he answered that caddying was without exception the best method by which to learn.

When I asked Mr. Ouimet his opinion of Brookline High School he readily answered, "I think Brookline High School is one of the finest preparatory schools in the country."

When Ouimet attended Brookline High School, Brookline was considered a nursing ground for swimmers, but after

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OFFICERS, COMMITTEES OF B. H. S. BANK CHOSEN

At the first meeting of the Board of Directors of the Brookline High School Bank, the following officers for the coming year were elected: President, Robert Monroe; Chairman of the Board, Paul Rutledge; Vice-presidents, Carola Nasymth and Milton Levy; Secretary, Jean MacMillan; and Adele Kilsey who was appointed Treasurer. Since then the Chairman of the Board has appointed the committees. The chairman are Jean Whittier, Anne DeLano, Madeline L. Engle, Gordon Minnis, Robert Beckhard, and Janet Dubinsky respectively of Executive, Publicity, Senior Class, Junior Class, Sophomore Class and Freshman Class Committees.

The officers hope to have a highly successful year. Your convenience alone is important. Deposit next Tuesday.

NEW SCHOOL HEADS FINE EXECUTIVES

Of New England Background

Brookline High School has taken a long breath and settled down to a renewed era of prosperity, for it is written in the stars that our new headmaster and our new sub-master are a powerful combination in a great constructive work of education.

Mr. Wilfred H. Ringer, our new Headmaster, comes to us from the High School at Gloucester, Massachusetts, where he made a splendid record as an administrator. His experience has been exceedingly varied, covering everything from being coach of championship football and track teams, and dramatics to being educational director of a large church in Detroit. He has been in touch with many institutions: English departments, science departments, guidance departments, teachers' associations, University Extension and many others. He has many interests too: the theatre and music, — and he knows them —, hunting and fishing, books, dogs, people. He is more than just an Educator, he is a human being, a man of the world.

Already Mr. Ringer has impressed himself upon both faculty and pupils. He gives everybody a sense of security and of hopefulness. As an administrator he has a clear vision of what he wants and the power to communicate that vision to others; he is exacting yet fair; he is firm yet kindly; and he is at all times ready to listen to anyone's problems with a sympathetic ear.

We hope that he is planning to stay with us for many years, for we feel that he will lead Brookline High School upward to splendid accomplishment. Brookline has had in the past many

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EDWARD P. GOODNOW AT COPLEY THEATRE

B. H. S. Alumnus

THE SAGAMORE is very proud to be able to announce that still another alumnus has become conspicuously successful in the world. Mr. Edward P. Goodnow, of the Class of 1913, was recently made director of the Copley Players, Boston's leading stock company.

To say that Mr. Goodnow's success is due in part to the school is no idle boast, for he himself traces his first interest in Dramatics to the kindly leadership of Miss Spaulding, under whom he took a leading role in Goldsmith's play, "She Stoops to Conquer." While being thus guided in his his future path, he had, unwittingly, a lasting effect upon the school, for besides being an active member of the Debating Club, a contributor to THE SAGAMORE, and Historian of his class, he was the organizer and first president of the "Deutscher Verein," the German Club which is still flourishing. Here again he showed his trend toward the dramatic, for in that first year of its existence the club put on many short German plays.

From Brookline High School, Mr. Goodnow went to Harvard, where he continued his chosen line, being elected Vice-president of the Harvard Dramatic Club, after being a member all through his college years. He obtained invaluable training in acting, scene-painting, costuming, stage-managing, and directing from Professor Baker's course, English 47 — the "Workshop," from which have

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TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL

ROBERT HALL, *Chairman*
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DOROTHY FREEDMAN
HARRY SHOOSHAN

SECOND CONSECUTIVE WIN DEFEATS CAMBRIDGE LATIN 6–0

TEAM STANDS TEST IN HARD TUSSLE

Brookline maintained its position in the Surburban league by decisively defeating Cambridge Latin on Friday at Russell Field, North Cambridge. When the final whistle blew, the Red and Blue left the field victorious, having defeated their rivals by a score of 6-0.

Brookline started its successful march to a touchdown from the Latin 42-yard line and only stopped when the ball had been carried across the last chalk line for a touchdown. Kaplan cracked right guard for an eight-yard gain to start the team on its way. A cleverly executed forward lateral pass going from McGrail to Cahill and thence to Kaplan brought the ball down to the Cambridge 12-yard line. With Kaplan again carrying the ball, the Brookline attack swept around right end for the only score of the game. The try for the extra point was unsuccessful. At various times during the game, the Cantabs threatened the Brookline goal due to the heroic efforts of LaRonde, Cardria and Hopkins. However, due to the rugged defence of the Brookline line, their attacks were stopped before any damage had been inflicted.

We heartily congratulate the team on its fine showing and wish them the best possible success in the remaining contests.

SAGAMORE CONGRATULATED BY MR. RINGER

Today THE SAGAMORE enters its sixty-third year. Those who have closely followed the career of the "Big Chief" remark that never has he been in better physical condition, never has he been better prepared to fulfill the duties which are peculiarly his. A life of service, well begun, is advancing toward the heritage promised by Browning in his Rabbi Ben Ezra:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be."

The intimate friends of THE SAGAMORE — the faculty advisers, the editorial board, members of the staff, with the Headmaster, thank the faculty and students for birthday gifts of subscriptions. Certainly, no more devoted group can be found in any school than the inner circle of THE SAGAMORE'S friends who have kept the faith in the past

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Tuesday from November to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2, office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. No copy accepted later than the Friday preceding the day of publication.

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How To Win A Million Dollars!

Anyone whose ill fortune it is to be within the school during either lunch period cannot prevent his eyes from wandering out of doors. Such a delinquent am I. And one day I was rewarded for my bad habit; for I saw, rising above the trees, a white wraith-like cloud. Enthralled, I watched it, trying vainly to discover its nature. Being greatly puzzled, I betook myself and my mystery to Mr. Hollingworth. The next day we waited with breathless impatience at a window of the chemistry room. We were armed with gas masks and test tubes. Surely enough, we saw the as yet unknown quantity slowly coming toward us. We ducked beneath the window sill, our arms stretched out into the air with eager test tubes. Gently the Thing passed. At last with caution, we stood up, and sealed our tubes and quickly closed the window. Then began the analysis. Suddenly Mr. Hollingworth turned to me with an infinitely sad face, and in his eyes there were tears.

"Ah," said he, "this is indeed very grave. I have here the product of two very dangerous substances: fire and tobacco."

Involuntarily I shuddered at his words.

"What shall we do? What will happen to the culprits?" I asked.

"They are so young,—I dread to think of it!" he wailed.

"Of what?" I shrieked, "Mr. Ringer is a very indulgent man, especially where the guilty are so irresponsible."

"It is of the havoc to their poor innocent souls of which I am thinking. We shall be forced to be severe. Spare the rod and the child is spoiled, spoiled, spoiled," he finished in wild despair.

Unable longer to endure our grief, we parted, each to ponder upon this menace. . . . But there is one whose duty it is to act upon his ponderings, and that is he under whose care we all are from 8:30 to 2:00 each day. Only let more of this deadly poison be seen about the school and our principal will have the last word. . . . With these thoughts I entered my next class.

On the day following this sad discovery, my eyes were once more where they should not have been. But again I saw something which caught my attention. It was a dark moving line which advanced away from the school buildings past the Manual Training rooms. I wondered and wondered, all to no purpose. This time I hied me to Mr. Gifford and together we knit our brows. All at once a gleam lit his countenance. Then he heaved an enormous sigh, and the ceiling rose and fell in response to the unexpected whirlwind.

"Speak," I entreated.

"That," he began with rising vehemence, "that is . . . Oh! I cannot proceed further!"

"You must," I reminded him sternly.

With a great effort he pulled himself together.

"Yes," he said, "I must . . . That . . . that is a group of our pupils leaving the grounds."

"But what could they wish to do that for?" I queried in unbounded amazement.

"Forbidden fruit tastes sweetest," he answered, "though I can hardly believe my eyes. They think ice-cream has a better flavor at a drug store where they are not supposed to be during school hours than it has at the lunch counters. Oh, this is unspeakable!"

"What can we do?" I inquired weakly.

"Nothing," he said, "at least at present. They must do something, or we shall be very harsh. You know," he confided, "I do hate to be harsh. But if I must, I must; and Mr. Ringer will help me."

I left him. But I now set down these two incidents so that those whom they may concern will take heed and profit thereby.

* Ed. Note.—There is no million dollars; but you read the article any way!

LIBRARY LINES

The library staff has been organized twenty-five strong with the executive committee composed of Gretchen Case, Laura Rivera, and Kaina Sironen.

The new Book Club has held two meetings. A cordial invitation is extended to all to read, discuss and enjoy books.

New plays are: Barretts of Wimpole St.—Besier; Elizabeth the Queen—Anderson; Alison's House—Glospell.

New books are: Elements of General Science by Caldwell and Eikenberry; Everybody's Boswell, edited by Morely, and illustrated by Ernest H. Shephard; John Brown's Body, by Bénet, with drawings by James Daugherty; Freshman Dorn, Pitcher, by Quirk.

A vote was taken recently in the senior class to see which current events magazine they preferred. The four leaders were: The Literary Digest, Current History, Review of Reviews, and Time. Time has been added to the library list this year.

Remember about the entrance and exit. Don't rush for the nearest door.

Use your library. It is there to help you.

SENIOR SOCIAL ? ?

Too many pupils enter Brookline High School with the sole purpose of making use of the opportunities which are offered here in education and preparation for college. The idea that they have a definite contribution to make to the welfare of the school and their fellow students has faded into oblivion long before they have developed it to any practical degree. Little do they realize it, but these people are losing the most valuable experience, the most priceless lesson, which any institution has to offer, that of service. They forget that when they leave these halls, they are setting out into a system of society which demands and expects their heartiest cöoperation in all projects benefical to mankind at large.

The reputation of any educational institution is dependent upon two factors; first, the excellence of its educational opportunities and second, the success of its extra-curricula activities. Brookline High School has always held an enviable scholastic record. However, no matter how much effort is expended in extra-curricula activities, it is doomed to tragic failure unless it is attended by genuine cöoperation on the part of the student body.

This year a new policy has been adopted. Either the organizations and various projects are to be supported substantially by the members of the B. H. S. or they wil be discontinued, rather than continue objects of scorn and ridicule. To apply this to practical concrete examples, the student body is to arouse itself from its lethargy or the Senior Social will be ancient history, the various Senior committees a dream of the past, and THE SAGMORE nothing but a memory.

This is not the year for slumber. If we are not careful, we shall awake to find the high school deprived of many of its most sacred institutions which have made it the pride of the townspeople and an object of envy by outsiders. As we might say in Latin *qua ré agite.* Let us put our shoulders to *ré agite.* Let us put our shoulders to the wheel and make this year a bright figure in the history of the school rather than a gloomy apparition.

GREETINGS AND SALUTATIONS

Our Motto: "The Pen Is Mightier Than the Sword"

Pull up your socks, my dear . . . Are you listenin' hmmm? . . . Thar she blows and spurm at that . . . Is that not interesting? . . . Yes, that is not interesting. . . . NEWS FLASH . . . School has begun. . . . Say, folks, are you still listenin' hmmm? . . . Do you know Shailer Hall is a study room . . .that the library has two doors—try and use 'em . . . What has become of that girl who disappeared. . . . we know . . . on receipt of a one dollar bill we will tell you . . . Dear friends . . . are you still paying attention . . . hmmm . . . that the Marshal bands are being made by the B. H. S. S. C. . . . upon receipt of two dollars we will reveal the mysterious letters . . . that this is a money-making proposition . . . hmmm.

* * * *

Martin Plushbottom was an old bragodoccio and the wealthiest man in the village . . . The School of Finance has started its business Year . . . Remember, if you follow directions you will be an old man at eighty-seven . . . (or shall we say an old lady) . . . We started this column to emphasize a message, but, faithful followers, we forgot the message. . . . There are many other points that we could mention, thank you for your very kind attention.

—*Poet's Corner.*

A political Hint:—The public enemy is at large.

Editor's Note:—These are the first of a series of helpful hints.

Gratis

Now that we're all back to school we can start off with a bang. This column is under new management and we hope you like it.

* * * *

Now that Abbot Rosenberg has bought a locker, all he needs is a coat.

* * * *

Next week's column will be devoted to printing the names of all those who have been pestering me for the past week.

* * * *

Ann Olans and Edithe Weinstein, the Parker-Duofold twins, had their picture in the paper—the *Post*. Yes, indeedy, and very elegant too.

* * * *

Smart Sayings of the Scholars

Gratis will not pay $1.00 for each Smart Sayings submitted because the editor gets them for nothing.

* * * *

From the History Class: The Persians outnumbered the Greeks because they had more men.

* * * *

Will Rogers led the settlers of Rhode Island.

* * * *

From the English Class: Robert Louis Stevenson got married and went on his honeymoon. It was then that he wrote "Travels with a Donkey."

* * * *

From the Science Class: Darwin made the theory of evolution and went through all stages to prove it.

* * * *

What happens when there is an eclipse of the sun? A great many people come out to look at it.

* * * *

Music Class: Robinson Caruso was a great singer who lived on an island.

* * * *

Anatomy Class: An adult is a man who has stopped growing at both ends but not in the middle.

* * * *

Geography Class: Malays are brown generally and inhabit Malaria.

* * * *

Latin Class: Leges Romanorum bonae erant. The legs of the Romans were bony.

WHAT IS IT?

It isn't the Latin or Spanish or French,
It isn't the English that's so hard to clench,
It's the Math, It's the Math.

I don't know just what I'm going to do,
I've made a mess of it all the way thru.
Won't somebody please give a poor girl advice
So that some day perhaps, she'll find a device
For the Math! For the Math!

THE DEBATING CLUB ASSEMBLY

After the opening exercises of last Wednesday's assembly, George Mackey, chairman pro tem, announced the subject of the debate:— "Resolved: That Capital Punishment be abolished in the United States."

Opening the argument for the affirmative, Paul Rutledge gave a brief history of the subject and stated the points on which the debate depended. He then went on to prove that Capital Punishment should be abolished because it was an ineffective revengeful and unjust method of dealing with the criminal.

Robert Hall then took up the negative side of the discussion showing that Capital Punishment does prevent murder and thus protects society. In refutation of the first affirmative speaker he stated that the fact that injustice existed when some murderers were unpunished was the fault of the administration of the law and not that of the law itself.

The next speaker, Herbert Jacobs, attempted to prove that Capital Punishment is unethical while Julian Brightman tried to disprove the same idea.

The rebuttal was opened by John Lally, speaking for the negative. In his refutation he proved that it is more important to protect society than to reform the criminal. The last speaker, James Mason, closed the affirmative discussion by summing up the arguments for his side.

This whole debate was carried on vigorously and without a hitch, making it exceedingly hard to decide who had won. When a show of hands was called for by Mr. Gifford it was found that the audience was equally divided in its opinion as to which side had been the victor.

This year the Debating Club is almost entirely composed of a small group of Seniors. Therefore, the chairman, George Mackey, called for additional Senior and Junior members.

The Boys' and Girls' Debating Clubs under the leadership of Miss Hannon are not yet fully organized. The girls will have their first formal meeting Monday, November 2, and will elect their officers for the coming year at that time. The boys expect to meet on the following Monday. The plans for this year are as yet indefinite. With both a boys' and girls' club the year is expected to be very successful.

GUIDANCE DEPARTMENT

JOHN V. JEWETT, *Director*

STUDY HINTS

In this SAGAMORE, the following reports are from Miss Taft, on Economic Geography, Mr. Totman, on Civics, and Mr. Merrill, on History.

Miss Taft says, "In order to get the most out of the course some knowledge of the physical requirements for the production of raw materials is vitally important. The necessity for straight thinking and clear reasoning is therefore apparent, and not mere memory work, in this subject.

The course is arranged with these points always in view.

a. Careful reading of the subject matter in the textbook.
b. A second reading followed by attempting to discover the reasons for the statements offered.
c. Topics made if necessary.
d. Accurate maps prepared.
e. Reading of daily papers and the current news magazines for the latest developments throughout the world.
f. Special research work to add to one's information.
g. A careful consideration of national and international relations in the problems of daily living."

Mr. Totman says, "It is necessary to learn to pick out the important facts of each paragraph that bear on the topic given out so that upon a presentation and discussion of these points in class a proper interpretation can be given to them and from which the individual may formulate concrete ideas and personal responsibilities.

When a topic is first assigned to be 'read' it should be read rather rapidly to get a general idea of the field covered and the major points taken up. Then, when a definite assignment of a topic for 'study' is given, the pupil will know where the points bearing on it will be found and they should be written down on scrap paper in his own words. During class room discussion, mistakes should be corrected and any necessary additions made to the individual's work so that a correct solution of all problems and topics can be put on white paper for test preparation. The newspapers are very helpful as a means of supplementary reading and study for current civic problems. The recognition of such problems and topics and the bringing of them into class is very beneficial to the individual and the class as a whole.

The course is outlined by topics and problems on mimeographed sheets with page references to the standard text and Town Report, and these should be kept in the problem note book."

Mr. Merrill gives the following "History Study Hints":

1. "Read rapidly when seeking to find major points. Read carefully and cautiously such things as problems, directions, explanations and arguments.
2. At the end of each paragraph, ask yourself the question, 'What was that about?' This will prevent day-dreaming.
3. Frame questions to test your preparation of a lesson.

R Colyum

May we open this column this year by first greeting Mr. Ringer and Mr. Gifford, then the Freshmen, and lastly the Seniors, who through Love or should I say Duty, are now in their fifth year.

* * * *

Also take notice of the scarcity of blondes (the platinum kind). Don't tell us it's on account of the depression? ? ?

* * * *

Anybody wanting to know who "The Goose" is, ask Bob Swarthout.

* * * *

When we walk around corridors and see students talking to themselves we wonder if they are crazy, have money in the bank (a miracle in these times), or if they are just taking Miss Hannon's course in P. S.

* * * *

Incidentally the P. S. does not mean for you crooners, so called, to Please Sing nor to you one arm lunchers to Please Sling — the hash.

* * * *

Anybody wanting any information about Colby College see Jack Daly — He's not going there, or for further information about U. of N. H. also see J—— Daly.

To you old five-yearers, U. of N. H. is Co-ed so you'll all feel right at home.

Extra! ! ! Brookline High School Boy makes good!!! Lamson Kerin's that good-looking bashful boy, better known as The Silent He Man — croons with Rudy Starita's orchestra which soon is to be billed as:

Rudy and His Boys with Kerin's Krooner

* * * *

Leo Minehan must go in very dark places or he wouldn't have developed such a nice red headlight on the front of his nose.

* * * *

Some like bad boys,
Some like good boys,
Some like B. H. S. boys,
BUT Helen Johnston likes the Tech Boys.

Don't take my word for it, ask her who she's that way about. She'll tell you and then she'll say, "Oh, yes he goes to Tech."

* * *

THEN in the lull of the football game we heard this cheer dedicated to our own rhythm boy:

Keary! ! Keary! ! the high schools' BEST ————.

* * * *

Billy Lebowitch runs a bus to school every morning. It's exclusive, for only those of the opposite sex are permitted to hold down the much coveted seats.

* * * *

He seems to be angling for a cheer equally expressive as that given to Keary. Maybe Andy Liden could think up something appropriate.

GIRLS' LEAGUE PARTIES

The Girls' League has welcomed the Freshman.

The Senior Advisors have shown their hospitality to the freshmen with a series of parties held on Friday, October 10, 17, and 24.

Jean MacMillan was in charge of the first party, to which she and her committee of nine all brought their freshmen. The first game for which they were instructed to write down as many names as possible in a given length of time, occasioned much shrieking hilarity. Other games were played which created much interest and amusement. A half-hour of dancing followed the refreshments, new friendships were formed and the object of the party, to give everyone a good time, was admirably achieved.

Hodee Waldo and Miriam Hewett officiated at the second and third parties which were conducted in a manner similar to the first party.

The Ghosts and Goblins were about in the Girls' League Room, Friday last, which was the day before Hallowe'en. The room was converted into a regular witch's lair by Helen Hager and Helen Taylor and their able crew. There was a tree that held your fortune, a love potion that worked its magic charms.

In a dark, dark room we heard the "Gruesome Tale" that made the shivers run up and down our backs by a horrible witch, who must have come from fairyland.

Then there were those traditional games of bobbing for apples and stretching marshmallows from strings. Jacqueline McGrath was in charge of this part.

Everybody was reluctant to leave at the end of the party and the Juniors with Jane McKnight, in charge of the party, received a rousing cheer.

GIRLS' SPORTS

The girls' hockey team has made a successful start by winning the first two games under the leadership of Miss Frances Pierce, an all-Boston hockey team player. The score of the first victory with Watertown was 3–0, while Needham was defeated by a score of 2–0. The second team is likewise doing a good piece of work but has not been so successful as the first team. The varsity team players are: Libby McGrail, L. I.; Mary Taylor, R. W.; Mary Mulvihill, R. I.; Sally Jones, L. W.; Ellin Dowing, C. F.; Gladys Norris, C. H.; Pinkie Howard, R.H.B.; Deborah Kinsman, L. H. B.; Anne Delano, L. F. B.; Dorothy Makerwich, R. F. B.; and Peggy French, G. The captain is Anne Delano, and Pinkie Howard managing.

Other Fall sports that are making good progress are: Archery, Miss Bacon, Miss Kelley, Miss Griffiths; Hockey, Miss Pierce; Outing Club, Miss Johns, Miss Haskell; Riding, Miss Brower, Miss Kelley; Tennis, Miss Haskell, Miss Johns, Miss Kelley; and Speedball, Miss Haskell.

MRS. THURSTON LEAVES ART DEPT.

Seventeen Years Service

Inasmuch as Mrs. Thurston has retired this year from her work in B. H. S., THE SAGAMORE considers it appropriate at this time to pause and remember her work so that all the students, besides those who were associated with her in their curriculum or in any other way, may become acquainted with her.

Mrs. Thurston was born in the city of Nashville, Tennessee. In this smoky Southern abode she spent the greatest part of her childhood. However, she and her family later moved North where they took their home in Boston. Here she attended school; and her education in art was obtained in the Massachusetts School of Art from which she was graduated. Her first position as a teacher took her to Chelsea. Since then she has taught drawing and allied subjects in Natick, Somerville, and Brookline. It was the year 1913 when she first came to our school, so that all in all she has served for seventeen years as the head of our Art Department.

However, Mrs. Thurston is still represented in Brookline High School by the two pictures of her own creation which she gave to the faculty and which hang in the Teachers' Room. Surely this is a fitting memorial of her long and successful career at High School.

SAGAMORE CONGRATULATED

(Continued from Page One)

decade. The encouragement evidenced in the subscription list will mean increased devotion and a richer life. THE SAGAMORE himself will express his appreciation in the months yet to come.

Merely to subscribe to a school paper means little in itself. Too often is such participation in a school activity a purely mechanical act. But to contribute to the upbuilding of an honored institution, to feel the thrill of ownership, to experience the challenge of making better than ever before something already good — that is genuine satisfaction.

You who have given your portion to THE SAGAMORE are building well. Perhaps you are building better than you know. At least you are willing to add your interest and encouragement to the good will of others to the end that no one can doubt the sincerity of the loyalty which is the heritage of the Brookline High School.

Once more THE SAGAMORE speaks to you:

"And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone.
Once more on my adventure brave
and new;
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage the battle next,
What weapons to select, what armor
to indue."

MR. JOSLIN TAKES MR. BURBANK'S PLACE

New England Conservatory Graduate, Mr. Burbank, has left the high school Music department to concentrate his attention wholly on the supervision of musical activities of the grammar schools, which was left vacant has been filled by Mr. Gordon Joslin.

Born in Beverly, Massachusetts, Mr. Joslin went through grammer and high school there.

After his graduation from Beverly High School he entered the New England Conservatory of Music from which he was graduated in 1925.

Since graduation Mr. Joslin has spent all his time teaching music in Salem, Beverly, Peabody and Danvers.

Mr. Joslin has taken courses in the music departments of New York University and Boston University.

In the little time he has been with us, Mr. Joslin has won the respect of both teachers and students who welcome him heartily and hope that his years with us will be exceedingly profitable.

REPORTER INTERVIEWS OUIMET, GOLF CHAMP

(Continued from Page One)

the opening of the Municipal Course, Ouimet looks forward with great pleasure to seeing Brookline the greatest golfing town in the country. According to Mr. Ouimet, the new golf course will afford great opportunity to youngsters who at present have not sufficient financial means to play on private courses.

In 1910 Ouimet captained the Brookline High School golf team which won the Interscholastic Championship. During the years 1910 to 1912 his golf was outstanding and in 1913 he startled the sport world by defeating Vardon and Ray, the English champions, at the Brookline Country Club for the National Amateur Championship. This victory placed him among the leading golfers of that time.

Ouimet's most noteworthy achievements are National Championship in 1913 and 1931; National Open Championship; State Amateur Championship six times; French Open Championship: Western Open Championship twice. He has been a member of the Walker Cup Team since its organization six years ago.

According to Mr. Ouimet his most thriling victory was in 1913, when he triumphed over the English champions, Vardon and Ray, for the National Amateur Championship.

When asked if golf had changed since his youth, Ouimet smilingly replied, "When I was a youngster all persons who played golf were considered 'old fogeys,' but since that time golf has gained widespread popularity, and it will not be long before every high school and college in the country will be supporting a golf team. "Golf," said Mr. Ouimet, "is the greatest game of all, and those who play it find that it is a competitive, enjoyable, and healthful pastime."

sport of golf that has kept Mr. Ouimet from joining the professsional ranks.

During the entire evening I could not but notice the quiet unassuming manner of the man who has helped to make golf one of the leading sports of the day. In this he shows himself representative of all the finest characteristics of true champions everywhere.

TEAM DOWNS RINDGE TECH TO TUNE OF 12—0

On Saturday, October 24, at Tech Field, the Brookline High School Football Team in its first Suburban League game of the season downed Rindge Tech to the tune of 12-0. "Gooshier" McGrail and "Ned" McEttrick proved to be the outstanding factors in this victory.

Rindge kicked off to Brookline and the Red and Blue auspiciously started the proceedings by knocking off two first downs in succession. After an exchange of kicks Coach Fitzgerald's men found themselves on the visitors' 30-yard line. A five yard penalty set them back but McGrail more than atoned for the team's offense by smashing through the line for a first down and McEttrick followed with another gain, this time 8 yards. Kaplan succeeded in tearing through for another first down but this was soon nullified by an offside penalty.

The Rindge forward wall held in the second period and the boys from B. H. S. couldn't go over in four tries. They were forced to yield the ball on downs and the visitors took it on their own two-yard stripe and kicked to the 28-yard line. This time Brookline was not to be denied and quickly ripped off two first downs. McGrail was then given the ball and plunged over for the first score of the game. McEttrick's drop-kick for the extra point was blocked and the rest of the half was deadlocked with neither team in scoring position.

After Brookline kicked off to Rindge in the second half neither team threatened until the visitors received the ball in mid-field and made a steady march through piercing power plays to the Red and Blue five-yard line. There the Fitzgerald men tenaciously held their ground, refusing to give way to the furious onslaughts of the enemy and averted the tieing score.

Still later the tide turned once more in favor of B. H. S., for Cahill after a terrific spurt intercepted a Rindge pass, and on the next play McGrail, by a cut-back through center, found a beautiful hole and went over the last marker for a touchdown. McEttrick's boot was wide of the posts.

After this there was only one other serious endeavor to score and that was a pretty 70-yard off-tackle run by "Ned" McEttrick which unfortunately was nullified by the fact that both teams were offside on the play.

ALUMNUS DIRECTOR OF COPLEY THEATRE

(Continued from Page One)

come such men as Philip Barry and Eugene O'Neill.

The course of Mr. Goodnow's life was seriously interrupted by the Great War, for immediately after his graduation from Harvard in 1917 he enlisted, and was in France, in active service, for eighteen months. On returning home he obtained a position in an insurance company, and for eleven years he remained in this decidedly undramatic calling. However, he was at all times keenly and actively interested in the stage, and was the director of such important amateur organizations as the Harvard Dramatic Club and the Radcliffe Idlers' Club.

A heaven-sent opportunity came to Mr. Goodnow last summer, when he organized a company called the "Barnstormers," with which he toured New Hampshire, doing a different play each week for the benefit of the various summer resorts. When, this fall, the directorship of the Copley Theatre was offered him, Mr. Goodnow came directly to Miss Spaulding for advice. We may again feel proud that the advice she gave influenced him to accept this interesting and responsible position.

With the Copley Players, Mr. Goodnow is making plans five seasons in advance, for by then he expects that the Theatre will be definitely established as a resident company, belonging entirely to Boston and cheerfully undertaking its responsibility of producing for Boston's benefit good plays which have lasted in New York not quite long enough to reach the "road." As he, himself, says, "There will be no effort made to revive classics for which there is no audience, for there is no point in producing Restoration comedy for the few students who are interested; a living theatre must appeal to living people." For this reason, plays are to be presented for all elements in the community; plays by A. A. Milne, J. M. Barrie, and Bernard Shaw will be alternated with more obvious melodramas and mysteries — but they must be good melodramas, worthy of production.

Mr. Goodnow speaks of his new theatre with all the enthusiasm of a man whose ambition is realized after years of waiting, and we wish him all success. THE SAGAMORE enjoys printing stories like this of alumni whose first impetus towards success was given by someone whose guidance is still available to the present students; now we are looking forward to a time when we shall be able to tell the tale of someone now, perhaps, a member of Miss Hannon's classes, who may one day act in the very company directed by Mr. Goodnow.

East Boston must be heaven, for the ferries come from there.

SCHOOL FORTUNATE IN ITS TWO EXECUTIVES

(Continued from Page One)

great and noted headmasters; and Mr. Ringer is a worthy successor to these men.

We are equally enthusiastic about our new sub-master, Mr. Willis B. Gifford, who comes to us from South Hadley High School. Like Mr. Ringer, he has a background of New England seafaring ancestry, sound education, and outstanding accomplishment. Like him, too, he has been interested in and connected with athletics, dramatics, public speaking, and student government. And like him, finally, he is approachable, agreeable, and kindly, yet clear sighted, poised, and firm.

These two gentlemen, so well equipped in personality and training to fill their respective positions, are deserving of the utmost cöoperation from students, faculty, and townspeople. Being a teacher in Brookline is no sinecure: Brookline demands a great deal of its schools and its teachers and Brookline is never too hasty in expressing appreciation of notable accomplishment; yet Brookline is proud of its schools and has a right to be. Now a new era is beginning; and Brookline pupils, Brookline teachers, and Brookline citizens can do much to make this first difficult year one that Mr. Ringer and Mr. Gifford will always remember as the most inspiring one of their lives.

CLASS ELECTIONS

The senior class has chosen the following officers to guide them throughout the year: President, Robert Hall; Vice-president, Mary Clark; Secretary, Dorothy Burt; and Treasurer, George Kaplan. The junior class officers are: President, Roger Bernhardt; Vice-president, Norma Marcus; Secretary, Warren Fox; and Treasurer, Eileen McElroy. Barbara Logan; Secretary, Jean Leslie; and Treasurer, Eliot Alter. The freshmen have not yet elected their officers.

"I hear you acted in this last talkie."

"Yes; I was the approaching footsteps."

* * * *

"So you use three pairs of glasses, Professor?"

"Yes, one pair for long sight; one pair for short sight, and the third to look for the other two."

* * * *

Teacher: "Now, Johnny, what did Caesar exclaim when Brutus stabbed him?"

Johnny: "Ouch."

* * * *

French Class: En colère elle mordit son oreiller. In her anger she bit her ear.

WHO'S WHO AND WHERE

Boston University: Kathryn Baker, Helen Conaty, Helen Gaulin, Mary Mawhinney, Mary McDonnell, George Racheotes, Emile Mettatel, and Walter Young.

Smith: Agatha Barron, Barbara Frank, Pauline Goldberg, Miriam Helpern, Helen McIndoe, and Anita Freedman.

Radcliffe: Doris Cohen, Martha Dodge, Jean Goodale, and Dorothea MacMillan.

Simmons College: Adele Cohen and Margaret Robinson.

Harvard: Norman Sondhein, Otto Hermann, and William Maltzman.

Mt. Holyoke: Elizabeth Weston.

Dartmouth College: Charles French and Charles Naylor.

Northeastern: Francis Donahue, Harold Levenson, and Samuel Harris.

Erskine Secretarial School: Alice Werner.

Framingham Normal School: Katherine McNeilly.

Miss Leslie's School: Phyllis Hall.

Laurence Academy: Louis Wolek, Bernard Hootstein, and Thomas Ducey.

Holy Cross College: Thomas Kelley.

M. I. T.: Howard Mason, Bernard Nelson, and Donald Hirshberg.

Vesper George Art School: Barbara King.

Junior College of Pasadena, California: Janet Alexander.

Hickox Secretarial School: Margaret A. Hickey and Mary Carroll.

Old Colony Secretarial School: Jeanne Aronson and Adrienne Cohen.

Bryant and Stratton Business College: Constance Cushman.

Sargent School of Physical Education: Helen Collier.

Massachusetts Art School: Josephine Blatt.

Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School: Bettina Blunt.

University of Minnesota: Robert Weinrebe.

Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School: Lilias Clark.

University of Illinois: James Goldin.

Dean Academy: Andrew Madden and John Quinn.

New Prep: Raymond Reid.

Bentley: Francis Fahey and Robert Meharg.

Brown Academy: Paul Goldman.

Choate School: Margaret Malone and Alice Sheldon.

"Run upstairs and wash your face, darling. I think Grandma wants to take you driving with her."

"Hadn't we better find out for certain, Mummie?"

* * * *

Mrs. Thompson (learning to drive): "Henry, that little mirror up there isn't set right."

Thompson: "Isn't it?"

Mrs. Thompson: "No; I can't see anything but the car behind."

* * * *

TWO NEW TEACHERS COME TO FACULTY

A very valuable addition to our faculty is Miss Greenshield, whose charming personality and cheerful willingness to help us has greatly enhanced the facilities of our Commercial Department. Although her parents are from Kent, England, she was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and came over to America at the age of nine. She attended Girls' Latin School, received her B. A. from Simmons College and in 1928 her M. A. from the school of education of Boston University.

Miss Greenshield taught several commercial subjects at Gardner High School, Massachusetts, while working for her degree at B. U. Before coming to Brookline, she taught at Drury High School, North Adams.

There has been a change in the faculty of the Spanish department this year. Miss Elizabeth Meier has come to replace Miss Wood who is substituting at Wellesley College.

Miss Meier's parents were both graduated from a teachers' college. Her father is now department head in the New York State College of Syracuse University.

She has had excellent training in Spanish, having studied a year at the University of San Juan in Porto Rico and five seasons at the Spanish school of Middlebury College. During one winter at Middlebury she was private secretary to Dean Coucha. She has received her B. A. degree from Syracuse and her M. A. degree from Middlebury, and is now working for her Ph. D. degree at Harvard.

ORCHESTRA HOPES FOR PROGRESS IN ASSEMBLIES

The Freshman Orchestra meets twice each week during regular school periods. Its progress after the first few rehearsals has been rapid. The students apparently enjoy the practice periods and are playing for the Sophomore — Freshman assemblies each Thursday. Their selections have been well received by the student body.

* * * *

Due to the fact that extra time was spent in the early part of the season with the band; the Varsity orchestra suffered slightly and therefore has been a little slow to show its real ability. At the present time however, the rehearsals of the large orchestra are beinging well attended. With a little more time this group will show some worthy results.

STILL we know Miss Potter couldn't do anything about it until Candidate Eddie Cantor takes it up in his presidential campaign.

CLUTCHING FINGERS

By Lawrence Daniels

"Listen, driver, do you think that this is the house?"

"Yes, sir," te driver returned, "this is the address you gave me."

I was standing outside a dirty ramshackle, old building. The worm-eaten shutters groaned uneasily with the passing of the night wind. The heavy underbrush seemed a veritable haven for rats. The thick growth of bush partially hid the jagged edges of broken window panes that jutted out like witch's teeth from behind the ripped and weather-beaten curtains. The house itself was enough to make one shudder; in the center was a window which peered out cautiously into the night as if keeping a watchful eye out for anyone who might happen to fall into its trap. The sighing winds sent shivers up my spine. The trees whispered a secret that was told only to the old house, which seemed to nod back wisely, sleepily, as the clouded face of the moon glinted on the chipped paint that looked uncannily like eyes; eyes that were ever watching, ever waiting for someone whom the rats awaited — whom the owls greeted with a dismal WHOO —.

"I don't believe anyone lives in a place like that," I thought, "it looks like a house long dead, but yet there seems to be a sort of watchful waiting about it. I'll try to get in and you wait here."

I moved forward slowly and pressed my shoulder against the oaken panels. The door opened, voicing its protest in screeching howls and low moans that roused the bats that were draped over the mantelpiece. The room was alive with bats — large ones — small ones — bats with long sharp claws that looked as though they might easily tear open the throat of a victim so that their sharp beaks could make a repast on the warm dripping blood that would cover their scaly wings. The floor was a mass of dirt — dirt that padded footsteps, so that someone could softly walk up behind you and you would feel fingers of steel closing on your throat until you were gasping for breath, and then a searing pain in your chest, and you passed the realm of the living; while the rats gnawed at your bones and the bats pecked your flesh.

I could hardly see in front of me. The room was quiet and dark as if the pale of death was in it. Afraid to break the stillness, one dared not breathe too loud.

I left the room hurriedly and went into the next room, which was fairly well lighted by three windows. In the center of the room was a long oblong box made of rough pine. It looked like a coffin. My curiosity overcame my fear and I raised the lid — I dropped it hastily! I had seen a corpse! The head was covered with blood, and as I let the cover fall, I heard the rats scurry away from its side. Then I gasped in horror as I saw that I had let the cover fall on the corpse's arm. The cover was moving! The corpse was pushing the cover! I could not believe it. My eyes were deceiving me! ! The coffin was moving — it rolled to one side, pushed by the corpse. I advanced slowly. Where the coffin had been, there was a window set right in the floor. I looked down and saw three men sitting around a table. I could scarcely hear what they were aying.

"Listen here, Jim, I don't think that the last division of the swag was fair."

From what I could see the speaker was a course-faced man. His bloodshot eyes kept moving around as if he were afraid of being attacked from behind. His massive head was placed upon a bull-like neck. His companions were rather shabbily dressed. One was a plain-looking man with a scar running the length of his cheek. The other looked to be a boy of about sixteen years. He was handsome; almost too handsome it seemed, to be in such company. His regular features were slightly marred by smootches of dirt.

As I gazed through the window, I noticed on the floor beside it, a handle which I cautiously turned. I was surprised to see a portion of the floor swing down, disclosing a staircase which led to a small deserted room. I descended slowly. The walls were covered with a green slime. It did, however, look as though it were used. Not like the rest of the house, it appeared somewhat clean. At the bottom of the stairs was a door. Upon gazing through the keyhole, I saw the same silent circle of three faces, glaring across a dirty, scarred table.

"I still think that I get more than five grand." The scarfaced man made a slight movement toward his hip.

"Keep your hands away from your gun," growled the man who had been addressed as Jim.

"Sez you!"

"Yes, sez me."

"I'm giving you fair warning. I'm going for my gun. I refuse to be cheated of my proper share from that last job we pulled."

The last sally from Scarface brought Jim to his feet. There was but an instant before two guns flashed into view. There was a roar, and from each gun, shot two pinpoints of fire. The deafening din raised by the shots caused the room to echo. The smoke caused a good screen, so I decided to force my way into the room. The door was locked. I stepped back and brought my shoulder up against the lock with a smashing blow. To my satisfaction, I heard the latch break. I rushed wildly into the room. What I saw there, astounded me! Lying in a pool of blood was Scarface, with a bullet between his eyes; while opposite him, clutching his side, stood Jim. His hands were covered with blood. I could readily see that he was loosing strength. When he saw me, he tried vainly to reach a revolver that was on the floor. As he did so, he crumpled in a heap, and when I reached his side, life had already left him.

I gazed around in awe. I saw the young fellow cringing with fear. I walked to his side and grasped him roughly by the shoulder. I looked at him long and earnestly, and saw to my surprise, that what I thought was a boy, was really a girl! "What's the meaning of this?" I exclaimed. "Tell me quickly." She looked at me and asked, "Are you a detective?"

"No."

"Then I will tell you. I am not one of their gang, but I hate the police. These men kidnapped me when I was young. They have kept me dressed as a boy ever since. I have been made to work for them and accidently have learned some of their secrets. They were the heads of the greatest dope ring in the country. They used this old house as their headquarters. The story was spread about that the house was haunted, which kept the village folks from prowling around. You must be a stranger to these parts or you would not have come here."

"That's right," I said. "I came here to see a friend and got the wrong directions to his house."

"Now, to go on with my story," she said and smiled. It seemed such a shy little smile; not the kind one would expect from a gangster. Then she said, "That coffin upstairs is to scare anyone who might venture into the house. The corpse is just a mechanical one. If the men were not having a quarrel, they would have heard the coffin roll aside; then they would look up through the window and have seen who was there. If you were not wanted, they would have pulled this lever," and she put her hand on a knob on the wall, "and it would have flooded the room upstairs with gas. But they were having such an argument about the division of the spoils that they failed to hear you; which was lucky for you." She looked at me and shuddered slightly.

"Let's leave this place," I suggested. She agreed readily. We left, and my taxi took us to the station, where we took the first train back to the city. Once there, I called the police and told them my story.

About a month later, I received a check for $10,000, and if I know signs, pretty soon, I'm going to have someone to share it with me.

EXCURSIONS TO PLYMOUTH AND ENVIRONS have been indefinitely postponed due mostly to lack of patronage on account of the risk involved.

* * * *

After the senior class meeting, one of the boys said that he still thought that light wines and beers would help the depression.

DUTIES OF MARSHALS DEFINED AT MEETING

The start of what promises to be a most successful marshal system was made in the Girls' League Room recently.

Mr. Packard, the faculty head of our Student Government, in a few words explained to Mr. Ringer our present marshal system. Mr. Packard related the duties of a marshal, showed what the system had accomplished in former years and summed it all up with his favorite slogan, "As go the Marshals, so goes the school."

Mr. Ringer, in turn, expressed his approval of a group of this sort and extended a few words of encouragement.

Milton Paisner, the present Captain, then took charge of the meeting. We must say that the simple and direct manner in which Paisner gave a few words of advice to his co-workers gave a most favorable impression of the new captain's efficiency.

Outside of calling the roll and receiving information concerning the various lunch periods there was no further business.

GRATIS JUNIOR

Well, the happy family is assembled once more with a brand new set of diminutive tow-headed freshmen and a motley group of overlording gray-haired P. G.'s.

* * * *

Our genial instructor related this one in class: While passing through the corridors two six-year men happened to meet—amidst shoving and attendant confusion one of them vociferated: "Hi Bill, what're you doing in school again?" And the reply, barely audible in the turmoil, "Who me? Oh, as little as possible."

* * * *

Now that the class elections are over we extend our combined sympathy and solace to those vanquished candidates.

* * * *

So far the school lacks one personality. The effervescent and omnipresent Mr. Rowley is not in our numbers. Somehow we miss him.

* * * *

Andler & Cronson, instructors in Rhetoric—Open for business. Their stellar performances of the weeks previous put to shame the most eloquent efforts of a Darrow or Hughes.

* * * *

Football—Columbus Day—Slow music and flowers. Those burly Brockton behemoths treated our boys quite harshly t'other day. We won't mention the various and sundry injuries sustained by Messrs. Soderberg, Laurie, McKetterick, et als.

* * * *

Incidentally for those Juniors who have attended B. H. S. since their freshman year, Mr. Ringer is the third consecutive headmaster. We wish him success and permanence.

AGAMORE SUBSCRIBERS

First Student List

As was promised in a recent notice, e Sagamore is publishing herewith, as arly a correct list of subscribers as it as possible to assemble in the hurried eparation of this first issue. Any pupil ho has become a subscriber and does ot find his name upon this list will do e Sagamore a kindness if he will con-lt Mr. Jewett at once regarding the nission.

The Sagamore Business Department ishes to express to the student body its ppreciation of their loyal support, and the faculty, its appreciation of their luntary offerings to be of assistance. he majority of the faculty have added eir names to the subscribing list al-ough the contributions of the faculty d not been solicited in time to print e names with the other subscribers. ith so many other activities and en-igements claiming the attention of the ipils in charge at the close of the day, has not been possible to be certain of al accuracy or to secure all the names the subscribers in time for publication. very effort has been made to add every ime that has reached the Sagamore of-e in time for this publication.

etty Cameron
eanor Blakely
rraine Wood
ulda Phillips
arlotte Ginsberg
lvia Dulman
rnice Cohen
roline Regan
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rah Cauman
endolyn Farrell
aniel Lacy
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hel G. Mills
ary Ellen Weer
lhoun Ancrum, Jr.
ancis Jenkins
arola Nasmyth
net Smith
uth Crowd
Cynthia Jones
William Krokyn
Florence Stein
Helene Dawson
Pauline Clayton
R. Alexander
Paul Kravat
Robert Harding
Wallie Martinson
Pauline Morganstein
George R. Williams
Pauline Seidel
Muriel Cohen
Edith Stone
Philip Ford
Thomas Ford
Ida Maletz
Marie Eck
Frances Gainer
Zelda Price
D. Aaronson
Barbara Colpak
Richard Mahler
Hyman Abrams
Richard Harris
M. Goodrich
Laura Hall
Frank Watrous
Mary Shanahan
Jane Wagner
Charlotte Sherrill
Pearl M. Koufman
Edith Horne
Virginia Snow
W. Livingston
Katherine Forbes
Marjorie Ring
I. Baron
Laura Rivera
Phylis Jacobs
Marion Cherney
Robert Leslie
Adele Hirshberg
Martha Driscoll
John MacEachern
Warren Fox
Ruth Brown
Alma Ames
Margaret Murphy
Henry Klopot
Margaret Nielsen
Margaret Cunniff
Janet Hyman
George Kaplan
Mary Richardson
Ann Randall
Charles McDonald
Esther Kasanof
Carolyn Seymour
Irving Perkins
Marion Phillips
M. Beckerman
C. Barron
Albert Reiss
Edward Hasting
Harry M. Shooshan, Jr.
Annie Cohen
Helene Chauncy
Arnold J. Kirshen
Ben Sheinwald
Doris Reimer
Dorothy McClellan
Ruth Tischendorf
Arlene Gould
Norman Hunt
Margaret Scannell
Phyllis Stone
D. Burt
Esther M. Byer
Barbara Knapp
Lillian Schwarz
Norman Dain
C. D. Willis
Marjorie Gibby
Houghton Whitcomb
Elanie Roberts
Marion Vail
Blake Thaxter
Maynard File
Eliot Slobodkin
Sumner Ackerman
Christina Crockett
Ethel Rosenberg
Madeleine L'Engle
Dora Ryan
Julian Rifkin
Julia Kilgariff
Bernice Suznam
Ralph Burgen
Janet Dubinsky
Louis P. Dolbeare
Renne Goldberg
Rita Cohen
Ralph Cataldo
Evelyn McManus
E. V. Meier
E. Alper
Stanley R. Cohen
Frances M. Day
Miriam Hurwitt
Selma Leavitt
Alfred Segall
Mona Matthews
Harriet Shaw
Florence Ring
M. Kaufman
Helen Torphy
Emilie Kallman
Mary Dolbeare
Frances Daniels
Betty Doubtfire
Frederick Crocker
Mary Buckley
J. Meyasaki
Barbara Lasky
Edith Popkin
Betty Cusick
Adelle Kelsey
Myron King
Anita Shmauk
Betty Shindler
Ruth Martin
Ruth Wolf
Jean MacMillan
Andrew Farnsworth
Ralph Kaye
Robert Richey
Pamela Montt
Samuel Sacks
Mary Bonzagni
Ruth Klein
Vincent MacKenzie
Ann Caputo
Marie Taylor
Stewart Lynch
Myrtle Niccolls
Juliet Andler
Herbert Robbins
Louise Clarke
Emily Klous
Evelyn Greenspan
Charles Paul
Maido Prenn
Edward Ryan
Dorothea Collier
R. Muldowney
Roberta Marsh
Dorothy Milton
Betty Moore
Paul H. Herman
Ruth King
Norma Lebowich
Thomas F. Larkin
Judith Gorman
Margaret French
Peter Rozantes
Laure Lee Horne
Natalie Gordon
Elsie Herwitz
Ruth Novogroski
Davida Liberman
Dorothea Lakson
Madelyn Keating
Joseph L. Hewes, Jr.
Eleanor Kaitz
Isabel Perry
Eleanor Charleton
Carolyn Rich
Ann Feldmann
Charles Kenrick
Rosamond Prentice
Robert Brouillet
Nathalie Ridlon
Martha Loeser
Ruth Friedman
Edward Pinkham
Bernice Halpum
H. Chmielinski
Priscilla Hoadley
Ralph Weoman
Lawrence Daniels
Rosalind Kahn
Ralph Plotkin
Emaline Mechanic
Jeannette Silverstein
Ruth Koerner
Thelma Osbry
M. Yatsuhashi
Lawrence Churchille
Edith Levine
George Otis
Priscilla Aronson
Norma Budde
Gretchen Case
Lillian Schmertzler
Ruth Markell
R. Coopman
Margaret Walsh
Isabel Patterson
Mabel H. Pigot
Priscilla Dienes
Alvan Covitz
Sam Rabinowitz
Julie De Mey
Allan Rosenthal
H. Carlin
Constantine Demeter
Arthur Klein
Bernice Squirsky
Maureen Robertson
Leslie Small
Arax Tahmizian
Jane Abels
Naoma Blake
J. C. Rourke
R. Andelman
Milton Levy
Mildred King
Leon Barkin
Elise Hibble
Dorothy Kenney
Arthur Murphy
Ann Coutes
Joan Rines
Jewel Tatel
M. Callan
Eleanore Rifkin
Hortense Natelson
Evelyn Dichter
Evelyn Roberts
T. Price
Sara Rogers
Alma Shoolman
Anne McEvoy
Marjorie Frank
Maxine Burnes
Maria Harrington
Dorothy Miller
Gladys Rosenblum
Frances Bowser
Ruth Krivitsky
Irma Fenerstein
Carol Clarke
Meave Sullivan
Harriet Kramer
Marcia Endlar
Malvina Berger
Lorraine Schrader
Eleanor Burke
Paul Rutledge
S. Kingsdale
Robert D. Harvey
T. Richardson
Stanley Rosoff
Irene Donohue
Sady Madow
Constance Hyman
Frances Russell
Justin Morse
Barbara Swis
Elizabeth Jolley
Charlotte Levin
Marjorie Murray
Selma Green
Margaret Green
Marjorie Carroll
Margaret Wilder
Alice Waxman
La Reine Gardner
Adelaide Hubbard
Agnes Larkin
Sylvan Levick
Jack Kelly
Evelyn Burns
Barbara Howe
Anne Geoghegan
Isabel Cragin
Mary Creeden
William Prior
Fred Hargreaves
Paul Kennally
Jeannette Loesse
Mary McMullen
Helene Robinson
Betty Power
Lillian Enright
Madeline Rubenstein
Laura Kitzes
James L. Gabriel
Milton Palevsky
Eliot N. Silverman
Eleanor Donahue
Marie Murphy
William Murray
Margaret Sprague
Anne McEwan
Marcia Milinder
Marie Kelley
John Murphy
Helen Hager
Anna C. Handler
Harold Glaser
Frances Gasster
H. Amazeen
Geo. W. Delano, Jr.
Doris Marget
M. Goodhowsky
E. Barrett
M. Gray
R. Holt
Eileen Shapiro
Martha Laurie
William King
Frank Gardner
Phyllis Neal
Elsie Moorhouse
George Currin
Abe Grossman
Madalyn Joyce
W. Lett
Marybelle Finger
Theodore Bradley
Everett Munro
Leon Wish
Hodee Waldstein
Francis Tripp
Anthony Dean
David Summer
Alice McMahon
Zita MacDonald
Grace Muller
Gordon Minnis
Eileen McElroy
Jane McKnight
Margaret McKnight
Marjorie McCabe
F. Walsh
Dorothy Johnston
Bertram Litman
Francis Hughes
Fred Lahger
Florence Lewis
M. Henderson
Henry Urrows
M. Weinrebe
Bruce Ehrman
Anne Wyner
Eleanore Saxe
Katherine Flemming
R. C. Hall
J. Greene
A. Gould
John Daley
L. Horn
R. Harding
Anne Rubin
Anne Isenberg
John Flynn
Edna Hibel
H. Magnuson
Doris Rice
Jack Corbett
M. Hillson
Betty Horn
G. Mackey
Richard Burnham
Mary Mulvihill
Jean Whittier
Richard Steele
Robert Warren
Ruth Wade
Paul Levy
Eva Sher
George McDonough
Victor Merolla
Jeanette Miller
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Carl Gustafson

Grandma: "It is lovely. You have tuned in excellently."

Grandson: "But, Granny, that is the vacuum cleaner."

* * * *

Brown: "Do you know, I'm losing my memory. It's worrying me to death."

Jones (sympathetically): "Never mind old fellow. Forget all about it."

* * * *

Constable (to speeding foreigner): "'Ere, you mustn't go rushing abaht like that. What's yer name?"

Speeding Foreigner: "Je ne comprends pas."

Constable: "How do you spell it?"

* * * *

"Did you hear about Sandy McCulloch findin' a box of corn plasters?"

"No."

"Yes! So he went and bought a pair of tight shoes."

* * * *

Visitor: "Do you like reciting, dear?"

Child: "Oh, no! I hate it really, but Mamma makes me do it when she wants me to go."

* * * *

Mrs. Flatt: "That girl across the hall has a singular voice."

Husband (fervently): "Thank heaven it isn't plural."

* * * *

"What did you give baby for his first birthday?"

"We opened his money box and bought the little darling a lovely electric iron."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthro p's Journal

Vol. XXXVIII, No. 1 BROOKLINE, MASS., NOVEMBER 24, 1931 Subscription, One Dollar

— BOTH TEAMS PREPARED FOR ANNUAL GRIDIRON BATTLE —

Newton Captain, William Duane, Confident of Success

HUSTON AND PATTERSON STARRING MEN

By Edgar Hirshberg

Led by their versatile captain and full-back, William Duane, the Newton cohorts descend on the sacred Brookline Field environs on the coming Turkey Festival with as strong a team as they have had in years. With the enviable record of six games won and two lost behind them, they will present a formidable front to their Brookline rivals in this thirty-fourth edition of the annual football classic.

Warren Huston, the other backfield luminary, is a real triple-threat man, who has run the Newton opposition ragged with his rugged style of football, and is powerful candidate for an all-scholastic berth. The line is also by no means to be despised, with big Bob Patterson, the president of the school, holding down the center post in a manner which bodes little good to Sam Lourie. Other worthy Newton linemen are Bill Jiles, at right tackle, a consistently strong and potent player, the hard charging Bassatti in the guard position, and Herb evison at end, who has starred all sea- n.

The Newton outfit is without a doubt very impressive squad of gridiron gallants, and will give the Brookline hopefuls plenty of opposition when the two ams clash before the assembled multides of their respective schools next ıursday.

ISS COLLINS NEW FACULTY MEMBER

Mt. Holyoke Graduate

We wish to welcome to our Mathe- tics Department Miss Helen S. Col- s, who has come to us from the teach- : staff of the B. M. C. Durfee High ıool at Fall River.

Miss Collins was born and brought up Gloucester, Mass. After her gradua- ı from Mt. Holyoke College, she ght at various schools in Chatham, ss., Stonington, Conn., and Dover, H.

he has attended the summer schools nected with Harvard and the Mas- ıusetts Institute of Technology where has obtained credit toward her Mas- s Degree.

Captain Sherrill Hopes to Repeat Last Year's Victory

Newton Schedule for the 1931 Season

Date	*Opponent and Place*	*Winner*	*Score*
Sept. 27	Arlington at Arlington	Newton	28—0
Oct. 3	Cambridge Latin at Newton	Newton	27—0
" 10	Everett at Newton	Everett	7—6
" 17	Quincy at Newton	Newton	34—0
" 24	Somerville at Somerville	Somerville	6—0
" 31	Woburn at Newton	Newton	27—0
Nov. 7	Rindge at Cambridge	Newton	6—0
" 14	Waltham at Newton	Newton	19—0
" 26	Brookline at Brookline		

Won 6, Lost 2

Brookline Schedule for the 1931 Season

Date	*Opponent and Place*	*Winner*	*Score*
Sept. 26	Lynn Classical at Lynn	Lynn Classical	19—13
Oct. 3	St. Marks at Southboro	Brookline	12— 0
" 12	Brockton at Brockton	Brockton	20— 2
" 17	Revere at Brookline	Revere	13— 7
" 24	Rindge at Brookline	Brookline	12— 0
" 31	Cambridge Latin at Cambridge	Brookline	6— 0
Nov. 7	Somerville at Brookline	Somerville	13— 0
" 14	B. C. High at Brookline	Tie Score	0— 0
" 26	Newton at Brookline		

Won 3, Los 4, Tied 1

RESULTS OF B—N GAMES From 1894 to 1930

Date	*Winner*	*Score*
1894	Brookline	6— 0
1895	"	22— 0
1896	No game played	
1897	No game played	
1898	No game played	
1899	Brookline	11— 6
1900	Newton	15— 6
1901	"	5— 0
1902	Brookline	6— 0
1903	Newton	19— 0
1904	"	16— 5
1905	Brookline	5— 0
1906	Newton	12— 6
1907	"	15— 0
1908	"	4— 0
1909	"	6— 0
1910	Brookline	6— 0
1911	Newton	3— 0
1912	Brookline	7— 0
1913	Newton	21—10
1914	"	33— 0
1915	Tie	5— 5
1916	Brookline	16— 7
1917	Newton	44— 0
1918	"	39— 7
1919	Newton	34— 0
1920	"	13— 0
1921	"	12— 0
1922	Tie	0— 0
1923	Newton	16—13
1924	Tie	0— 0
1925	Brookline	6— 0
1926	"	9— 0
1927	Newton	3— 0
1928	"	3— 0
1929	Tie	0— 0
1930	Brookline	37— 6

Newton has won 19
Brookline has won 11

GIRLS MEMBERS OF GREATER BOSTON HOCKEY TEAM

Twenty-two girls left the Newton High field late Tuesday afternoon with the knowledge that they had been named the outstanding field-hockey players in Greater Boston schools. Among the eleven from the public schools are three from Brookline: "Libby" McGrail, li; Gladys Norris, chb; and Anne Delano, lfb. We extend to them our heartiest congratulations on this achievement.

HEAVY LINE AND FAST BACKFIELD

The ancient football feud between those arch rivals of high school sport, Brookline and Newton, is soon to be renewed. The hostilities, which have lasted almost without a break since 1894, take place this year on Thanksgiving morning at Tech Field. The Garden City warriors are out to avenge the ignominous trimming which they took at the hands of a great Brookline outfit last year, while their savage hosts are equally determined to stretch the victory string to two straight.

Coach Ralph Sanborn's Newton charges will not line up opposite any weak sisters when they face the Brookline aggregation on this Thanksgiving morn. They will find plenty of dynamite in the home town hopefuls when the opening whistle blows and they gallop down the greensward on the initial kickoff. They will come up against considerable trouble when they encounter that sterling Brookline backfield combination, McEttrick, Kaplan, McGrail, Hill and Lewis, while a multitude of thorns will line their path to a victory in the form of a well-nigh impregnable Brookline forward-wall.

McEttrick is an accomplished open-field runner and a naturally good back, with plenty of vigor in his kicks and a knack of getting off long, high punts where they are most needed. Kaplan is big, broad, heavy, an excellent line plunger with an abundance of power and speed, while his running mate, McGrail, is a talented ball-carrier and passer. Hill is the hardest hitting blocking back on the team, clearing many a path for his ball-toting comrades, and opening up huge holes in the enemy's line for them to slip through for telling gains; Lewis, the remaining first string back, is a generally good all-around football artist.

The line is strong, heavy, and potent. Sam Lourie, holding down the pivot position, is a bulwark of strength and dependability, while Abbott, Rosenberg and Morella, playing beside him in the two guard posts, combine to break up not a few of the well-meant line plunges of the opposition. Captain Edgar Sher-

(Continued on Page Eight)

MISS HANNON ANNOUNCES PLAN FOR PRIZE SPEAKING

The first information in regard to Prize Speaking was made available by Miss Hannon during the first days of last week. It was then announced that tryouts would be held on Monday, November 16, and semi-finals on Monday, December 7; the event itself will take place in a burst of glory on the evening of Friday, January 15. Despite the innovation of speed classes this year, it is not to be thought that only students in those classes may compete. In contradiction of this inexplicable rumor we have the assertion that ANY STUDENT in the school may compete, except one who is not passing. He can in no circumstances be allowed to appear in the Finals. Naturally, those who have been taking the special course will have a very definite advantage over those who have not, especially since absolutely no coaching is to be permitted from outside sources.

For the benefit of those who know little about this important feature of our extra-curricular activity, we review briefly its main points. Many years ago, Mr. J. Murray Kay provided in his will for a Public Speaking contest to be held annually at Brookline High School. Prizes were to be awarded to the boy and girl who excelled in the fields of oratory, poetry, prose or drama. The prize usually consists of ten dollars worth of books, chosen by the winner himself, and two points towards Honorary Society membership.

For the Finals, the judges must be absolutely impartial, and to insure perfect fairness they are people having nothing whatever to do with the contestants or the school. However, on Miss Hannon and her committee falls the terrific responsibility of choosing eight boys and girls out of the hundreds who usually appear for the preliminaries. We sincerely hope that this years' contestants will prove as worthy of all this attention and as outstanding as those who have carried off the prizes in the past.

The classes in Speech under Miss Hannon are making progress. During the first quarter the fundamentals of posture, breathing, and platform technique have been taught, all looking toward the preliminary trials for Prize Speaking which occur on November 16.

After that date the classes will follow a different routine. Each member, or group of members, in each division will work on a separate project for the month, according to whether the interest of the student is in the field of debate, of dramatics, of business etiquette, or of oration. While these various projects are in preparation, the class room work will consist of practice in phonetics, problems in enunciation, oral reading, and critiques.

After the plans for the Murray Kay Prize Speaking Contest are completed, the next goal will be Dramatics.

TRAVEL TALK RECEIVES BIG OVATION AT ASSEMBLY

Miss Spaulding Arranges Novel Program

Through the great great interest of Miss Spaulding, a most unusual and novel entertainment was afforded us on Wednesday, Nov. 4th, by Mrs. Burns who gave a travel talk and showed moving pictures about Siam. The pictures were taken by Mrs. Burns herself, who is a Brookline High School graduate and a former newspaper woman. She has written two books about her trip to Siam.

Siam is a country in southern Asia and is very difficult to reach. It is about the size of France and has a population of 7,000,000. The inhabitants, a mixed race, are very happy and peaceful, and in the larger cities are thoroughly Americanized in costumes and manners. They have very fine, small features, and although not tall, are very graceful. The scenes are extremely picturesque and appear to be a mass of colored Chinese red, black, gold, and green.

The king of Siam is an absolute monarch, although he is supported by a cabinet elected indirectly by the people. The Siamese were at one time a part of Burma, but are now a free country and are represented in the League of Nations.

The most interesting of the pictures were those about the teak operations in the jungle and the Pasteur Institute in Bangkok where the poison to be used in making anti-toxin is removed from snakes. The students were much amused by pictures of the far-famed Long Drum Dancers of Siam.

We are much indebted to Miss Spaulding for the splendid opportunity of hearing Mrs. Burns and seeing the many beautiful curios which she brought back with her.

MONEY FOR NOTHING

We haven't been hearing much lately about the Brookline High School Bank. However, the bank is ready every Tuesday to receive your money. Here is one way of showing cöoperation in school affairs without a cent of cost to you. In other school activities, you spend money and in return get your money's worth. In the bank, you still have your money plus some more money. You bring your money to buy the same money and more.

Growing incomes mean growing possibilities for buying. Now you might start out to buy a bicycle, a new outfit, or a set of books. When your money is put in the bank and keeps increasing, your ideas will enlarge. Then it will be a college education for which you will aim.

Convenience is the reason for the bank's existence. Forgetfulness is seven-eighths of the reason for not depositing regularly. Remember Tuesday, 8:15 to 8:30, at the Ticket-office.

A FANTASTIC STORY

PAUL R. HOCHBERG

I answered the telephone almost as soon as it had rung. It was the Captain of Detectives talking, ordering me to headquarters immediately. I was to be detailed on a mission of great importance and had an important part to play owing to the fact that I could pilot an airplane.

The detail of detectives left headquarters about 10 P. M., the 2rd day of June, nineteen hundred and thirty-four, looking for an internationally known criminal, The Shadow. The name suits this man perfectly because when the police search for him they see only his shadow, or what appears to be. This outlaw uses an airplane for his speedy escapes from the law. He has kidnapped the young son of a wealthy banker and gambler, whose name is A. W. Bower, and plans to extort large sums of money before giving up the banker's son, Johnny.

One day as Johnny was playing in the large lawn of his fathers' estate, he saw an airplane emerge from a low-hanging cloud bank. The plane seemed to be getting in position for a landing on the Bower estate.

A tall, athletically built man, vaulted out of the cockpit of his gayly colored biplane. The unknown pilot, after grabbing Johnny, placed him gently in the "turtleback" of the airplane. Before the boy's nursemaid discovered his disappearance, the Shadow's plane was fading in the distant horizon. This was how Johnny was abducted.

The first move the police made after being notified was to search the Shadow's haunts. While the police were searching his rooming house, a messenger burst into the cheaply furnished apartment and handed the note to the officer in charge. The note stated that a plane bearing no markings had been sighted over New York heading north. The Detective-Sergeant clutched my arm and we both ran to the nearest taxi.

A few minutes of very hard riding elapsed before we arrived at the Municipal Airport. The police-plane, having been ordered out, was now being warmed up, and other necessary precautions were being taken. In a few minutes after a fast take-off from a hard-packed field, we were in the air. At the end of two hours' flying I turned off the motor to hear my superiors' instructions. As I did so I heard an airplane motor close by. After telling the man in the front cockpit he ordered me to follow the unknown plane. This was easy by keeping the flame of his exhaust in sight. It was 3 A. M. when the mystery plane landed in a wooded countryside of Northwestern Maine. Without getting the Shadow, for this was who we thought it was, we retraced our route and phoned headquarters as soon as we landed, two weary officers of the law.

(Continued on Page Seven)

THE STRANGE DUEL

The Merrie Men Return To Live Live Again

The sound of the bugle echoed through the sylvan depths of Sherwood Forest. A thump of galloping hoofs followed close upon the stirring notes. From opposite sides of the glade came mounted knights, their armor glinting in the sunlight, that filtered through the verdant canopy overhead. The deep silence of the virgin forest was broken by the voice of one of the steel-clad men.

"Ho, Richard, what brings thee here to Sherwood?"

"What is that to an outlaw knight who wanders here in deadly fear of capture by the King?"

"Those are bold words, Richard of Burnshire, bold and out of place. I did but ask thee, a friend of former days, what caused this visit to a den of thieves."

"I came on business of the King—"

"—who hath desire, mayhap, to send his love to Edith. Is it not irksome to have thy sweetheart courted by a king?"

"Enough! That is a thing no man shall mention in my presence. Mount they horse and defend those brave taunts with blows of the lance!"

"But, Richard, I did but jest—"

"I like thy wit no better than thine insults. A friend of former days, yet call me. Who broke that friendship? Who brought the Queen's wrath upon my head? Who—"

"Stop! I will fight! Say no more!"

The two warriors spurred their steeds to the combat. Each tilted his lance at the other. Steel shattered steel. A shower of sparks fell to earth.

The battle went on. The knights were fighting now with their shortswords, fighting with all the skill of trained gladiators. Never was such a din of clashing steel heard in Sherwood. Never was such a brilliance of flashing blades seen by the woodland creatures.

At last the one called the Black Knight, Richard's opponent, gave a great cry and fell on his face. At the same time a hundred voices rose from the greenwood and a crowd of laughing outlaws burst into the glade. The fallen knight picked himself up and, laughing with the rest, joined his former combatant in the crowd.

"Hail, Robin," said a merry friar, "Doth this mock duel find favor with they Maid Marian?"

"That it does," answered a younger man, dressed in green. "'Twas well done, Will and Alan; we all knew the story from your acting."

Thus the battle that seemed so tragic ended in mirth. The outlaws entered the forest again with Robin Hood and Marian on the foam-flecked horses that had been used in the joust. The glade was silent again and unchanged save for the two broken lances that were left, unnoticed, on the ground.

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Tuesday from November to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

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ARE YOU A HARE OR A HOUND?

By inclination, we occasionally play the part of a philosopher of nature, one whose custom it is to sit upon a moss-covered stone in a forest and ruminate upon things in general.

We were seated on our particular rock one day when a hare came darting out of a thicket followed almost at once by a couple of hounds. Their sudden appearance and disappearance caused us to think. It was evident that the hare had had the better start and that the dogs, consequently, would not catch him, provided the distance were not too long. Although if the hare should have stopped for a moment, his capture would have been an easy matter, we could see that his headstart and his stamina would carry him through to his destination ahead of his pursuers. Then we remembered that when the famous tortoise beat the equally well-known rabbit, it was a long race and the bunny's few fast steps meant nothing.

The coupling of these two thoughts makes up a startling combination which nature everywhere observes in her incomparable "fitness of things." Notice, for example, the lines of great men. In Keats's short life a brilliant beginning, still in full power when his short course was run, made him immortal. But the great Samuel Johnson, whose life was long and full, was removed from school at the age of seven as an incurable dunce. Again: Giorgionne, an artist of eternal worth, died at the age of twenty-seven, leaving to the world masterpieces unmatched. On the other hand, the renowned Cezanne did not touch a brush to paint before he had far advanced in his ample years.

The test of a fundamental truth is that it shall remain unchanged by time. In keeping with this principle of nature which we have illustrated, it may be said of a high school career that a good first year predicts a good fourth year; that a successful first quarter indicates a similar fourth quarter.

Mr. Ringer wishes Juniors and Seniors especially to take notice of this fact. They cannot pay too much attention to the kind of a start they make for themselves in such a brief run as a year, nor can they sit back and relax, once well on the way. For of what use is the first spurt if not to bring the runner to the tape?

ESTABLISHING OF BOUNDS

By MISS LEWIS *for Teacher-Student Council*

The last issue of THE SAGAMORE, with its serio-comic editorial on the subject of keeping within bounds at recess time has, we hope, been constructively thought over by the readers of the paper. Any student will in cool reason see the propriety and expediency of preserving the school as a unit throughout the session of the day. It means law and order — and efficiency, and, in the long run, it brings about greater social power and comradeship both within and without the group. Again the rational aspect of responding to a request, rather than obeying a command, needs no argument — for as any sensible person realizes, it lies within the power of authority to forbid daily foraging beyond the playground. This is an extreme measure that the council would be very sorry to recommend. It asks most earnestly, as the representative body of Brookline High School, for the goodwill of the pupils in a hearty response to the suggestion that the noon recess be spent on the high school premises.

THE GHOST WALKS

LAWRENCE DANIELS

I was attending a party given by some friends of mine, in a little village in the woods of Maine. Every year at this time the party was held to renew old friendships and form new ones. There were three of these new friends at the cottage this year. At about ten o'clock we took these new friends out to a cabin in the deep woods where an old hermit had been murdered. While there we told them the story of the hermit's death. One of our number dressed as a ghost and at the crucial moment entered the cabin. The effect was quite thrilling to those unitiated members. This year we anticipated a great deal of fun because our friends were of the sophisticated type. They did not believe in ghosts and were not in the least inclined to be frightened by our threats of a spooky evening.

When the proper time arrived we left the cozy fireside of the cottage to face the chill of the night wind in a log cabin. We walked along a narrow path that was overgrown with bushes. Our only light was a single flashlight. The pale moon was obscured by the trees. Upon breaking through a great clump of bushes I revealed the scene of the crime.

It was a small, low and very unattractive log cabin. Part of the roof had fallen in, and some of the splinters from the beams pointed their ghostlike fingers appealingly toward the opening between the trees. The dingy porch sagged in the middle as if threatening to break, and hurl anyone who stepped on it into the black unknown which its weak boards covered.

"Come into the celestial palace of the late hermit," I offered, emphasizing the word late.

"What, go into that awful shack?"

"Of course, don't forget a man lived here for many years and what was good enough for him is good enough for us."

I turned to one of the boys whose laugh had been the loudest when I had suggested the spooky evening and said,

"You go in, you're not afraid of anything."

"No sir, go in yourself."

"All right, I'll go."

I stepped lightly across the porch and rapped at the door.

"Why do that, you fool?"

"Well you see," I explained, "this is the night that the ghost of the hermit is supposed to return, and if he is in, I think that it is only polite to knock before I enter."

"Go in and have it over with, will you? This place is getting on my nerves."

I chuckled at the thought that the plans to make them worry were succeeding. I stretched my hand toward the latch, but before I could reach it, it lifted and the door swung open noiselessly and moved inward as if a phantom hand were guiding it. The rest were gazing at the door as if fascinated. I pretended not to notice this unusual phenomenon.

"Let's go in," I said and suited the action to the words. The others followed more or less willingly. I flashed the light around and its rays disclosed many spider webs, and dirt that had not been disturbed for years. The light bothered a snake who lazily uncoiled itself and slipped through a crevice in the floor.

"Sit down," I commanded, "and I will relate to you the story of the hermit's death. By the way Dorothy, you're sitting on the exact spot in which the body was found."

I grinned in the darkness as I heard someone move.

"To get on with the story," I said, "It was on a night such as this that the murder was committed. The hermit was supposed to be very rich. Some lumberjacks, who were working in this neck of the woods were determined to rob him of his wealth. They came down here to this old cabin in the dead of the night and cautiously opened the door. They walked slowly to the side of his bed . . ."

Just as I was saying these words I heard someone's step on the porch. I thought to myself that Frank had gotten his cue wrong and was going to come in at the wrong point of the story. One of the girls shrieked. I said calmly, "You don't need to be frightened. I'll see who's there."

I went to the door trying to warn Frank away before he had a chance to spoil the story. I opened the door and stepped back horrified. A man was standing in the door. It was not the man but his appearance that frightened me. His clothes were ragged and torn. On his face was a two week's growth of beard. His eyes were red and burning with fever. His lips were cracked and swollen. He began to mutter. "I've got you, I've got you in my trap. I will kill you, all of you." He laughed a raucous laugh which made us draw together from sheer fright.

"I shall set this cabin on fire and burn you to cinders." His sentence ended in a piercing scream. He started to light a corner of the cabin. Seeing the smoke roused us from our mental paralysis.

"Come on," I shouted, "after him."

Three of us ran at him from different sides. I tackled him and we all went down in a heap. I felt a hand grasping at my throat. I tried to remove the hand but it was too strong. I could feel the fingers closing on my windpipe. My heart began to race as I fought for breath. My eyes were swimming in my head, things were getting blurred. My head began to ring as if a giant were standing on my forehead and hitting it with a hammer. The very inside of my head was throbbing as though to break my ear drums. Then came peaceful oblivion.

(Continued on Page Six)

THE TEACHERS COLLEGE

The Teachers College, Columbia University, has announced a plan for a new type of teacher training institution, to open September, 1932, which will operate as a regular undergraduate unit. Under the direction of Dr. Thomas Alexander, professor of education at Teachers College, the new college will demonstrate radically different methods in the selection and training of young men and women who are to teach in nursery, elementary, and secondary schools. While granting the Bachelor of Science and the Master's degree to these young people, the new unit will serve the field of teacher training as the Horace Mann School serves the field of elementary and secondary education; that is, it will attempt to create for other teacher training institutions improved procedures in this work.

Only those who show the richest promise of developing into competent teachers and educational leaders will be selected for this training. The student body, to be chosen from a wide geographical area will be selected on a basis of good health, sound scholarship, pleasing personality, and promise of growth. The first year's student body is to be limited to one hundred young men. Insistence that half the students be young men is based on the feeling that the teaching professsion should not be exclusively one for women.

The term of study in the college will vary from three to five years, and will include at least one year spent in study abroad, while some time must be spent in actual work in business, so that the teacher will know the world into which most pupils enter. A year's teaching service in cöoperating school systems is required before a degree is granted.

Cost of attendance at the college will not exceed $1,000 a year, and it is hoped that scholarships will be available to unusually promising young people who cannot meet tuition cost.

The new college hopes, by emphasizing quality rather than quantity, to make the teaching profession as attractive to superior American men and women as other callings in which only a superior person can achieve success.

The curricula of the college will give courses in social economy, sociology, economics, and politics, and will allow each student to participate in social work. Effort will be made to utilize the opportunity which New York City offers as a cultural center.

The traditional point system is to be abolished, graduation being based on examinations of practical as well as academic nature.

The new plan seems particularly attractive for those who intend to take up teaching as a profession. Further information will probably be obtained from Mr. Jewett in our Guidance Department.

FIRST HOME GAME A VICTORY

Brookline High School opened its home season Saturday, the seventeenth, at Tech Field by going down before the undefeated Revere High School team by the score of 12-7, in an extremely hard fought battle. The Red and Blue played a snappy game, and reeled off many good gains, but Revere was superior both in the line and in the backfield.

For Brookline, McGrail, McEtterick, and Kaplan starred in the backfield, while Sam Lourie was performing with merit in the line until he was injured.

Brookline kicked off to Revere to open the fray, and, after an exchange of kicks, a lateral pass, McGrail to McEtterick, went for a first down. After two plunges, McEtterick kicked over the Black and White goal line; here Revere started its first march for a score. Two first downs came in order, a criss-cross gained fifteen yards, and a long run by Tabor brought the ball to the ten-yard marker. Then, on fourth down, Tabor faded back and tossed a beautiful pass to Korin, who fell over for a touchdown. A pass from Tabor to Korin was blocked, and the extra point was not tallied.

Soon after the second period McEttrick booted very poorly, the Revere fullback, took the ball around right end for twenty yards. Tabor went around left to the one-foot line, and then a line plunge pushed it over. The extra point try again failed.

Revere kicked to McGrail, who with Kaplan's help put the ball down to Revere's territory. Here McGrail tossed a pass to McEttrick who raced forty yards for a touchdown, incidentally the first touchdown that has been scored against Revere, this season. The same combination scored the extra point.

Brookline had another chance when Revere fumbled the following kick-off, and Lewis recovered on the nine-yard line, but four plays could not put the ball over, as the half ended. In the second half there was no scoring, the battle being waged in mid-field, with neither team being able to penetrate within scoring distance.

Neighbor: "Why is your car painted blue on one side and red on the other?"

Speedy: "Oh, it's a fine idea. You should hear the witnesses interrupting themselves."

* * * *

"You must not fight. Haven't you been taught to love your enemies?"

"He's not my enemy. He's my brother."

* * * *

Anxious Mother: "And is my boy really trying?"

Teacher: "Very."

BAND NOTES

The B. H. S. Band thus far in the school year has progressed very satisfactorily. At the first meeting about twenty-two students, desiring to play, appeared with their instruments.

After a very few rehearsals the band made a successful showing at the football game.

At the time the membership was thirty in number. Since then the band has played each week at the football throughout the season.
games and will continue to do so

The band is growing in numbers, in enthusiasm and in popularity. It is hoped that this will continue to an even larger extent during the coming year.

GIRL SCOUTS UNDER WAY ON HELPFUL WORK

Since the second week of school the Girl Scouts have been holding regular meetings.

As usual, they have been helping in the Emergency Room and in addition to their regular scout work they have been making scrap books for the Children's Hospital. Up to this time there have been two hikes and one more planned for Wednesday, November 11. There are still a few vacancies for those who wish to become members. A very interesting program is planned for the year.

PLAY THE GAME

There's a kick and a run,
And the game has begun,
Every man full of courage and grit;
There's a pass of the ball,
Then a tackle and fall,
With a test of endurance and wit.

There's a goal within sight,
There's a rush full of fight,
There's a loss with a deep throated sigh;
But regardless of pain,
Marching on for a gain,
Go the colors of old Brookline High.

There's a cheer in the stands,
And the playing of bands,
That bespeak of a loyalty tone;
There's a rip and a crash,
And a plunge and a smash,
As our men take the ball on and thru.

Oh yes, Victory's sweet,
But so too is defeat,
If we've struggled to meet every test.
There's no need to despair,
If we've played the game fair,
And have given the battle our best.

For we're playing the game
To uphold the good name
Of the school that we'll all love till we die;
And when play days are gone,
We will still carry on
For the honor of old Brookline High.

Gratis

Hello all you ol' readers you . . . . have you noticed that Dick Mahler has a season ticket for the "Met" . . . and it's good for two . . . do you know why girls get kissed on the ear . . . they dodge . . . see heah . . . do you know that "Ol" Sol Howie Gordon hasn't struck gold yet . . . and its' a ten-gallon hat . . . so 'elp me . . . the French Foreign Legion get paid fifteen cents a month . . . they can buy a "Sag" for ten cents and have a nickel for . . . see heah . . . Selma Leavitt says its' lucky that cows don't fly . . . they call it Merry England because the people are still laughing at the jokes told before the depression . . . we're still searching for the person Jackie Clark is looking for in history . . . do you know that Mr. Hines' telephone is working overtime . . . they don't have fraternity meetings every night . . . we welcome that red-headed blonde from the west . . . with open arms . . . have you seen Penobscot Covich and his buddies from Strawberry Prep . . . Abbott Rosenberg wants his name in this column . . . try and get it in . . . we learn in Physics that hot air rises . . . we wonder how some guys stay on the ground . . . at least some of us are through with library lessons . . . do you know that "Lew" Lappin buys clothes and then puts them away to get old . . . so 'elp me.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"It's the next street lamp on the right."

"All I've accomplished I owe to my daddy."

LUNCHROOM HINTS

Don't put your finger in the soup—it's cold anyway.

Don't look inside the sandwiches—there's nothing in 'em.

Be careful about opening the milk bottles, pullease.

FRESHMAN TEAM EDGES MILTON 7—6

A new group of football players to represent Brookline took the field on Friday, October 9, and defeated a strong Milton team 7-6.

Brookline's touchdown came early in the first period. The score was brought by a march from their own 32-yard line featured by two passes, Mullins to Shaughnessy, and climaxed by a 14-yard run across the goal line by McCaffery. The extra point was made on a pass, again Mullins to Shaughnessy.

In the second half Milton's offense began to click, and with the aid of two blocked kicks they scored. The try for the extra point failed.

Brookline's play was ragged and the long gains made by the backs were due chiefly to their own efforts. With the days of practice yet to come Mr. Roman, the coach, should put a powerful and well polished team on the field.

BROOKLINE HIGH AMATEUR BUILDS OWN TELESCOPE

Eliot N. Silverman, a junior at B. H. S., has just completed the amazing task of building a telescope. The following is his own account of this unusual and difficult feat:

Grinding and polishing a mirror of a reflecting telescope is one of the most fascinating pieces of work that I have ever performed. The very idea of the thing—figuring a piece of glass to a perfect curve within a 25,000th of an inch (not by any means a really fine speculum, *i.e.,* mirror) with no other tools than two pieces of glass, abrasives, a lamp and a razor, and a support for grinding operations, is in itself a most intriguing one. The fine art of working glass is one which gives the greatest compensation for the least financial outlay. A very common misconception of the average layman, concerning the polishing of telescope objectives, *i.e.,* mirrors or enses, is the idea that it requires years of work and special ~~optical~~ glass to build a sizable instrument; this applies only to the very large reflectors or to reractors (telescopes in which the objecive is a lens and not a mirror). On he contrary, the amateur may construct with ordinary plate glass, and such other materials as may be conveniently obained for the mounting, a telescope that will show him many splendid celestial reats.

My own interest in science in general ates from early in the grades when a mechanical inclination showed itself in uilding with an erector set, constructing Morse code lines, and in similar hings which delight the heart of a boy. ater I became interested in chemistry nd pursued rather extensive studies in hat field. All during this period, I experimented in electricity, photography, nd physics. I also did a large amount f reading in classical science. My interest finally centered in astronomy, hich appealed to me as embodying a ortion of all my previous studies.

The main theme of my brief discuson consists of recounting to the reader he actual work which I have done in onstructing a six-inch telescope (the ze of telescopes is measured according the diameter of the mirror or lens).

The two discs of glass and the necesry abrasives were purchased in form ady to use, from the "Amateur Teleope Makers of Springfield, Vt. The actical information was obtained enely from "Amateur Telescope Makg," a book published by the "Scienic American." My first step was to ocure a barrel. Then I cemented one the glasses to its top with hot pitch his glass is called the tool). By the ne method I attached a handle to the ck of the other piece (this glass is mirror). There are six grades of cessively finer carborundum to be used ore the mirror is ready for polishing.

(Continued on Page Two).

BROOKLINE RECEIVES FIRST SUBURBAN LEAGUE DEFEAT

STRONG SOMERVILLE TEAM BLANKS B. H. S. 13-0

Kaplan, McEttrick, McGrail—Star

The football men of Brookline last Saturday tasted the bitter fruits of defeat for the first time in the current season of Suburban League competition by falling before the onslaught of a strong Somerville team. In the dying moments of the fourth quarter of a bitterly contested engagement at Tech Field the score was 13 to 0 in favor of the opposing team. The Fitzgerald clansmen had the edge in the first three quarters, with Kaplan, McEttrick, and McGrail plunging through the guards and tackles and sweeping the ends for devastating gains. It was a contest hard to lose, as the Surburban League pennant hung in the balance, with the winner of this game almost certain recipient of the bunting.

The Brookline squad was really good, especially in those first three cantos, with the team functioning with machine-like precision, battering the Somerville line to shreds, and coming within aces of registering the necessary touchdowns. The local aggregation made a determined bid for a score in the opening quarter, when, after a preliminary exchange of punts, a smashing march down the field was staged, only to be stopped on the Somerville four-yard stripe, as the invaders' line stiffened and held off the Brookline attack for four downs, after which Somerville kicked out of danger. In the second and third periods the home squad was continually on the offensive, threatening the visitors' goal line almost every minute of the time.

Both touchdowns were made in the final session. The first one was scored after Brookline fumbled on its own 41-yard line, after which Ferguson of the visitors' romped through tackle for the tally. The try for the extra point was blocked. Following the Somerville kick-off, after the ball was in Brookline's possession for two downs, a Kaplan pass was intercepted by Falco, who galloped about thirty-five yards for the second touchdown. The extra point was scored by a pass from Falco to Earlson.

In the last minutes of play Brookline unleashed a dazzling forward pass attack, but to no avail, and the final whistle blew with the Fitzgerald charges trailing by thirteen points. The score by no means indicates that the Brookline play lacked its brilliant moments, with the center ably cared for by the sterling combination of Rosenberg, Lourie, Morrela, aided by the tackles, Captain Sherrill and Soderberg, and later Horn, and the ends, Schwartz and Cahill, performing beautifully throughout the contest. The backfield played up well behind the line, and the whole team, though playing a losing game, for the most part compared favorably with the opposition.

REFLECTIONS ON A PUNCTURED FOOTBALL

When the autumn leaves are falling and the air is sharp with frost, then the fooball season with all its glamour and romance once more occupies the center of the stage. No other sport seems to attract so much attention or produce such gratifying gate receipts. Perhaps this is due to the fact that school is just beginning and school spirit is at its zenith, or perhaps it is due to the desire to see twenty-two fine specimens of youth battle on the gridiron in a spirit which demands not only physical strength and endurance but also mental alertness.

It is vastly interesting to watch the stands fill with students, such a heterogeneous conglomeration of color do they present. All types are represented, the book-worm who has abandoned his studies reluctantly, the social butterfly surrounded by his cohert of admirers, the leaders of the school, and finally that group of individuals who are just loyal supporters, that group which forms the real back-bone of any institution in its own unassuming, quiet way.

A murmer runs through the crowd like the wind passing through a field of golden grain, as the rival team trots onto the field.

From the opposing stands there arises a cheer which echoes and re-echoes across the field like a peal of thunder. At last the heroes in red and blue make their appearance, the doughty defenders of Brookline rush onto the field for a last rehearsal of signals and plays which are now so familiar that they seem to be a part of the boys themselves. But what a disappointment. In spite of the efforts of the cheer leaders, the sound which issues from the Brookline stands, sounds more like the last agonies of a sacrificial lamb, than a cheer capable of inspiring courage and pep into the players. To what can we attribute this lack of enthusiasm? Is it lack of spirit, or is it just that aggravating, cool indifference which, if allowed to spread, will and must inevitably sap the vitality of the school and culminate in the disastrous downfall thereof. Are we going to let Newton complacently smile with smug self-contentment as she listens to that pitiful imitation of a cheer, or are we going to force Newton to strain her lungs in order to attempt to imitate the thunder reverberating from the Brookline Stands?

Chandler S. Hagen-Berger was elected to the Green Key Society, a junior honorary society at Dartmouth, in the annual fall elections. He is a member of the varsity track team and a prominent undergraduate.

SPANISH CLUB HOLDS FIRST MEETING

Pamela Montt, President—Fine for English-Speaking Members Proposed

The first meeting of the Spanish Club was held on Tuesday, November 3, in the Girls' League Room.

Pamela Montt, the new president, opened the meeting with a few remarks on the standards and future plans of the organization. She explained that a member will be fined one cent each time he speaks English during a meeting. The money is to go into the club's treasury.

After the reading of the treasurer's report the group sang songs under the direction of Miss Meier. Alice McMahan played a Spanish selection and Pamela Montt sang "La Paloma." Then all the members sat around a large table and played "anagrams." Refreshments were served, after which the meeting was adjourned at about four o'clock.

GIRLS' SPORTS

After defeating Winchester, 2-0, it looks as if the hockey team were going to have a very successful year. This victory makes the third consecutive win for Brookline and gives the record of not being scored against by any team played.

As the program for winter sports has not been made out, it will be posted this week on the bulletin board

The coming sports will probably be as follows: gym team, indoor tennis (under the excellent instruction of Mrs. Wightman), basketball, hiking, swimming, dancing, and captain ball. The instructors are the same as for the autumn sports.

Any girl wishing to gain a "B" must have 500 points earned at the gym. Each sport counts 50 and extra points will be given for perfect attendance, at class gym, and squad leaders. Small class letters will be given to participants who have attended afternoon activities regualrly. These recreations offer great opportunity to all girls wishing to take part in their favorite sport.

ALUMNI NOTES

Charles Murphy, '30, was appointed to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis by Congressman Robert Luce.

The following boys have a scholastic standing of from 3.50 to 5.00 at M. I. T. Russell Hastings, Jr., '30, Edward Atkinson, '29, Rupert Marden, '29, Charles Miller, '29, Joseph Richmond, '28, and John Jewett, '28.

DR. LINDSAY'S SPEECH ON BURNS

The school had the great privilege on Wednesday, November 4, of hearing Dr. Lindsay of Brookline give a short address on the life of Robert Burns, and read some poems of this genius.

Dr. Lindsay prefaced his comments on the character and poetry of Burns by a short vivid description of his early life and surroundings, laying particular stress on his rustic environment, his deficiency in cultural background, and his unpropitious heritage. Dr. Lindsay explained that the majority of Burns's masterpieces were spontaneous responses of the artist to an inspiration of the moment.

A short, vivid description of each poem preceded the reading. He related the story of the beggar whose lot so impressed the poet that he was led to express his indignation in the famous lyric, "A Man's a Man for a' That." Before reciting Burns's illustrious love song, "O my luve is like a red, red rose." Dr. Lindsay briefly described the romance which had inspired it.

Particular stress was laid upon the graphic quality of Burns's lyrics as well as the smooth rhythm.

In all, it was one of the most delightful and instructive assemblies which it has been our privilege to attend, — because of the pleasing manner in which Dr. Lindsay presented the subject and read the poems, and because of the new appreciation of Burns's character which it gave.

NEW FACULTY MEMBER

Mademoiselle Perrin—French Dept.

The place vacated in the French Department last year by Mr. Neumeister has been capably filled by Mademoiselle Perrin.

Mademoiselle Perrin was born in New York City. She was educated, however, for the most part in France in the Alps. She attended the lycée and university at Grenoble. Here she earned her A. B. degree. She then studied art in Paris for a year. Back again in America she attended the schools of education in Harvard and in Boston University. From the latter school she obtained her degree of M. A.

During three years in which she was studying at Harvard and at B. U., she and her father were touring in the East, giving lectures and French plays for the groups of "Alliances françaises" in such cities as Washington, D. C., Philadelphia, New York, New Haven, and Boston.

Mademoiselle Perrin has taught as a substitute in Arlington and in Brookline, but this year she has her first real position as a teacher.

"Isn't it remarkable how Alice keeps her age?"

"Yes, she hasn't changed it for ten years."

PAUL RUTLEDGE HEADS FRENCH CLUB

Officers Make Year's Plans at First Meeting

Great competition for the positions in the French Club has ended . The results have been announced. Paul Rutledge will head Le Cercle Française this year, as President, while he will be assisted by John Lally as Vice-President. The minutes of the meeting will be taken by Marion Phillips, Secretary, and Doris Reimer, Treasurer, will manage the purse strings. Paul Rutledge has appointed the Executive Committee to aid in plans for meetings. The members of the committee are Hodee Waldstein, Miriam Hurwitt, Frederick Crocker, Paul Silbert, Milton Paisner, Marie Eck, and Bertram Litman. The first meeting is Tuesday, November 17. Best wishes to the French Club and its officers.

B. H. S. AMATEUR BUILDS TELESCOPE

(Continued from Page One)

Some rough carborundum and water were sprinkled on the tool, and the mirror pushed over it with a back and forth motion, meanwhile I walked around the barrel and slowly revolved the mirror in my hands. A pattern had been made previously from sheet metal with the required curve—less than one-sixteenth of an inch deep in a six-inch mirror. After renewing the charge of carborundum several times there was a very perceptible curve which I tested with the pattern. When the required depth was obtained, the mirror and tool were thoroughly cleaned, and fine grinding commenced. About three-quarters of an hour was spent grinding with the next four grades of carborundum and some extra time on the very finest to insure the absence of all pits from the previous grades.

Polishing is now in order with the fussy job of making a pitch lap. This was made by first melting some pitch on the stove and then pouring it over the warm tool; the face of the mirror, which had been covered with soap and water to prevent sticking, was put on the hot pitch and pushed over it with the same motions as in grinding, to obtain contact at all points. Channels were then cut in the lap to facilitate the distribution of the rouge and water mixture (this is optical rouge very similar to that which is so familiar to most girls). Work was now continued for about five hours until a complete polish was reached to the very edge of the mirror.

The crux of the whole process was now to be performed as the last and most interesting part of the work. This consisted of testing the mirror at a distance equal to the radius used in constructing the pattern. The testing was done by means of the lamp and razor, and the curve which was found was left after a few changes in a questionable form (the aim of every amateur is the perfect paraboloidal form, *i.e.,* a deepened circle). No protracted attempt was made to continue work until perfection was realized, as I was very impatient to see how the mirror would work in actual practice.

The mounting of the telescope is made of wood. An octagonal tube was constructed from thin slabs of pine, and the stand is of four by four inch spruce. I used automobile gears for controlling the adjustments which bring the stars into the field. The telescope is of the equatorial type (that is, the polar axis is parallel to the north and south axis of the earth). This kind of a mounting makes possible the use of only one motion in following the stars during their diurnal motion across the sky.

Silvering is one of the most delicate and painstaking operations. However, after trying over twenty times with only one success and that; on a small mirror, I had it done by a man experienced in this type of work. I now believe that the mirror was never absolutely clean and for that reason the resulting coat was easily rubbed off during the burnishing. A telescope mirror is always silvered on the top surface and the process is therefore far more difficult than on ordinary mirrors.

As for results, I have seen on favorable occasions hundreds of craters on the moon. The rings of Saturn are clearly observed, and myriads of beautiful double stars, star clusters, and sun spots, are also seen to good advantage.

In closing I wish to say that I shall be very glad to tell in more detail my experiences in amateur telescope making to any person who is interested. Also for those who would like an idea as to what my telescope and observatory look like, there are pictures of them being displayed on the library bulletin board.

ELIOT N. SILVERMAN.

GIRLS TO DEBATE, NOV. 23

The first official meeting of the Girls' Debating Club was held on November 2, in the Auditorium. Ruth Markell presided at the meeting and Miss Hannon was present as Faculty Advisor. About thirty girls from all classes attended.

In the election of officers which followed Ruth Markell was chosen as president and Dorothy Burt as moderator.

The subject of the first debate, which is scheduled for Monday, November 23 is: Resolved: That Inter-Collegiate Football should be abolished. Those debating on the affirmative side are: Ruth Lisebendorf, Helenka Chiemlinsky, and Adele Hirshberg; against them: Norma Nasmyth, Ruth Markel and Felice Karufeld will argue.

Miss Hannon addressed the group and spoke a few words of encouragement for this new undertaking. As yet no definite time or place has been set for the regular meetings.

MEMBERS OF FACULTY SUMMER ABROAD

Trips Described in Special Interview

Four of the teachers of our faculty were abroad in a group this past summer. Miss Lewis, Miss O'Brian, and Miss Hamline sailed July 2 on the *Stüttgart.* Miss Hannon went later in the month.

Miss O'Brian went straight to France and spent the entire summer visiting French friends. She was in Paris about a week altogether and while there went to the Colonial Exposition. She travelled to Angers, Vendée, Strasbourg, and Nancy. At Nancy she saw Gertrude Lakson, an alumna, who is studying in France. Gertrude was in the highest ranking group of students for the first quarter.

It was the first trip abroad for Miss Hannon and Miss Hamlin and both were "seeing the sights" rather than visiting or motoring, as were Miss O'Brian and Miss Lewis. Miss Hannon joined Miss Lewis in London. She arrived later and went home earlier so that her trip was a good deal shorter than that of the others.

Miss Lewis stayed in London for a short time but spent most of her time in England in motoring through the southern part which is the locality described in Thomas Hardy's books as well as the Shakespearian country. Then she flew to Paris with Miss Hannon.

Miss Hamlin spent two weeks in London and its vicinity and flew to Paris from Croyden ahead of Miss Lewis and Miss Hannon. She remained in Paris for a week during which time she visited many cathedrals and other points of interest.

The highlights of the entire summer was a motor trip which they all took. They hired a seven-passenger Citroyën and for fifteen days drove through Brittany, Normandy, and the Chateau region, probably the most picturesque part of France. Miss O'Brian did the speaking to the French and Miss Lewis drove. The latter is to be complimented on the skill she showed in driving about 2,000 kilometres through narrow, crowded streets filled with bicycles.

After the motor trips they stayed in Paris for a short time and came back to the United States in the *Columbus* the first week in September.

Increase in Circulation

In October, 1930, the Library circulated 1,057 books. In October, 1931, the total circulation was 1,608. Apparently, the Library is feeling no depression.

Arthur S. Bretter, '31, and Marvin Chandler, '28, achieved a scholastic average of 3.4 at Dartmouth during the second semester of the past year and were among the Dartmouth students whose names appeared in the semester report of "Men of Distinctive Scholastic Accomplishment."

R Colyum

Unbutton your ears my children, and listen to the wise sayings of your old Uncle Julius.

* * *

On Wednesday last, two pre-war Fords, radiators emitting dense clouds of steam, torn upholstery flying in the breeze, careened up Tappan St. The race of the century was on. By the time Charlie Wood and Yeo Minehan reached Beacon Street lettuce was a head. Get it huh?

* * *

Jackie and Bo were riding around the reservoir. Jackie asked: "Can you drive with one hand, Bo?" "Sure," was the hasty reply. "All right then, here, have an apple," she responded.

* * *

Now, the question is, what was the girl doing?" The instructor having spoken the above in a tragic voice awaited a response. Finally after a long pause, a sprightly youngster (it might have been N. Niles for all we know) arose and asked, "Was it crossword puzzles, sir?"

* * *

In case we forget we suggest that George Kaplan as the president of the bored of education.

* * *

Incidentally we curse the founder of Algebra for a popinjay and a numbskull, omitting several choice phrases which the editor has censored.

GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Wednesday, November 4, the Girls' Hockey Team won its third successive victory of the season by defeating the Winchester High School, 2-0.

The quick playing of the Brookline forwards was one of the features of the game, and the defense players kept the Winchester forwards away from the Brookline goal.

In the first period of the game, Libby McGrail, left inner, made the first goal for Brookline with a trick shot from the side of the goal.

In the second period, Mary Mulvihill, right inner, made Brookline's second goal.

The second team was not as successful as the first, being defeated 5-0.

Miss Pierce, the coach, and the team are to be congratulated on their splendid work.

FRESHMAN CLASS ELECTS MARSHALS FOR YEAR

The Freshman class has elected the following marshals: Philip Ford, Randolph Smith, Robert Lynch, Joseph Sullivan, Harry Shooshan, Norma Nasmyth, Marjorie Scheffreen, Eleanor Fisher, Elizabeth Green, and Marcia Endlar.

GUIDANCE DEPARTMENT

JOHN V. JEWETT, *Director*

In this column the reader will find brief outlines of various careers. These outlines are intended to give information with which the student can start a more detailed study. The Department has in Mr. Jewett's office, a book of 52 Careers, published by the Institute of Research. Each career is displayed in detail and you are urged to visit the office any afternoon to read these valuable descriptions.

Find out all you can about "what there is to be" and your decision "what I want to be" will be much easier.

Journalism as a Career

TRAINING:
1. Generally, college training.
2. Courses call for work in sociology, psychology, political science, history, languages, literature, economics and journalism.
3. Also, many special schools dealing with journalism subjects only.

ADVANTAGES:
1. Adventure.
2. Brought in contact with people.
3. Wide reading.
4. Friendship with interesting people.
5. Fuller, broader, happier than most men.

DISADVANTAGES:
1. Requires physical and mental alertness.
2. No little stamina and endurance.
3. Long, inconvenient hours.

OPPORTUNITIES:
1. Copy readers.
2. Rewrite man.
3. Critic and feature writer.
4. Foreign correspondent.
5. Washington correspondent.
6. Columnist.
7. Editorial writers.
8. The special press.
    a. Agricultural.
    b. Religious.
    c. Medical.
    d. Educational.
    e. Labor problems.
    f. Trade and business.
    g. Book publishing and editing.
9. Public relations counsel.
10. Advertising.
11. Village weekly.

WOMEN IN JOURNELISM:
1. Not as numerous.
2. Copy reading.
3. Recently women sports writers.
4. Women's clubs, philanthropies, etc.
5. Sad stories.
6. Heads of special departments or writers of columns for women.
7. Society editor.

SALARIES:
1. The following are annual salary ranges in New York City:

Editors-in-chief	$15,000 — $35,000
Managing editors	8,000 — 30,000
City editors	4,000 — 10,000
Copy readers	2,000 — 4,000
Dramatic and music critic	4,000 — 7,500
Staff writers on finance and politics	4,000 — 8,000
Reporters	1,000 — 7,000

Forestry as a Career

QUALIFICATIONS:
1. Interest in the science of forestry.
2. Willingness to spend a greatest part of life in the forests or small town.
3. Strong, rugged constitution.
4. Self-reliance.
5. Scientific ability and business sense combined.
6. Executive ability.
7. Spirit of public service.
8. Great courage.

PREPARATION:
1. Thorough training at a good college of forestry.
2. Broad cultural education.
3. Second National Conference on Education in Forestry, 1920, suggested the following curriculum to schools of Forestry.

Freshman Year:

English Composition
Chemistry
Botany
Geology
Trigonometry
Mechanical Drawing
Biology
Field of Forestry

Sophomore Year:

Civil Engineering
Physics
Dendrology
Plant Physiology
General Economics
Soils
Wood Technology
Organic Chemistry
English Composition

Junior Year:

Forest Mensuration
Forest Regions
Forest Entomology
Business Law
Accounting
Forest Engineering
Silvics
Forest Pathology
Fire Protection
Timber Treatment

Senior Year:

Silviculture
Utilization
Forest History and
Forest Policy
Mapping
Seeding and Planting
Management
Elective studies

4. Post graduate course helpful.
5. Summer school camps and field work.

ADVANTAGES:
1. Active out-of-door life.
2. Opportunity for service to the nation.
3. Work in which one's particular characteristics, technical and administrative, will be valuable.

DISADVANTAGES:
1. Strenuous, primitive life.
2. Pre-eminently a man's life.
3. Hard physical labor.
4. Hardly any permanent headquarters. Difficut to establish a home.
5. Duration of the position depends upon the individual.
6. Rising competition.

OPPORTUNITIES:
1. Applications for all types of government work.
2. Research work.
3. Private work.
4. Teaching.

SALARIES:

1.	Forest rangers	$1,800 — $2,900
2.	Junior foresters	2,000 — 2,600
3.	Logging engineers	3,200 — 5,400
4.	Forest Supervisor	2,900 — 4,600
5.	Higher administrative positions	3,800 — 6,500

6. Minor state positions, $3.00 to $5.00 a day.
7. Foresters employed by private individuals are paid in proportion to their value from a business point of view. If valuable receives around $12,000 a year.

RICHARD HOLT NEW GERMAN CLUB PRESIDENT

Officers Make Annual Plans

The first meeting of the Brookline High School German Club, the "Deutscher Verein," was held a few days ago. Miss Shober, faculty advisor of the organization, is planning with the new officers a varied program for all those German students who intend to become club members. Although no entertainments have been definitely planned, it is probable that the first affair of the year will be held at Christmas time.

The officers elected at this first meeting are as follows: Richard Holt, president; Ruth Friedman, vice-president, Norma Marcus, secretary; and Roger Bernhardt, treasurer. They are enthusiastically looking forward to a highly successsful year.

FLYING TIDBITS

Last year many reports of general doings were circulated about the much talked of .22 Club. Many inquisitive ones wondered and still wonder what happened to it. Figuratively speaking the club soared about for a few months at a high altitude, but soon dropped to the ground with much force and silencing power. What actually happened to the club was that it encountered unsurmountable barriers which checked its progress and even its very existence. The chief difficulties encountered were time and money. To get an NX license an expensive stress analysis must be presented to the government. Two thousand dollars is the sum usually asked for this lengthy mathematical computation. Needless to say, the club was quite unable to raise the required amount, in fact it would not have done so had it been able. The club, forced "against the wall, could do nothing, but add one more unwritten page to Brookline's aerial career.

OUR NEW ADMINISTRATORS

The sophomores have chosen for President, Frank Gardner; Vice-president, Dorothy Freedman; Secretary, Jean Leslie; and Treasurer, Philip Levine. The freshman have not yet elected their officers.

LIBRARY LINES

Book Week

Book Week was celebrated during the week from November 16th to 21st in the libraries and bookstores all over the country. A "Round the World Book Fair" was featured in accordance with the present ideals of world unity. In our Library there was an exhibition of books, posters, and paintings from many nations.

At the open-house hours on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, tea was served by girls dressed in bright colored costumes typical of the different countries.

Russell Gordon Carter, author of "The King's Spurs," spoke at the assembly. The original illustrations of his book were on display through the courtesy of Little, Brown, and Company. Houghton, Mifflin and Company loaned the illustrations for the "Flood Fighters" by Thames Williamson.

Further to commemorate Book Week, several new books were added to the library shelves. They are as follows: "Around the World in Eight Days," "Education of a Princess," "Quick and the Dead," "Loud Sing Cuckoo," "Morning Tide," "Years of Grace," "Zeppelin," "The Border," "By Dog-Sled for Byrd," "Tales of the Warrior Lord," "The Golden Road in English Literature." "Smuggler's Luck," "The Firemakers," "Amber to Amperes," "Speed" (by Frank Hawks), "Famous Leaders of Industry," "Master Minds of Modern Science," "Shadows on the Rock," and "Lone Cowboy."

Library Achieves Fame

Librarians in widely scattered cities read the article which appeared recently in the Wilson Bulletin, and which was written by Mrs. Siebens. She wrote on the absorbing subject of missing books, and judging from the comments received, her article proved to be interesting and helpful. The *Transcript* published a reprint, illustrated with a photograph of our Library.

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John Held Jr

I'd Like to Take Little Nell to the Ball,
Spluttered Caleb Zilch

"Tut, tut, my child, what's this?" blathered the retired buttonhole manufacturer, stroking his eel-grass.

"Why, Mr. McRaddish, don't you read the newspapers?

A
FORMAL CHARITY BALL

is being given at the beautiful new Hotel Continental in Cambridge, on December 11, from nine to one o'clock, by

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and Sammy Liner, famous theatre musician, and his renowned personal orchestra, will furnish the music."

"Zounds," hissed old man McRaddish through his new molars, "lug her along, my boy, and here's the 3 bucks to buy a ticket."

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THE GHOST WALKS

(Continued from Page Three)

Some time later I opened my eyes to find myself in a hospital. There was a nurse standing at my side.

"Are you feeling better?" she asked I answered one question with another

"How long have I been here?"

"You were brought here by your friends, and you were unconscious for three days?"

"Oh!" I said. "I remember now. What happened to that man?"

"The boys brought him here. He left yesterday completely recovered. He was only temporarily insane. There is a letter here for you from him. He said that he thought he owed you an explanation."

As I reached for the letter, she said that she had some good news for me. Upon asking, I found that my friends were downstairs.

"Great, send them up."

After greetings had been exchanged I asked one of the boys to read the letter to all of us. The letter read like this

"My dear Boy,

"I feel that I owe you a letter of explanation, concerning my actions when I was not myself. Also, I want to tell my story for the first time. When I was young, I decided that if I ever got enough money, I would come to the country where I could live all by myself, with only the beauties of nature for consolation. I made a great deal of money while still quite young. More, much more, than I could ever need, so I went out to where you found me to fulfill the desires of my youth. It was rumored about that I had a great deal of money. As this rumor was true and I was afraid of being robbed, I buried my money under the floor of the cabin. One night I was awakened by the sound of the door opening. I saw a man walking stealthily across the floor. I leaped out of bed and grasped a poker. After a short struggle I hit him on the head. I lit a lamp and to my horror I saw that I had killed a man. I recognized a similarity in our build and conceived the idea of hacking his head into an unreconizable mass of flesh and blood. When this disagreeable job was finished, I changed clothes with him, took my

(Continued on Page Eight)

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A FANTASTIC STORY

(Continued from Page Two)

\fter the Shadow kidnapped Johnny wer, the unscrupulous outlaw flew to cabin, one hundred miles from the nadian border. After landing he hid plane and put his harmless captive in cabin. The second day was spent planning, soon tired of the boy's quesns he decided to take a stroll in the ods. He opened the cabin door and his amazement he saw four revolvers nted at him.

'Hello Shadow,'' said the captain, o was always first to speak.

'I guess my games' up, Cap,'' was the prising answer, for the Shadow had ver before given up. The Shadow de his final move by sprinting towards plane, which was now ready for a edy getaway, but a quick-witted ofer tripped the Shadow in his flight. e Shadow made a perfect three-point ding as his chin and both feet touched ound at the same time. After recover- the Captain flung a question at him ich the Shadow seemed willing to swer. "Why did you kidnap Bower's y?" "Well," began the Shadow, "Mr. wer gave me the position as his prie secretary. Soon a large sum of ney was missing from his private safe, which I knew the combination. Of urse I was blamed for the theft bease the real thief could not be found, d I had more chance of stealing it n anybody else. I was to be sent to son, but to tell the truth, brothers, I Detective Robert Graham of Yates tective Agency, a private concern." you will be so good as to bring nny to me I will gladly explain this stery."

The astonished policeman brought the y forward as requested. "Daddy!" seven-year-old boy exclaimed as he to the private detective.

"Who is this lad,' asked the police ptain.

"This is my boy, Captain, who was dnapped by the real Shadow because I ce sent him to jail, and right now the l Shadow is in Boston guarded by assistant, and the sooner we get there better."

Arriving in Boston, the sextet of offis with guns drawn entered the room where the Shadow was being held. The room was empty! Quickly the Shadow stepped out of the closet. "Drop your guns!" commanded a bellowing voice. Instead of obeying this ruthless outlaw I threw my heavy revolver at him, striking him in the cheek. I followed this up by a crushing blow to the jaw, as his feet sank beneath him. Without waiting for the Shadow, alias Bower, to recover consciousness we hurried him to the station-house and placed charges against him that included, murder, robbery, kidnapping and forgery. This was how we captured the Shadow, who will never bother another person during the rest of his life, which ended a month after his conviction.

——— FINIS ———

Big Chief Many Scalps

Admirer: "What a charming necklace!"

Film Star: "Yes, isn't it adorable? Made entirely of my wedding rings."

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Red Riding Hood was clothed in red,
A dozen cakes she had.
She started out across the way
To make her granny glad.

She met a wild and woolly wolf
When passing through the glen
Who said that he could beat her home
By going by his den.

The wolf arrived when Gran was out
And climbed into her bed.
He gently smoothed her silken cap
Around his grizzly head.

Red Riding Hood came tripping in
To see a figure gruff
And listened to that grizzly wolf
Begin to work his bluff.

The wolf devoured the dainty cakes
And curtly smacked his lips,
While poor granny was outside
A-picking up some chips.

She knew that there was something wrong
By looking at his teeth
The wolf replied by this remark,
"Just look at what's beneath."

The wolf now thought he had the chance
He lunged at her from the bed,
But now he found to his dismay
That he was over fed.

He fell a distance from his mark,
Upon an oaken chair
And as he went a-sliding by,
He took with him some hair.

A man was passing with an ax.
He heard the shrieks of fright.
He broke into the aged house
And thus relieved her plight.

He made a stroke which whistled by
And cut his whiskers nine.
He hastened him outside the door
And finished him up fine.

Red Riding Hood then headed home;
She looked behind each tree
Until her home appeared in sight
Away down in the lea.

Poor little Red was scared so much
She never went outside
Excepting when her granny took
Her for an evening ride.

She then at last devised a scheme
To go out by herself.
She carried all around with her
A rifle from the shelf.

So when you visit grandma next
And hear that old time growl,
Just whistle for the woodman's ax
To hit him in the jowl.

Moral:
Remember now what some man said,
"Be careful what you do
For everything may not be gold
That has a brilliant hue."

—*Edwin Taber.*

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THE GHOST WALKS

(Continued on Page Six)

money, and left him to be found as myself. I spent the next ten terrible years in South America trying to forget. I finally drove him out of my mind long enough to want to come back to the place that I once had loved so dearly. I did return, but the minute I entered the cabin I was overtaken with a fear that drove me insane. I then left the cabin only to wander the woods endlessly. Now that I am well again, I will go back to South America where these memories will not haunt me."

"The Hermit."

With this letter the hermit passed out of our lives forever, but we still have that cabin on the knoll where memories will never die.

BROOKLINE HOPES FOR VICTORY

(Continued from Page One)

rill at left tackle plays in a steady, devastating style, while Soderberg and Horn take care of the other tackle berth equally well. The two ends, Alan Swartz and "Lefty" Cahill are hard and fast, savage tacklers, guarding their territory with plenty of zeal and abandon.

Coach Fitzgerald's footballers present, all things taken into consideration, an exceedingly formidable unit, and one which will undoubtedly do itself justice against the invaders from Newton. When Brookline High migrates en masse to Tech Field to cher itself hoarse next Thursday, it surely will have something to cheer about,—win, lose, or draw.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVIII, No. BROOKLINE, MASS., DECEMBER 8, 1931 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

›panish Club To Hold Banquet

ALA EVENTS IN GIRLS' LEAGUE ROOM DEC. 15

A gala event will be held in the Girls' ›ague Room, Dec. 15th, at 7 o'clock. ›e Spanish Club is giving a banquet. will be the first club meeting for ose second year students who attained › A or B for the quarter and it is ›ped that the banquet will be memable.

The Spanish Club held its first banıet last year and it was a great success. ıis year, with added improvements, iss Meier, faculty advisor, and Presint Pamela Montt, are hoping to put rth another great event in the history the Club.

A typical Spanish dinner will be ›ved, Spanish songs will be sung, an pressive candle ceremony will be held d to finish it off there will be dancing.

ıILIP COLEMAN IN "MERCHANT OF VENICE"

Philip Coleman, a student at the ookline High School, has just finished week's engagement in the company of ıude Adams and Otis Skinner in their ›ent production of Shakespeare's play, he Merchant of Venice." As a king's endant in one scene and a member of mob in the trial, the most important ›ne of all, he was able to observe the o famous old-time players in one of greatest plays the English language ever known.

Philip Coleman has been a student for ne time at Mrs. Whitehouse's Acady of Dramatic Arts, in the Pierce ilding, in Boston. Previously he was egular member of the Repertory The-e Company, before the lack of appretion for good drama in Boston caused dissolution. It is to these connections t he owes his most fortunate engagent.

Even for a person not greatly intered in acting, an experience like this is uable. It gives an unparalleled oprtunity to see how a Shakespearian y, written more than three hundred ırs ago, can be made, by skilful proction, to live for modern audiences. someone who, moreover, seems to be ing his whole life for a theatrical eer, a chance to behold two such acimed and finished actors together at h close range, should bring an enely new and inspiring conception of ors and acting in general.

ANNUAL TURKEY TUSSLE ENDS IN SCORELESS TIE

Kaplan, Paisner Star in Backfield

Lowrie, Merolla, Swartz, Sherrill Impregnable

At 10 A. M. Thanksgiving morn at Tech Field, the gridiron forces representing the orange and black of Newton and the red and blue of Brookline engaged in their annual turkey tussle. After four stiff periods of bruising contact with neither team able to pass his opponent's last white stripe, the contest ended in a scoreless tie. George Kaplan and Milton Paisner starred in the backfield while the frontier wall was impregnable with Lourie, Morella and Swartz as well as Captain Sherrill outstanding.

To open proceedings Newton kicked off to Brookline but the latter were not able to do very much with the ball, and

(Continued on Page Three)

STATISTICS OF THE GAME

First Downs

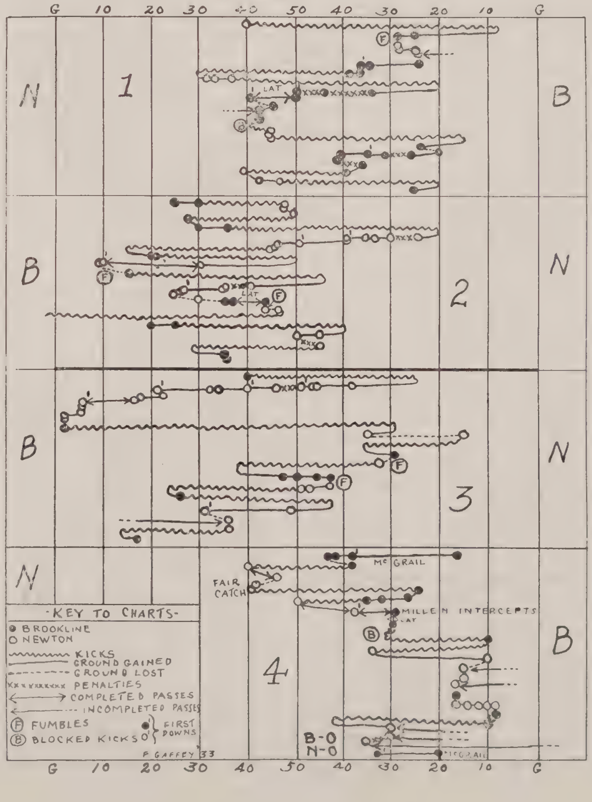
	B.	N.
By rushing	4	8
By passes	0	3
By laterals	1	0
By penalties	1	0
	6	11

Rushing

	B.	N.
Number of rushes	40	58
Yards gained by rushing	119	160
Yards lost by rushing	19	62
Average gain per rush	2.5	1.7

Passes

	B.	N.
Passes tried	1	12
Passes completed	0	4
Own passes intercepted	0	1
Yards gained by passes	0	47
Yards gained by laterals	19	0



Teachers Receive School Heads

ORCHESTRA OFFICIATES AT RECEPTION FOR MR. RINGER

On December 2, the Brookline Teachers' Club held a reception in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ringer and Mr. and Mrs. Gifford in the Michael Driscoll School. It was attended by more than four hundred people who enjoyed the friendly atmosphere created by the committee. The hall was artistically decorated with pines, cedar, and southern smylax, a note of color being added by russet, and yellow chrysanthemums, and tall yellow tapers used on the tables where the collation was served.

Rev. and Mrs. Peterson, Superintendent and Mrs. Caverly, Mrs. Baker, and Mr. and Mrs. Downing received with Mr. and Mrs. Ringer and Mr. and Mrs. Gifford.

Miss Parker, the general chairman, wishes to thank the following for their kind assistance. Mrs. Henderson. chairman of the invitations, Miss K. O'Brien, chairman of the ushers, Mr. Burbank, chairman of the music. Mrs. Potter, chairman of the refreshments. Mr. Knight and Mr. Atticks, chairmen of the dressing rooms, Mr. Wolfe, chairman of the janitors, Miss Potter, chairman of the decorations and Madame Wilkinson, chairman of the table hostesses.

The Teachers' Club and the members of the committee for Mr. Ringer's reception wish to express their deep gratitude to Mr. Joslin and the members of the orchestra for their splendid services at the Faculty Reception on the evening of December 2 at the Driscoll School.

FOOTBALL "B's"

The following boys have received their "B's" in football.

David Aronson, James Cahill, Robert Harvey, Harlin Hill, Leslie Horn, George Kaplan, Samuel Lourie, Philip Lewis, Edward McEttrick, George McDonough, Harold McGrail. Victor Menolla, Harold Millen. Milton Paisner, Abbot Rosenburg, Edgar Sherrill, Arthur Sodenberg, Alan Swartz.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The date for Prize Speaking is January 15, for Dramatics April 1 and 2. Make no engagements for these days.

LUNCH ROOM BLUES

Recess is the time for rest, recreation, and, above all, food. When the thundering herd of liberated lunch-hunters sweeps through the corridors in an ever-increasing wave at precisely 11:40 A. M. and 12:20 P. M. each day, its sole objective is always that place of pleasures and surprises — the lunch room. Here is where every hungry student makes his way in the midst of his arduous daily routine, to sate his hunger, to quench his thirst, and to gain new strength for the heavy labors of life.

But the procuring of this strength-giving substance, food, is fraught with trials and difficulties well-nigh impossible to overcome. The problem of lunch tickets is the first one which besets the troubled seeker of sustenance, once he has gained access to the lunch-room. Occasionally one finds some stray speculator, willing, for a stipulated amount, to part with one or two of his precious pasteboards, but the usual procedure is to attach oneself to the end of a very long line, there to wait for come what may. There is, of course, the illegal method of giving one's money to some man and inveigling him into doing you the very great favor of buying your tickets for outhority.

Considering, now, that the lunch-checks are safely grasped in his hand, we follow the harassed food-seeker into the lunch-room proper, after he has taken one despairing look at the sprawling line which has extended out of the lunch-room door and even far down the corridor. He seems to be entertaining a vain hope that the various other openings onto the food counters are not as crowded inside as this one. In this, however, he is quickly and none too gently disillusioned, as he glimpses the milling mobs near the counters, piled high with luscious eatables — ah so near to him, and yet so very far! The ties of Friendship, even, seem singularly inconsequential in times like these, and our prospective diner must assume his rightful place at the tail end of the line. Finally, after sufficient standing in line, he reaches the point where he is able to acquire a few of the stray morsels which still remain. He must make some hasty and hazardous decisions as to what his diet will be for the day, and then, the food finally ensconced on his tray, he steers a difficult course toward his favorite table, the while searching with hopeful eye for some forgotten stool among the myriad legs of the multitude.

But this year, I will concede, some higher power has miracuously provided nearly enough stools and tables to go around, and one is usually able to procure a support for his weary bones without undue strain. He finally establishes himself comfortably in front of his savory meal, ready and willing to attack it with the greatest of vim and gusto, only to find that he has forgotten a straw for his daily ration of milk. The practical thing to do is to go back and get a straw. At his return, all is ready for him to enjoy an exceedingly well-deserved lunch. If his food is not cold, his milk is not warm, the bell does not ring in too unreasonably short a time, he will, in all probability experience nothing further to disturb his pure enjoyment.

GERMAN CLUB PLAY

Members of the German Club are working very industriously on a play which they hope to give at their Christmas meeting. Miss Schober is giving her undivided time and attention to this project and the cast feels most grateful to their able coach.

The play, selected with consideration of the amount of German the students are capable of understanding at present, is "Ein Knopf" by Julius Rosen. The plot deals with the proverbial absent-minded professor, Rudolph by name. Rudolph has been married to Gabriele for only eight days and already is forgetting to kiss her "Good-bye." Seeing that this is causing marital difficulties he takes a button from his wife's work-basket to remind himself of that important fact. Unfortunately it turns out that the button belongs to a former sweetheart of his, his wife's cousin Bertha. Complications follow in which Gabriele believes that Rudolph is wearing Bertha's button because he still loves her, Bertha is slightly amused and Rudolph wholly perplexed. Eventually, of course, affairs are straighened out and the curtain rings down on a happy ending.

The cast is as follows:—

Rudolph	Calhoun Ancrum
Gabriele	Ruth Friedman
Bertha	Norma Marcus
Karl	George Hartstone

GIRLS' LEAGUE PARTIES

A new plan has been organized this year in order to promote friendship among the girls of B. H. S. through the Girls' League. On every Friday afternoon, barring those on which special meetings are scheduled, there will be a social gathering in the Girls' League Room from two to three o'clock.

The first party was held on Friday, Nov. 20, under the supervision of Carola Nasmyth and her committee, consisting of Dorothy McAlean, Zita McDonald, Agnes Larkin, Sally Jones, and Ruth Markell. The first half-hour was devoted to dancing, and the last to playing ping-pong and table croquet, to the planning of the Sophomore party, to making gifts and toys for Thanksgiving and Christmas, and to sewing on the new curtains for the Room.

These parties are open to every girl in the School, both members and non-members of the Girls' League. It is hoped that many more girls will turn out to all the parties, for "the more the merrier."

PRIZE SPEAKING

The tryouts for Prize-Speaking have been held and the candidates for the Semi-Finals chosen. They are as follows: Norman Hunt, George Mackey, Paul Rutledge, John Lally, Milton Levy, Harry Shooshan, Myron Wallace, Bruce Ehrmann, Chester Soloman, Eliot Silverman; Martha Turner, Norma Nasmyth, Martha Henderson, Bernice Squirskey, Evelyn Greenspan, Ruth Markell, Pearl Kaufman, Libby Jacobs, Pauline Wolff, and Christine Adams.

Miss Hannon stated that the length of this list is due to the excellent quality of the work which was presented. So well were the selections of the aspirants rendered that Miss Hannon felt she could not possibly diminish the number chosen without leaving out some talent which might add to the final event.

Miss Hannon has taken upon her rather slight shoulders a tremendous task which we sincerely hope will not be detrimental to her health. The quality and thoroughness of her coaching promise an unusually fine Prize-Speaking.

GIRLS' LEAGUE

On Friday afternoon, Dec. 4, the Senior girls of the Girls' League entertained their mothers and teachers at a tea in the League Room.

The room was decorated by Alma Schmank and Barbara Colpak, assisted by their committees. The President of the League, Mary Clark, introduced Mr. Ringer and Miss Sawyer who gave short addresses of welcome. Mr. Jewett spoke briefly upon the subject of Guidance. He said that in Brookline, Guidance was interpreted to mean "Help." The motto of this department is "Help, make a record if possible; but in any case, help." Their object is to help students in their choice of studies, schools, and future occupations.

Punch and cookies were served, and the rest of the time was spent in discussing the problems of the senior girls.

Carola Nasmyth was Chairman of the tea, aided by Dorothy Burt. Esther Peterson was in charge of the Refreshment committee, Adele Kelsey the clean-up, Hodee Waldstein the serving, and Edith Popkin the invitation.

* * *

She: "I saw the doctor today about my loss of memory."

He: "What did he do?"

She: "Made me pay in advance."

* * *

A millionaire says he has not yet visited a night club. This accounts for the fact that he is still a millionaire.

* * *

Husband: "Would you marry me if you had your life to live over again?"

Wife: "Of course, darling; but I'd bring you up very differently."

GRATIS, JR.

Howdy folks—the colonel speakin'. How are yo' all this fine afternoon?

* * *

After thoughtful deliberation the aforesaid colonel has succeeded in making a partial list of some of the school's celebrities: Goosha (the one and only); Mug Rail; Jawge Hard Stone (accent on all syllables); Lambie Keryns (old English spelling); Dyckys Tar (the original "petroleum" bi-product); Jom Alone (of rum-running fame).

* * *

We wonder why an ominous white brick sits sedately on the window sill in the Sag room. A suggestion was offered that the editors employed it for use in repulsing irate invaders.

* * *

There is still the question of how many doughnuts Wayne Parker consumed after the French Club meeting.

* * *

Our English teachers encourage us to indulge in Shakespeare and the classics of literature; whereupon the sales of *Ballyhoo* take a skyward leap.

* * *

Tense Moments

Waiting for the teacher to mark your report card . . . Waiting for the Sag editor to give his approbation or disapprobation of your copy . . . Showing the sons of Newton that "the red and blue hold sway . . . Juggling a milk bottle on a tray . . . The lull before a test.

* * *

Picked this one from the Speech class: What is the matter with you, George? Can't you speak any louder? Open your mouth and throw yourself into it!

* * *

Wanted: A leading man to play the part of the ardent lover in the German play. All applicants will please form in an orderly column.

* * *

"45 thrills in 45 minutes, or a session in Miss O'Brien's third period French class," Mona Matthews' latest novel.

* * *

STUDY HINTS BY GRATIS

Take up your book, open it, slip on your thinking cap and proceed to study. Keep your mind off the little blond who sits in Shailer Hall and turn a page once in a while. At the end of each paragraph ask yourself "What's coming off here, anyway?" Next take a sheet of paper, copy the most important points, slip it under your cuff and you're all ready for your next recitation or test.

* * *

Jones: "Sorry, old man, that my hen got loose and scratched up your garden."

Smith: "That's all right, my dog ate your hen."

Jones: "Fine! I just ran over your dog and killed him."

SCORELESS TIE

(Continued from Page One)

so were forced to return it. When the team again got the ball aided by a penalty, some fine rushing, and a beautiful lateral, McGrail to Kaplan, the home team formidably advanced into the visitors' territory before giving up the ball. When it was finally returned, the Fitzgerald men found themselves on their own 25-yard marker. After making a first down, primarily through the persistent efforts of Kaplan, they had to yield the ball to the Newtonites again.

And so the combat waged with neither team able to gain consistently or seriously threaten the other's goal line until the visitors injected their first string line into the fray in the middle of the second quarter. Then the fireworks began. An end sweep, an off tackle plunge, and lastly a beautiful pass put the Newtonites on the home team's 5-yard stripe. But a disastrous fumble for the Orange and Black occurred when, after a bad pass from center, an alert Brooklinite recovered the ball. It was immeditely kicked out of danger thus averting a score.

Opening the second half of the game, Brookline booted to Newton who threw a terrific scare into the ranks of the Red and Blue. With an extremely powerful attack, they ripped off three first downs in succession at the end of which came a successful forward to the home team's 5-yard line. But here Brookline's forward wall stiffened, held invincible, and forced the visitors to yield the ball on the Fitzgerald men's 3-yard marker.

A long end over end boot from the educated toe of George Kaplan was sent over the mid-field marker striking at the 15-yard and rolling 20 yards before being touched down. A wide pass from center lost 10 yards and pretty nearly the ball for Newton. That team kicked out and then Brookline had its real scoring opportunity of the encounter being for the first time deep in the visitors' ground. But there was a fumble on the very first play and, after recovering, the Orange and Black booted. Another fumble on the part of the Red and Blue resulted and again the Newtonites snatched the ball. This time they tore to the home team's 30-yard line before kicking.

After an exchange, the visitors unsuccessfully resorted to the overhead game filling the ether with forwards. The game see-sawed back and forth with only one exception which came late in the last period when Newton got to the Brookline's 8-yard line before being stopped. The battle ended with the ball on the Red and Blue's 35-yard stripe.

The boys played a great game against superior forces and much credit is due Coach Fitzgerald, his staff, Captain Sherrill, and the team as a whole. We congratulate them on their splendid performance.

THE SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

HELP! HELP!

(With apologies to E. A. Poe)

How I came to be lying thus on the ground under the open sky was a mystery to me. Yet there I lay, flat on my back. I tried to move but found I could not, though no visible bonds held me. I thought, "This is a nice thing. How is it I can't move?" But there came no answer to my question.

Then suddenly I became aware of a stone under my back, a bit to the left. The more I noticed it, the more it seemed to press into me. Finally I felt I could endure it no longer. So I fell to concentrating my attention on my toes; first the large toe on my left foot, then the one on my right foot. I alternated in this way until I had twice counted the toes on both feet. There were still my hands to think about, but again the pebble protuded itself into my consciousness. I became restless and tense with annoyance, but I could not alter my position, try as I might. This time I glanced heavenward as if by instinct. Something caught my eye.

I forgot the pressure under my back and examined the object above me. It must have been some thirty feet up, but it looked large even at that distance. It was a huge cube of some white solid stuff which I was at a loss to name. It hung at an angle toward me so I could see that it was held by a great forceps, much like those used to hoist a block of ice. To the handles of the holder were attached two cables of rope which extended upward so far that I could see no end to them. As I watched, fascinated, I noticed that the thing moved nearer once, ever so slightly.

But at that moment my mind was recalled to myself,— to my ankle, to be exact. On the outer side of my foot, just between my ankle and my heel, there was an insistent itching. I tried to reach down and ease it. In vain. Then I began to imagine very hard that I was scratching it. But the instant I stopped, there was that itching again. I said to myself, "If I could just turn my foot over a bit. . . ." but I could not. This time I blessed the stone under my back and gratefully turned my mind to it. The sensation at my heel died away, but then the pressure of the little piece of rock began to unnerve me again. Of a sudden I thought of the hanging block and glanced up at it.

I was horror-stricken to discover that since I had seen it last, it had descended at least ten feet directly toward me. Everything else was as nothing as I watched it. At various irregular intervals I noticed a slight jerk and the huge cube came about half a foot nearer me. "What's this?" I thought, "I've got to get out of here. Come on, now, push." But I soon found it useless even to try.

To while away the time I decided to count slowly between lowerings. I started at once. First I counted to ten, then to thirteen, then to nine, and so on without finding any definite plan in the descent of this block.

Before I knew it, it was about three feet above my chest. I saw now that it was made of a material much like marble, and that it must have been about five cubic feet in size. I wondered who could have such a grudge against me as to place me in this miserable situation. I could think of no one. Nevertheless it was evident that in about one hour I would be nothing more or less than a "has-been."

Then I tried to remember where I had been before I found myself here, powerless. But further back than my advent under this heavy horror my memory was

(Continued on Page Six)

Gratis

GREETINGS and SALUTATIONS

"Accept no substitutes, the best is none too good."

Well, well, back for some more dandy fun, you old readers . . . we wonder if the library does close at nine o'clock . . . it's beginning to look as if Pauline Seidel bought a car to go with the stickers . . . Chicago was settled in 1833 and at rare intervals since then . . . Thar's big rows in the Windy City so we're told . . . some game on Thanksgiving . . . that Brookline line sure is deserving of praise . . . the whole team for that matter . . . Marjorie Carroll ought to get a job with some cereal company . . . our snappy cheer-leader is "Pep" personified . . . have you read the other side of the report cards . . . neither have we . . Lamson (hurry-up) Kerine is selling tickets for his next dance already . . .

Do you know that . . . in a kick it's distance . . . at the bat it's timing . . . in a cigarette it's taste . . . in school it's the food . . . and in a rumble seat it's impossible . . . see heah (repeated upon popular request) . . . the band never knows the music and the school never knows the words . . . that from experience at assembly . . . the Warren-MacGrail combat was the battle of the hour . . . by a movement of his watch, the genius of the classroom emerged victorious over the demon athlete . . .

We recommend for the Hall of Fame . . . the Fuller brush man . . . the Tasty-Yeast Gloom . . . Russ Columbo . . . the Salle Moderne . . .

We don't recommend for the Hall of Fame . . . Bernie Covich's car . . . Lou Lappin's shoes . . . corduroy pants . . . history college boards . . .

Things we can't overlook . . . Larry Lehnemans' shaggy sweater . . afternoon soirees at Cap's . . . slight of hand in the lunch room . . . yellow shoes and red mittens . . . those pictures of Mona

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

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Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

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ARE WE LIKE COWS?

Coming home on the street car one evening after having made a tour of Raymond's, all the ten-cent stores, and second-hand book shops, we happened to notice a young man sitting opposite. It was neither his handsome features nor his immaculate suit which caught my attention and held it as though drawn by an invisible magnet. Ah no! The gentleman was chewing on a piece of gum as industriously as if the fate of the nation were to be decided on the number of times he masticated that cohesive substance so well known to us all. Being naturally of an inquisitive and speculative nature, we commenced to calculate the total horsepower consumed in that simple operation. The results were astounding.

Then further pondering upon the subject, we began to wonder why it is that so many thousands persist in a habit which is so obviously haydenish, inelegant and coarse. We could find absolutely no justification for this breach of good taste.

The chewing of gum in public immediately stamps a person as ill-bred. When the Teacher-Student Council published its book of standards, this coarse practice was formally ostracized. Yet there are still a large number of students who persist not altogether vainly in trying to imitate the docile cow as she complacently chews her cud.

It has been said that any law under heaven could be effectually enforced if the breaking thereof were made unpopular. Fashion seems to ride the world like the wild Hessian who pursued poor Ichabod Crane through the dreary lanes of Sleepy Hollow. Why can't we, the students of Brookline High School, set the fashion in this respect? Let us make the chewing of gum as unpopular in B. H. S. as ants at a Sunday School picnic.

BY-GONE SCHOOL DAYS

During the illness of the "Big Chief," when all the specialists despaired of his recovery, much of his past life was brought to our attention. Aroused to speculation as to the differences in B. H. S. at the time of his birth and at our time, we looked up the "School Report," from 1850 to 1860.

It is noted in this book that two teachers at that time did the work of four. In addition to more teachers, a new school was needed.

At the time, a new princip Mr. J. E. Harr, became master of the school. He found himself in a hard position, to work in a school so undeveloped as yet. During the years 1854 and 1855, the number of pupils was forty.

Mr. Harr wrote, in a report, that he did not have to frown upon disorder in any of the classrooms, that he had seen that there was not a boy in the school who would do a mean act, that the boys were more gentlemanly in appearance and attitude, and the girls "more lady-like and staid," because of their recitations, and class exercises together. He believed that the moral tone of the school was high, due to the home surroundings. Though it had not been his practice to make special efforts, almost every day, a moral lesson was quietly but efficiently being taught. Mr. Harr said he had noticed an improvement since he had come here, "But it is only gratifying, not yet satisfying," he said.

The Library in 1855 was enjoying a "slow but healthy growth." The town had added to it as much as possible, but there were hardly enough reference books. The number of volumes in the school then was two-hundred-forty.

The pupils in the school were handicapped in surroundings. A certain professor said then of the schools in Massachusetts, "They are wretchedly contrived, wretchedly built, wretchedly furnished, wretchedly ventilated and warmed, and were themselves abundant sources of wretchedness."

The school was lacking in blackboards; in one room two windows had been covered, which of course, lessened the light. There were no suitable places for hanging maps, diagrams, charts, or illustrations. The platform was very narrow, and accommoding a table, a piano, and a bookcase, there was scarcely room remaining for turning around; yet that was the only place for recitations and experimenting. There were no dressing-rooms and no water supply,—so that for work in chemistry, students had to carry pailfuls from the neighbors. The exterior of the school was said also to be homely and glaring.

In 1856 this state of affairs was remedied. Thirteen-thousand-five-hundred dollars was appropriated for the new high school building. No name was given it, but the townspeople hoped it would be suitably entitled. The high school was sixty-five feet long, and forty-four feet wide. It had two stories and a basement. The basement had a boiler room, a playroom for boys, and a playroom for girls. The first story was approachable by two doors — one for boys, and other for girls. Connected with these entrances were the clothes rooms. Near the door was the Philosophical or Lecture Room, forty-two feet square, and thirteen feet high. This room had a teacher's table, movable settee, and a blackboard across one end. To the second floor, one climbed, by good stairways, and found the main school room which was as large as the Lecture Room, and had ninety cherry desks, a table for the principal, a piano; blackboard, extended across one end, and across the other was space for hanging wraps, charts, and illustrations. There was the Recitation Room, surrounded by blackboards, with thirty recitation stools, and "necessary appointments." The Library had a table, bookcases, and chairs. All rooms were well ventilated and well lighted. The new school was first occupied, Nov. 3, 1856. It stood at the corner of School and Prospect Streets.

The labor of teaching became so great that another assistant was hired, completing a staff of three teachers at the high school!

It is interesting to see that in the three following years, the attendance of all Brookline Schools was increased by seventy-two per cent—from 329 to 651 pupils.

The "Report" says, "Taken as a whole, the high school is a school of which we may feel proud." That was in 1859.

If the boys and girls of yesterday could return to see the boys and girls of today, would they be proud of us?

IT'S POSSIBLE!

I have now a vision of Brookline High School as it could be three years from now. Around the school, bordering the sidewalk, is a high hedge. In the space between the school and surrounding hedge is a well-kept garden and lawn with benches placed for outside study. The plot of land at the corner of the Auditorium and what was known as the "new building," but now superseded by a new structure placed on the fourth side of the quadrangle, is a study-garden, used on sunny days. There are rows of flowers and small stone walks with many cement seats and one-armed chairs for study. This garden is used as the honor study for pupils on bright days. Sunshades, supplied by the students using this garden-study, are placed in metal containers made for that purpose.

Continuing around the whole group of buildings, similar gardens are placed between the high hedge and the school buildings. To these edifices has been added a larger and newer building, placed on the grounds once known as the automobile parking-space. This structure contains class-rooms, some offices, and a roof-garden.

As for the quadrangle — this has been changed from a semi-well-kept grass-filled plot of land with a running-track filling much of its space to an entirely different garden from the rest of the high school garden system. It is made in the form of a symmetrical design. The outside walk connects the buildings, but, hidden by shrubs, are many inner walks, also with benches for study. These are connected by paths through flower-beds to a fountain which is situated in the exact center. The old running-track has been removed to the lower end of the play-ground.

A person walking from the lunch-room door to the garden sees a picture of loveliness extended before him. A wide walk stretches from the entrance to the fountain. Walking down this, he sees other paths on both sides, with students here and there. He sees well-trimmed hedges and flower-beds which add to the beauty of this charming spot in the middle of the group of school-buildings. He sees the slope leading up to the "new building" filled with blossoming bushes planted to offset the effects of winter storms to the ground. The roots of these bushes prevent the earth from being washed down into the quadrangle. The vision ends — yet it's possible!

WHINE BRICK McGLYNN'S

Intimate Facts About Intimate People

Isobel Cregin walks to school in her leep.

* * * *

Janice Miner has discovered interesting mail specie—We hope it's the boy of her dreams!

* * * *

Betty Heim affectionately known as Muff lately has been traveling around with a very nasty scowl on her usually attractive countenance. Can it be that e columnists do not agree with her? If so we'll be selling tear drops by he quart!

* * * *

Right now we want to take the opporunity to thank that certain individual who took the trouble to write in, commenting on the humor of this colyum. It's really too bad that sound people can't laugh even if it is at the expense of themselves.

* * * *

We hear that Old Maestro Hollings has a very very exquisite orchestra. The source of info comes directly from Holings himself. BUT seeing, hearing and dancing with them is more like believng.

* * * *

May we introduce to you a freshman who is going to be well known before he graduates from our midst.

Introducing Richard Silverman the boy who will outsing Boles and L. Tibbets. If you doubt the truth of this statement tune in on Station WNAC during the Big Brother Club at 6:30 P.M. and be convinced.

GIRLS' LEAGUE ACTIVITIES

The Sophomore Class, headed by Jean Leslie, sponsored the Thanksgiving Party in the Girls' League Room on Friday, November 20.

Each girl presented some amount of ood or vegetables for admission. These were given to the Friendly Aid Society o be distributed for Thanksgiving dinners.

The entertainment was in the form of a "Mellerdramer," a shadow picture of he first Thanksgiving, coached by Dorohy Friedman, and very enjoyable chaades acting out girls' names. During he intermission music was furnished by Mary Adams and her committee.

The room was appropriately decorated in Thanksgiving style and a large group of girls attended.

The League wishes to announce that pelling teams are being formed between he classes with Evelyn Lupton as chairman.

AT THE GYM AFTER SCHOOL

I wonder if all the girls at B. H. S. realize that opportunities and advantages are waiting for them in the gym. Some of us go to the gym only for the required class periods with more or less profit depending on our attitude and the way we remember to put posture and other lessons in practice when we are not in physical education classes. But gym should also be an outlet after school hours — an outlet which will benefit us now and in years to come. How many of us realize that after school we are welcome to go to the gym to exercise and amuse ourselves without the restraint of class? Only a few of the girls make use of the expensive equipment which the town has so generously provided.

Those who already realize the help they get from sports would not let one week go by without spending at least one enjoyable afternoon at the gym. Why do so many girls feel that it is the place only for those who happen to be athletically inclined to have a real good time? Every girl has the opportunity of learning new games and practicing the old ones, and there is a sport to satisfy every girl's taste.

Then, too, the gym provides an opportunity for making friends who have the same tastes as ourselves. Each afternoon that one goes out for some sport one will, in all probability meet and play with at least ten different girls of one's own age. We do not need to add that such friendships are priceless.

Among the sports which may be enjoyed are:

Monday: Gym team, Volley ball, and Captain ball.

Tuesday: Indoor tennis with Mrs. Wigtman, and Basket ball for freshmen and sophomores.

Wednesday: Swimming for seniors at two-five and for juniors at two-forty, and Dancing.

Thursday: Basket ball for juniors and seniors, and the Outing club.

"Daddy said there was not another woman in the world like you, Aunt Marjorie."

"That was very flattering of him."

"And he said it was a good thing, too."

* * * *

Mabel (romantically): "Gerald has character; you can see it in his eyes."

Father "Humph! If I see him hanging around here I'll soon blacken his character."

* * * *

Father (at son's twenty-first birthday party): "You are of age now and you ought to help me a little."

Son: "Yes, dad, what can I do for you?"

Father: "You might help pay the last installments on your baby perambulator."

ALL IN A DAY

Joe Slattery and Bill Evans, nine and ten years old, strolled down Third street, South End. Both were dressed quite à la mode, in turtle-necked sweaters, slouchy caps, and dungarees. Both were known as miniature public enemies. They stopped to lean against a pole, yawning boredly.

"Boy! Would I like a ride," remarked Bill, displaying a set of discolored teeth.

"Yah!! so would I," returned Joe, "let's go get a car!"

"Okay" came the answer.

They resumed their stroll until they came to a Packard sport coupe.

"We're on our way," said Bill as he climbed into the driver's seat.

"I'll say," returned his partner.

The motor roared; gears clashed and away they went.

"Some wagon," remarked Bill as he swerved aside to miss a parked wagon.

"Yah! it'll do," said Joe, "Step on it, this ain't no funeral."

They rode for ten minutes, scraping fenders, skidding around curves while Bill strove to shove the accelerator through the floor boards. Suddenly Joe said,

"Beat it! the cops."

Bill swung around a curve on two wheels, jammed on the brakes, put the car in reverse, and backed into an alley.

The shriek of a siren sounded above the din of the city. A police car swung around the corner, its tires screaming a protest against the pressure put on them. The car shot past the alley in which the car was hiding. The boys smiled at one another and continued on their journey without further incident.

"Wanna go home?" asked Bill.

"Okay," replied Joe.

Parking the car, they started to walk toward home.

"What a day," said Joe, "Gee! this town is dead."

"Yah," replied Bill, yawning indifferently, "See you tonight."

"So long."

"Got any references?" asked the plumber.

"Yes" replied the applicant for the assistant's job, "but I left 'em at home. I'll go and get them."

"Never mind, you'll do."

* * * *

You sometimes find a pearl in an stew," remarked Walter, pleasantly.

But the customer only grunted: "I'm looking for an oyster."

* * * *

"Did you take my advice and sleep with the window open to cure your cold?"

"Yes."

"Did you lose your cold?"

"No, I lost my watch and my pocketbook."

SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN ASSEMBLY

The sophomore-freshman assembly, held on Thursday, November 12, was opened with a musical selection played by the freshman orchestra, under the excellent leadership of Mr. Joslin. Mr. Packard then introduced the Rev. Dr. Samuel Lindsay, whose interesting talk on Russia was greeted with the rapt attention and thunderous applause of everyone present.

Dr. Lindsay stated that in Russia all the manual work is done by women, even ditch-digging. Children go to school between the ages of six and thirteen. They are taught to read, write, and speak several languages fluently. At thirteen years of age, the girls work, and go to school in the evening from six o'clock until nine. They do all sorts of labor, such as building roads, etc. The Russians have a very limited diet. Their breakfasts consist of tea, dark bread, and perhaps an egg; lunch and supper include cabbage soup, dark bread, and tea. Most of the inhabitants of Russia never wear shoes, many have never owned a pair. In the cold weather, they wrap their feet in burlap and bind them in bark. Families consisting of three people live in one room, those having more than three are allowed two rooms. No man in Russia, not even the leaders, has more than one suit of clothes.

Rev. Lindsay, in speaking of the jails in Russia, said that there is a radio in every cell. The prisoners work eight hours a day and wear no uniforms. They are allowed to go home one day a week to visit their families, but if they fail to return, the penalty is death.

We sincerely appreciate the fact that Dr. Lindsay gave up some of his valuable time to speak to us on such a vital subject and we hope to have the privilege and pleasure of hearing him speak again.

THE MARSHAL MEETING

Under the efficient direction of Milton Paisner, the captain, the marshals assembled on Monday, November 16, for a regular meeting. The roll was called and attendance checked.

The sole topic for consideration, the disgraceful condition in the lunch room, was discussed. It was finally decided that all boys on the marshal staff, not assigned to active posts, were to go on duty in the lunch room at once.

ALUMNI NOTES

The following graduates of Brookline High have just received Harvard scholarships: William H. Fink, '31; Irving Wallace, '30; Elliott S. Hurwitt, '29; Isadore Paisner, '29; Donald K. Freedman, '28.

HELP! HELP!

(Continued from Page Three)

a colorless expanse of nothing.

When I looked up again, there had been no more than a few inches change. "Ah," I thought, "perhaps it won't be so bad. after all. Perhaps it is merely a test for me to undergo." At this thought I plucked up courage. Of course, that was it. Ha, ha. I'd show them. Thought they could put me to trial and find me wanting, did they? Well, I'd show them, I would.

But my peace of mind was soon dispelled when I saw that I was now about a foot away from my fate. I began to watch carefully and discovered that it came down approximately one inch in every ten seconds. I counted slowly to one hundred. It was two inches above me. I was frantic but I was unable to move. "This is beginning to be too much of a good thing," I told myself desperately. In my anxiety I counted to two hundred, but to my relief it did not budge.

Then I became suddenly very calm. Why, of course. I had only to push down with my heels and move out, inch by inch, like a caterpillar. But as I was not able to see my heels, I found I could not control their movements.

By this time, however, the great stone cube was resting ever so gently on my chest. "O, God," I prayed, "take pity on me now."

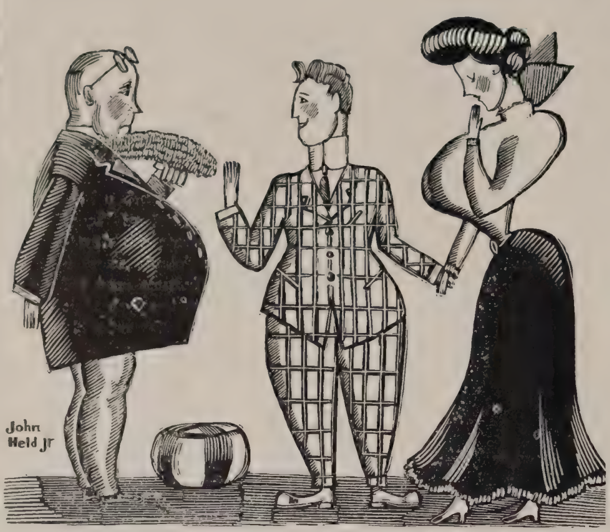
But by this time the block had commenced to press on me a little. "What!" I cried. "must I die like a wretched fly? O merciful God! Take it away, take it away!" In vain did I pray. I was threatened by an increase of pressure. At that I determined to die in a manner so brave that it would disgrace all former martyrs.

When it started to weigh upon me even more heavily, I struggled with my unseen chains. Suddenly in my extreme terror I managed to free my arms. At once I attempted to lift the heavy block. But the harder I opposed the feeble resistance of my bare arms, the more it oppressed me. I was filled with a living fire. My head turned round and round on my neck, regardless of all the rules of nature. I heard one or two of my ribs snap beneath the weight. In a last desperate effort I shook my voice loose from its shattered cage and forced a hoarse cry far and wide.

"It's all right, dear," the coolness of my mother's voice came spanning my hot agony soothingly. "Here's the doctor now. He'll give you something to make you feel better."

The sudden release from peril caused me to sink downward through interminable dark mists. And always, as I went lower and lower, I saw the awful white martyrdom growing ever smaller in the distance. It disappeared altogether, and the blackness was complete.

By Hodee Waldstein



I'd Like to Take Little Nell to the Ball, Spluttered Caleb Zilch

"Tut, tut, my child, what's this?" blathered the retired buttonhole manufacturer, stroking his eel-grass.

"Why, Mr. McRaddish, don't you read the newspapers?

A
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is being given at the beautiful new Hotel Continental in Cambridge, on December 11, from nine to one o'clock, by

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Iota Delta Chi
Alpha Mu Beta
Sigma Phi Delta
Lambda Phi Beta
Phi Eta Sigma
Sigma Beta Iota

and Sammy Liner, famous theatre musician, and his renowned personal orchestra, will furnish the music."

"Zounds," hissed old man McRaddish through his new molars, "lug her along, my boy, and here's the 3 bucks to buy a ticket."

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The Jaw Wags

Yes, you guessed it—another column. As goes this column, so goes The Sagamore (don't take us seriously). However, when better columns are made, the *Jaw Waggers* will make them.

* * *

A few bits of chatter we hope you haven't heard before:

As Samuel N. (?) Gutman says—There she blows!— Boys, boys, calm yourselves.

What the lunchroom needs it a few football huskies. The trouble there is, the line isn't holding (You know what we mean). Speaking of the school's subterranean chamber of nutrition, we happened to notice an issue of *Good Housekeeping* on the desk there—Maybe they're looking for some new recipes—Goodness knows we'd certainly appreciate them.

Wanted:—A capable young man to act as manager and chaperon for this year's excursions to the opera house. Calhoun Ancrum recommended. Pullease!

* * *

Our congratulations to the new football captain, Arthur Soderberg. May all his days be winning ones.

* * *

Things we never knew 'till now:

—that "Tony" Dean sings (So help us).

—that there is a . . . December 11 at the Beacon House. See Bob Swartout. By the way, we bet that Eddie Harley has room 26 reserved there already. Watch your step, Eddie.

* * *

The fate of them all—over the hill to the House (not the poorhouse).

* * *

Don't be deceived by "Goosher" McGrail's shoulders in the football picture. It's only a few towels.

* * *

Maybe Robert Hall's head is up with the skyscrapers, but Heaven knows where his feet are.

* * *

As you may notice, this column lacks information concerning the weaker sex of the school. Thats' just to give George Kaplan's little red book a chance.

* * *

Famous sayings of . . . people—"Two and an orangeade, Pete."

* * *

Although John Minehan attends B. H. S., his interest centers four miles cross country at Jamiaca Plain High. At the latter place his attendance is 99 44/100%.

* * *

We hope you all have noticed Bob Tilden's new pipe. He is looking for some competition, for he claims his pipe will smoke more matches than any other one of its size in existence.

CORRECTION

An error was made in the schedule for girls' winter sports. The new schedule is:

Monday—Junior and Senior Basketball with Miss Haskell, Gym Team with Miss Brower, Mrs. Doherty and Miss Pierce.

Tuesday—Indian Tennis with Mrs. Wightman, Miss Kelley from December 9 to February 2 and Mrs. Doherty from February 9 to April 25. Captain Ball with Mrs. Doherty from December 9 to February 2, and Miss Kelley from February 9 to April 12.

Wednesday—Junior and Senior Swimming from 2:05–2:35, and Freshmen and Sophomores from 2:40–3:10 with Miss Kelley in charge. Dancing taken care of by Misses Johns and Haskell.

Thursday—Basketball for Freshmen and Sophomores with Misses Kelley and Griffith supervising; Outing Club under the supervision of Misses Johns and Haskell.

These sports will start December 7 and continue through March 25. It might interest you to know also that Swimming is being taken up during the regular "gym" period.

Colored Lady: "I want a ticket for Magnolia, please."

Ticket Agent (after studying railroad map): "Where is Magnolia?"

Colored Lady: "Here's Magnolia sitting in my lap."

* * *

She—"I notice that you smoke your cigarettes shorter."

He—"Yes. That's because I smoke 'em longer."

* * *

Father: "Mary, it's 12 o'clock; ask your young man if anything's gone wrong with his self-starter."

Young Man: "Oh, that wouldn't matter, as long as we've a crank in the house!"

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JOKES

A story is told of a Boston lawyer whose quick wit never deserted him, either in the courtroom or elsewhere. An agent entered his office, on a very hot summer day and throwing back his coat, said, "Why, your office sir, is as hot as an oven!"

"Why shouldn't it be?" was the calm response. "It is here that I make my bread."

* * *

Why did Adam and Eve love each other? Because there was no one else to love.

* * *

Sister had just finished a letter, and 4-year-old Jack begged to be allowed to mail it. Ten minutes later Jack was back, letter in hand. "Oh, I knew you would be too small to mail it" exclaimed sister.

"Oh, no," answered Jack, "I wasn't too small, but the box was too high."

GIRLS' DEBATING CLUB MEETS

The Girls' Debating Club held their first debate in the Auditorium on Monday, November 23rd, as scheduled. The subject was; Resolved: That Inter-Collegiate Football Should be Abolished. Norma Nasmyth, Ruth Markell and Felice Kornfeld on the negative side were defeated by Ruth Tischendorf, Helenka Chmielinski, and Adele Hirshberg for the affirmative. The decision was made by the remaining girls and by the Boys' Debating Club who were invited to the meeting as guests.

* * *

Tommy was finding his coat rather difficult to fasten. So his teacher came to his assistance. As she tugged at the hook she asked: "Did your mother hook this coat for you?"

"No," was the indignant reply; "she bought it."

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JOKES

School Attendance Officer in England: "Why aren't you at school, my boy?"

Boy: "Because I have to mind the house for father."

Officer: "And where is your father?"

Boy: "In jail for not sending me to school."

* * *

Grocer: "We have some very fine string beans today."

Mrs. Youngbride: "How much are they a string?"

* * *

Little Girl: "Please, have you a sheep's head?"

Facetious Butcher: "No, my dear, only my own."

Little Girl: "It won't do. Mother wants one with brains in it."

* * *

Mudd: "Dauber does very realistic work, doesn't he?"

Muck: "Yes, those apples he painted two months ago are now said by critics to be rotten."

* * * *

First Class: "I am always tired on the first of April."

Tenderfoot: "Why?"

First Class: "Who wouldn't be after a March of 31 days?"

* * *

"Who established the law of diminishing returns?"

"My laundryman."

* * * *

" 'I' is —" began Tommy.

" 'I am,' not 'I is,' " promptly corrected the teacher.

"I am the ninth letter of the alphabet," Tommy finished.

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The space above was written in invisible ink. Just place a lighted match under the paper and you might see your name mentioned there.

* * * *

Smart Sayings of the Scholars

Heredity is a bad thing and it ought to be prevented.

History Class: Cromwell was thrown from his horse, suffered a fracture of the Feudal System, and died of it.

* * *

Prof.: "I'll give you just one day to hand in that paper."

Student: "All right. How about the fourth of July?"

"Have you anything good for mosquitoes?"

"You might let them bite you; they'd enjoy that."

* * * *

Little Ethel was told at school that a certain great admiral "did not know what fear meant."

"Silly man!" she said, "Why didn't he ask someone?"

* * * *

"Are you sure he was following you?" "Yes, I went back two or three times to see if he was coming."

* * * *

"There is a place for everything?"

"Where?"

"A baby's mouth."

* * * *

Customer: "You don't seem very quick at figures, my boy."

Newsboy: I'm out of practice, sir. You see, most of my customers say, "Keep the change."

Freshman (to Senior): "Have you ever been up before the principal?"

Senior: "I don't know. What time does he get up?"

* * *

"Hey, Ma! That dentist I went to ain't painless."

"Why, did he hurt you?"

"Naw, but he yelled just like any other dentist when I bit his finger."

* * *

"Matilda, won't you sing something for our guests?"

"Oh, but, dear, it is so late;and besides they are beginning to go."

"Yes, but not quickly enough."

* * *

Judge: "Have you appeared as a witness in a suit before?"

Witness: "Yes, of course."

Judge: "What suit was it?"

Witness: "My blue serge."

Library Lines

Science lovers—take notice!

For two weeks the library will feature Science. Miss Pease has constructed a miniature aquarium for this event. The library has bought and borrowed many books so that those in the school who appreciate science may have some new reading material. If you are looking for a good book consult the 25 new book lists, published by the "American Association for the Advancement of Science, which covers the branches of Science very thoroughly.

Is Your Section Here?

Honor sections of the senior English divisions for Library Lessons are 100% A's—IA'; Practically all A's—IH, IO, ID, IF.

The library wishes to thank the departments of foreign languages who helped to make Book Week a success. The French costumes were sent by a friend of Miss Gambrill's, Mrs. Craig. Pupils who gave costumes are: Mary Voudouris, Modern Greek; Kaino Sironen, Finland; Bernhard Valkenils, Dutch. The library thanks them for their coöperation.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

Vol. XXXVIII, No. 4 BROOKLINE, MASS., DECEMBER 22, 1931 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

BETTY RICHIE PLACED ON ALL-AMERICAN HOCKEY TEAM

ENIOR COMMITTEES ANNOUNCED AT LAST

NEW PLAN ALREADY UNDER WAY

SENIOR COMMITTEES

PICTURE

Chairman, Milton Paisner

George Kaplan Mary Clark
Stanley Cohen Ruth Friedman
Milton Levy Dorothea Lakson
Jean Whittier

Faculty Advisor—Mr. Hollingworth

CLASS DAY

Chairman, Abbott Rosenburg

Gretchen Case Anthony Dean
Anne Delano David Aronson
Elizabeth McGrail Samuel Laurie
Gladys Norris Jack Gleason
Jack Kelly Fred Howard

Faculty Advisor—Mr. Gifford

RING AND PIN

Chairman, Dorothy Burt

Pauline Seidel Robert Monroe
Mona Mathews Charles MacDonald
Michael Gorman

Faculty Advisor—Mr. Snow

SOCIAL

Chairman, Richard Holt

ean Macmillan Max Andler
Ruth Lischendorf John Lally
Marie Eck Richard Mahler

Faculty Advisor—Miss O'Brien

GIFT

Chairman, Carola Nasmyth

Esther Byer Lester Myer
Mary Ellen Weer Richard Starr
Davida Liberman Mortimer Silverman

Faculty Advisor—Miss Allen

YEAR BOOK

Chairman, Paul Rutledge

Miriam Hurwitt Edith Popkin
Hodee Waldstein Walter Jennings
Alice Baker Philip Lewis
Marion Cherney Lloyd Coen
Martha Henderson George Delano
Adele Kelsey Harry Mahakian
Esther Peterson

Faculty Advisor—Miss Taft

SODERBERG ELECTED 1932 FOOTBALL CAPT.

Arthur Soderberg was unanimously lected to lead the 1932 football team at he regular meeting of the Brookline High School football lettermen.

In 1928 the freshman team had a very uccessful season with Soderberg playing ght guard. Last year he was a first

(Continued on Page Eight)

PRIZE SPEAKING FINALISTS CHOSEN

MISS HANNON DECLARES ENTRANTS

On Monday, December 16, the eliminations for Prize Speaking were held and the final contestants chosen. It will be recalled that out of the eighty original contestants, twenty were retained. This task was accomplished by Miss Hannon alone; however for the important duty of rejecting half of these survivors, she called in various other members of the faculty as judges. Those who assisted were Miss Parker, Miss Perkins, Miss Allen, Miss Liden, and Miss Horne.

Due to the unusual equality of the boy

(Continued on Page Eight)

B. H. S. ALUMNUS NOW AMONG STARS OF GAME

Another former Brookline High student has become famous!

How often we hear those words. This time it's Betty Richey of the class of 1930.

Betty was captain of the hockey team while in Brookline High School and was made a member of the All-Boston Junior Hockey Team. This team went to Smith College to play in the North-East Tournament where a first and second team were chosen, Betty being listed on the first team.

On a later occasion, Miss Richey went to Chicago with her team to play in the National Tournament, at the close of which the All-American team was elected.

SPANISH CLUB HOLDS GALA BANQUET

Mr. Caverly and Miss Wood Present

The annual Spanish banquet was held on Monday evening, December 14, in the Girls' League room at seven o'clock. Mr. Caverly, Mr. Ringer, and Miss Wood, a former member of the Spanish faculty were the guests of honor.

Many improvements were made over last year's banquet. There were some interesting Spanish pictures and signs posted, and at each place was a menu, place card, flag of the new Spanish colors: red, yellow, and purple. The table was arranged in an open square with the forty boys and girls sitting on either side of the long tables, the guests being at the head table.

After the president, Pamela Montt, had said a word of greeting and outlined the history of the club for the benefit of the new members, there was a ceremony with candles. The club members lit their candles from the flame of loyalty and then circled the table, forming an unusual and impressive procession.

While the dinner was being served the group sang songs with Miss Meier at the piano. After dinner, there was dancing with music furnished alternately by the piano and the victrola.

Everyone left at ten o'clock after singing "Buena Noches, Damas."

PHILIP FORD, PRES. OF FRESHMAN CLASS

Nasmyth—Dubinsky—Hogg Other Officers

The following were nominated for the office of president of the freshman class: Lawrence Anderson, Philip Ford, Robert Leslie, Harry Shooshan, Randolph Smith, and Joseph Sullivan; for vice-president: Sarah Cauman, Elinor Fisher, Norma Nasmyth, Jeanette Thaxter; for secretary: Hannah Carlin, Marie Clarke, Janet Dubinsky, Ann McEvoy, Bernice Squirsky; for treasurer: Chester Brett, Myron Cohen, James Hogg, Maurice Rosnosky, Myron Wallace, Victor Wolfe. The following were elected: Philip Ford, president; Norma Nasmyth, vice-president; Janet Dubinsky, secretary; James Hogg, treasurer. We congratulate these officers and hope their administration will be successful.

MARSHALS GIVEN PEP TALK BY CAPT. PAISNER

An important meeting of the Marshals was held on Tuesday, December 8. Milton Paisner, the Captain, emphasized several important facts. He reminded the Marshals of the requirement of passing marks; that if a marshal fails in two months in succession or any three months he is automatically dropped from the force,—furthermore, that teachers have been asked not to recognize a marshal unless he is wearing his band. He also discussed the unsatisfactory condition of the lunchroom and asked all boys not assigned for regular posts to report for lunchroom duty. Special attention was called to the fact that the doors are not always closed and that the corridors are too noisy.

Mr. Ringer also asked the coöperation of the Marshals in regard to the lunchroom and corridors.

* * *

For the benefit of those who find it necessary to stay in the building from 1:30 to 2 and who have no regular seventh period, Room 27 has been assigned as a study period. Those students are urged to take advantage of this opportunity but are also reminded that the same rules will be applied as in any other study period.

GIRLS' LEAGUE BUSY ON CHRISTMAS PROJECT

Sophomore Party Planned For January 8

On Friday afternoon, December 11, the Girls' League Room was transformed into a veritable bee hive. It was the annual Christmas party to make toys so that children in the hospitals might have a little joy on Christmas day through our efforts.

Hundreds of busy fingers worked late into the afternoon for this purpose. At one end of the room was a table where white tarlton was shaped into stockings and sewed with gay, red, yarn to hold candies. Another table was covered with bright cloth of various shades which was fashioned into dolls' dresses. Still another was strewn with pictures of different shapes, sizes, and colors that were pasted into scrapbooks for the delight of little people. At the other end of the room was a real paint shop where old toys were made bright and new by fresh paint, and old books were made clean by a coating of shellac.

The party was given by the Home Room Representatives with Jean Whittier as general chairman. Judging by the noise as well as the work finished, everyone had a good time as well as giving joy to those less fortunate than we.

On Friday, January 8, the sophomore girls are scheduled to hold a tea for their mothers and teachers in the Girls' League Room. Remember the date, sophomores, and bring your mothers.

REV. ASHLEY D. LEAVITT ADDRESSES FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY

At the freshman-sophomore assembly held December 10th in the Auditorium, we had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Ashley D. Leavitt, who spoke to us about courage. After an introduction by Mr. Gifford, Dr. Leavitt told us that the virtue most necessary in a good companion and a good leader is courage. He also said that courage is needed in everything; it takes courage to do a hard lesson; it takes courage to do a disagreeable task; courage to desist from gum-chewing, courage to conform to rigid principles. He went on with his talk, saying that there are some things we might do at the proper time with a little effort, which will require a great deal if procrastinated. As a final word he said that it takes courage to live. His talk evoked much applause. This was one of the most interesting and beneficial talks we have heard this year. Mr. Gifford then reminded us about improving our habits with regard to gum-chewing, crossing the lawn, and the lunchroom. The orchestra provided music at the close of the assembly period.

TEXTILE EXHIBIT

The textile and fabric exhibition held in the Manual Training Building the week of December 7 fully deserved the attention which it received.

In the first room there was an interesting demonstration of weaving, spinning, and tatting. At one of the looms a blind lady was making skillfully different kinds of bags. Another loom, called the "four-harness" loom, was being used to make mats. A young girl was weaving a very beautiful tapestry of which every stitch was done by hand. The tatting was being done rapidly and expertly in one corner by one of the demonstrators, while in another the spinning wheel attracted a great deal of attention. The wool was quite soft when the process began but in a short time it was spun into a very strong thread. Indian mats decorated the room.

The next room contained an exhibit of different stages in the manufacture of cloth. One table was adorned with cotton branches. There were different stages of the spinning of the cotton, leading up to the finished spool of thread and a piece of cotton cloth. There were also similar tables of linen, silk, and rayon. The rayon is made in a very peculiar fashion. First, the spruce wood is reduced to pulp, which is made into a powder. The powder is changed to a liquid, which goes through a machine, in turn producing rayon cloth. All sorts of needlework were shown, including Danish, Swiss, and Persian. A piece of beaten bark was displayed, which is used for wall hangings in the Hawaiian Islands. Some buttons, and the nuts from which they had been made, provided another curious exhibit.

THE OUTING CLUB MAKES PLEA FOR MEMBERS

The Winter Hiking Club is misnamed for it really is an outing club. Too many girls have the idea that on hikes we just walk until we are frozen stiff and then go back to the gym for a second and march home. In the winter our club goes for many and varied adventures. We enjoy snow fights, coasting, skiing, and skating as well as walking. The teachers on these hikes are very sociable and pupils and teachers meet informally. No girl in Brookline High School need feel that because she happens to be new to the school, no one will pay any attention to her. Try the Outing Club, and if you come once you will be convinced that there is nothing like it. A rule has been made that unless there are at least ten girls at the gym ready to start there will be no outing. We hope this will never happen.

Among other advantages open to the members of the Outing Club: special rates have been arranged at the Arena for the high school students who wish to spend the afternoon there.

HISTORY OF THE WORLD'S MOST VALUABLE POSTAGE STAMP

The rarest stamp in the world is a magenta colored stamp of 1856 and of one cent denomination. In appearance it is ugly and insignificant; its condition is poor, the corners are gone, and it is too soiled to make a clear photograph. Yet this scrap of paper, at an auction in Paris, sold for the staggering sum of about $40,000, including the government tax of 17½%.

The stamp was discovered in 1872, among some old papers, by a British Guiana boy. After changing hands four times, it finally passed into the collection of Count Ferrary, a famous Austrian philatelist. The Count paid about $625 for the stamp.

Thirty-nine years later, the French Government seized Ferrary's collection as alien property, and sold it, in series of fourteen great auctions, for the almost unbelievable total of $1,837,000. This stamp in now in the possession of Arthur Hind, an American millionaire collector who also owns the most valuable stamp in the United States.

People often wonder how a little stamp can be worth so much money. The answer is found in two simple factors that determine the price of everything; supply and demand.

In all the years since the British Guiana stamp was first discovered, no other copy of the same stamp has turned up. Meanwhile, the world's stamp family has increased to a population of somewhere between five and ten million collectors and dealers. Every one of these collectors would like to own this unique stamp. That accounts for the extravagant price that was paid for it.

B. H. S. BECOMES MEMBER OF N. E. SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

Through Mr. Ringer, Brookline High School has become a member of the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. The association is the outstanding organization of its type. It makes and controls standards of both colleges and secondary schools both public and private. The president for this year is John Cousins, President of Tufts College. The presidency is alternated between college and secondary schools. One year the highest office is given to a member of the college faculty and the next to a member from a secondary school.

Mr. Ringer is one of the five members of the Standing Committee on Public Secondary Schools. The other members are President Hill, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Hyde and Mr. Mitchell, principals of Springfield Central High, Newton High, Hartford High and Lynn Classical High, respectively. The committee is elected for a five-year term. It has the duty of passing on the standards of schools seeking membership to the association. Upon it rests the responsibility of practically setting the standards for schools.

We are much indebted to Mr. Ringer for enabling Brookline to be represented in this New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

HERMAN FREEDMAN IS NEW CHESS CLUB PRESIDENT

The Chess Club is now progressing under the able guidance of Mr. Case. A few weeks ago a meeting was held to elect a president, with the result that Herman Freedman was chosen to fill the office. The club is planning to have a team of six players who will battle with the Harvard Freshmen, Cambridge Latin, Brockton, Malden, and perhaps some others. The opposing schools have not yet agreed and no schedule set. Those seeming promising for the bout are: Herman Freedman, Sumner Abrams, Ralph Plotkin, Abraham Gros man, Theodore Plotkin. The position sixth member of the team is open. Other members of the club are Stanley Plotkin Lawrence Perkins, Joseph Watkins Courtenay O'Connell, Joseph Blanchard Muriel Reimer, Selma Levine, Norm Nasmyth, Paul Frank, Denley Emer and Donald Graham. The Club now sixteen members. All those intere in playing chess, listen for the notice the morning bulletin.

HAITIAN SUPERSTITION

Haiti, black republic and region tropical beauty, is a land of many inte esting customs. One of the most lud crous is that of the men's wearing ea muffs at night. The one time that it really cool, there is when it hails. Th phenomenon occurs almost periodical every seven years; because of its pauci and because of its regularity of appea

(Continued from Page 2)

LIBRARY LINES

Books make an excellent Christmas gift. If this is a solution to your gift problem, but you do not know which one to give, out of the many offered, the Librarians will gladly give you advice.

You can purchase good editions with excellent printing and binding for a dollar or less. The new holiday booklists will provide suggestions of reading for those vacation days. There is an assortment of both new and old books.

There will be special reading circles on Wednesday, the third and fourth periods.

When you come back from the vacation book for new books, the Library's new budget goes into effect at that time.

Did you see that 'Robert Frost, our New England poet has won a $1000 prize awarded by the National Institute of Arts and Letters? He is said to be one of the three foremost poets of America. One of the others was Vachel Lindsay who died last week. The library has the works of these two poets.

GERMAN CLUB HAS CHRISTMAS MEETING

Dr. Perrin—Speaker

The Christmas session of the "Deutsches Verein" was held Friday, December 18, in the Girls' League room. The members of the German Club considered themselves very fortunate in having as guest speaker, Dr. Marshall Livingston Perrin, Head of Germanic Languages, College of Liberal Arts, Boston University.

Dr. Perrin, having been introduced by Richard Holt, the president, spoke of the origin of Christmas among the ancient Norse people who, on the twenty-fifth of December, celebrated the rebirth of the Sun-god, Balder. Dr. Perrin told also about common superstitions which we have inherited from these people such as knocking on wood and fearing the number thirteen.

Throughout his whole speech Dr. Perrin used simple German so that even the first-year students could understand him.

Next came the German play "Ein Kuopf" by Julius Rosen. Although the German was rather difficult for some to understand, the players acted their parts so well gestures and inflections that the meaning was put across. The German Club is very grateful to the members of of the cast and Miss Schober, the coach, for having spent so much time and effort on this entertainment. The cast: Ruth Freedman, Norma Marcus, Calhoun Ancrum, and George Hartstone.

The Christmas presents were presented after the play, following which refreshments were served. Much merriment was caused by some of the humorous articles given as gifts.

THE SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

THE STANTON JINX

By George Mackey

One Minute! With the score six to six, the fourth down, and nine yards to go, there was but one minute to play. And that one minute, that sixty seconds, contained all the time that Bristol would have to break that unspeakable Stanton Jinx.

Throughout the first three quarters of the game "Alibi" Barsters had sat on the bench, wrapped in his blanket. He knew that he was not considered a good football player, but he also knew that he could drop-kick better than anyone else on the team.

It was then that Tom strode up

"Alibi," he said, "It's up to you."

"Alibi" was at last in the big game! He forgot that there were one hundred thousand eyes on him, and that the field was soggy and the day was cold. He was thinking of Helen, now in the stand by his invitation, of the year before when matters had been so different that he would have been cheered by her presence. She was there, however, and "Alibi" wondered why she had reminded him of his invitation and why she had come to the game when it was almost certain that he was not going to play.

"What's the big idea?" asked Paine sarcastically.

"I'm going to try a drop-kick," replied "Alibi."

Glancing over his teammates, he saw the leering face of Bill Snowden whom he had beaten for the position of quarterback last year. He heard some remark in a low tone, followed by a snicker. He could not see the faces of the men in the line but he could picture them in his mind. He knew that all the players resented his coming in to the game, that they were all ashamed of him.

It was during the summer that the thing happened. He had been walking down the main street of one of the small towns in Texas, where he was traveling, when suddenly a young child ran away from his mother and began to cross the street. "Alibi," seeing an automobile speeding down the street, without thinking of his own danger, had run into the street just in time to save the child, but in so doing had injured himself.

"Alibi" was finally freed from the hospital but was told he would not be able to run again in the next two years. Of course no news of this accident was received at the school and no one had noticed that "Alibi" was walking with a slight limp.

When football season had arrived, "Alibi" had reported the first day when the coach gave a talk but he had always shirked practice after that except to practice drop-kicking.

Gradually the talk began to float around, saying that "Alibi" was "yellow." In fact, one newspaper even went so far as to say "Bristol Star Refuses to Practice." It went on to tell how "Alibi" Barsters, famous Bristol quarterback, whose great running a year before had helped to make one of the leading high school teams in the East, had not turned out when practice was called by the coach.

Of course, Tom, the coach, had known what was the matter. He had been there when "Alibi" was examined and he had been terribly worried when he saw that his best player would be unable to play.

One afternoon in the coach's room Tom and "Alibi" had had a long talk. "Here's the situation as far as I can see," Tom had said. "You can't play with that leg of yours but if you quit, the other boys won't play good ball. The team is in great condition and it swears by you. If you declare that you are not going to play for the rest of the year, why, we'll get trounced by everyone."

"I'll play, no matter what happens," said "Alibi."

"Not while I can stop you," Tom was quick to reply.

"Well, then, what do you want me to do," "Alibi" had murmered, "sit on the bench every game?"

"My idea is" said Tom, "for you to stay away when I call practice and give the other fellows the idea that you think that you are better than they are and that you do not need to practice."

"You mean to get the impression around that I think that I am the whole team?"

"Exactly!" said Tom. "Of course, I know that it will be a great sacrifice on your part, but it's about the only thing that we can do."

The boys at school, the people at home, all his friends would think him "yellow." Yes, it certainly would be a big sacrifice!

"I'll do whatever you want me to," said "Alibi."

So Bristol had gone through its season with only one more school to play, but a school that had never been defeated by Bristol. But the year before when "Alibi" had starred, Stanton had been held to a tie, and all the newspapers had predicted that the Stanton Jinx would be broken in the coming year.

It was a trying period. "Alibi" knew he was criticized by every one for not playing ball. But every day he went out to the far end of the field and practiced the drop kick, at first from the twenty-yard line and then from the thirty.

But Tom's plan worked. The other players had been forced to the best play-

(Continued from Page ,)

THE JAW WAGS

(The column that's kind to your reputation)

Due to the numerous letters we have received, we find we are forced to continue this illiterate bit of gossip. You must bear in mind that this hurts more than it hurts you.

* * * *

It looks very much as if the town will soon have to supply Mr. Hines with a new office due to the exigency for wall space on which to exhibit the athletic prowness of such track demons as Gu-man, the hurdler; Milton Levy, the shot-putter; and John Lally, the sprinter.

* * * *

Things we'd just love to know

Why Andrew Badarraco doesn't drink more milk.

* * *

How many years Lou Watson intends to grace this noble institution with his presence.

* * * *

Where the girls get all their slips.

* *

When Eleanor Gordon sleeps.

* * * *

Where our rivals get their humor

* * * *

Where George Kaplan spends the better part of his school nights.

* * * *

Results of the depression:

The sudden loss of business at Ma's since Thanksgiving.

* * *

The front tire on Jimmie Keary's ca

* * * *

Woe unto the cashiers now that the four-cent milk tickets are in force in the lunchroom. Four capable young secretaries to handle affairs would certainly be appreciated. (Make all applications in The Sag box in the library.)

* * * *

The picture committee this year can certainly boast of having some attractive members. Just wait till you see them adorning the corridor outside the art-room.

* * * *

More famous sayings: Billy Lebowich in the Georgian—"What have you got, two-for-a-cent?"

* * * *

The office ought to fix up Mr. Semans with a private office. The venerable seniors would appreciate that seat more than he could imagine. It's a shame to put an end to such an old custom as the morning meetings there.

* * * *

Look for the next thrilling installment of *The Jaw Wags* or *Who really Killed Cock Robin?* in the next issue of The Sagamore. A beautiful prize is offered to the person sending in the longest list of the suspects. (Only 4-letter names may be used.)

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Tuesday from November to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

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Think This Over

It is interesting to note that one of the boys who recently received his varsity "B" did not play a single moment in any regular, scheduled game. The reason for this extraordinary action on the part of the varsity coaches may be traced back three years.

At that time an eager young boy came out for football. Throughout that and the following year that boy was never absent from practice without an ironbound excuse. For two years he played with the scrubs playing hard, conscientious football, carrying the brunt of the varsity attack on his shoulders. Yet he was hardly qualified to make the team, due partially to physical handicaps and partially to sheer lack of football genius. The season ended bringing the boy no recognition of his services. When the new season arrived he was the first one out on the field, praying that this year, although really good players occupied the coveted position, he might get the chance to make his letter. The first game passed, then the second, and he continued to play as the only senior on the scrub team, in order to help the varsity gain a victory over Newton. The Newton game came around; he occupied his usual position, the bench. After the game he celebrated the result and with the rest congratulated the letter-men. But when his own thwarted ambitions were remembered, he could hardly hold back tears of disappointment. Outwardly exulting, he wormed his way unobserved through the crowds in the locker room, and thus he thought to end his football career at Brookline High School.

But he was greatly mistaken. On the day the varsity letters were given out he was notified that he had ben awarded his "B". The wording of the amazing message read, "For exceeding loyalty, honesty, integrity and love of Brookline High School."

CHANGE IN REPORT CARDS

There are definite reasons for the change in the report cards with which everyone should be familiar.

The space at the right is primarily for the benefit of the parents. It should enable them to better understand the reason for progress or lack of progress. The quarterly report is the first card the parent sees and should be definite, accurate and answer many questions. It should let a father know immediately where his son or daughter stands, and why, instead of waiting until the spring when it is usually too late to remedy the situation.

Secondly, it makes apparent to students as well as teachers the fundamental reasons for lack of improvement.

The color scheme, too, has been changed. The Senior card is white; the Junior, blue; Sophomore, salmon; and Freshman, buff. These colors will correspond to similar differentiation of next year's individual program cards.

The record of past and present units will not be recorded until the end of the first half year. Attendance also will be recorded at mid-year.

The department days for the second quarter are Monday, English; Tuesday, Social Studies; Wednesday, Modern Foreign Languages; Thursday, Mathematics and Commercial Studies; and Friday, Latin and Science.

THE SAGAMORE extends it deepest sympathy to the family and friends of the late Margaret Meister of the class of 1935.

LET'S PLAY MARBLES

Sitting on the curb, an interested spectator of a marble game, his bare feet dangling luxuriously in a puddle, sat a chubby bundle of dirt, blond hair, and patches. This marble "fan" might easily have stepped from the cover page of a weekly magazine, or he might have been the inspiration of all the poems ever written about dirty, pert-nosed, blue-eyed, blond-haired cherubs. But he was neither; he was nothing more than one of the hundreds of tenement "kids," getting his daily quota of dirty air and intercepted rays of the sun. As he sat on the curb, his chin in his hand, an acquantance approached.

"H'lo, Jack."

"Hi, Tom."

"Let's play marbles. I got some today."

"Ya did?"

"Yeh, wanta play with them?"

"Naw, not now. I wanna watch this game here."

"Awright. I'll watch awhile, too."

Jackie moved over a bit so the new arrival could also enjoy the privilege of cooling his feet in the mud puddle. Together, they sat silently intent on the game. At last, Tom stirred uneasily.

"Aw, that's enough. C'mon let's play marbles."

"No, I'm gonna stay and watch them."

"Oh, awright, I'll stay a couple of secunds longer."

Five minutes more of comparative quiet. Then Tom suddenly asked.

"Say, Jackie, if somebody was ta ask ya who ya liked best in the world, who'd ya say, huh?"

"I dunno. Lemme see, though. Well, there's mom, she's pretty good but the oney trouble's shes' a woman 'n' she's allus wannin' ta primp me up and make me look good. C'n y'imagine a guy washin' his hands every day? She's all the time wantin' ta make a sissy outa me an' it gives me a pain."

"Yeh, me too."

"'n' they keep on sayin' that I'll always be the baby of the family. Even when I'm fourteen or so, they'll keep sayin' that I'm the baby."

"Sure, I don't blame ya. But who da ya like best in the world?"

"Oh, yeh. I know who. I meant ta say in the beginin'. Guess I like dad best in the world. I'll tell ya why, too. Catch him callin' me a baby. Catch him tryin' ta make me out a pansy. No, sir, none o' that for dad. He's a regular fellow. He'll play marbles with a guy if ya ask him. Mom don't do that. And he'll fight, too, and he's good at it. And maybe Sundays aren't good with him."

"I bet."

More silence followed. Then Jack proceeded to remark, "I know sumpin you don't know."

"What?"

"You never knew that grown-ups cry."

"Yah, who saw it?"

"I did. This morning before I came

(Continued on Page Six)

REALISM

By PAUL KRAVIT

He sank languidly into the chair, gathered up a newspaper which lay nearby, and proceeded to glance through it indifferently. One sheet, however, he scanned more thoroughly as if in search of some item, and then, apparently unsuccessful in his quest, he raised his head slowly, and as he gazed into space through sunken, anxious eyes, an expression of disconsolation appeared on his pallid visage.

Then, obviously unwilling to display such emotions, he lowered his eyes once more to the newspaper and after another cursory glance flung the paper to the floor. He brushed a nervous hand over his brow as if to ward off some persistent ailment, more probably some unpleasant thought, but it was no use, he reflected. Had he not sworn that this was the final day? Why not take it philosophically? He had been evidently destined to such misery at birth, for adversity had hounded him unceasingly. This incident, and he looked meaningly at the newspaper, this incident was one of many which had beset him with anxiety and worry. These thoughts brought from the recesses of his mind that which had obsessed him previously. He had searched the newspapers daily for more than a month with no news. Did that hold a certain significance——?

Impossible, he tried to convince himself. Everything was probably all right, though he expected the worst. Even now, when he had finally secured a position, far from a sinecure, to be sure, but nevertheless one which he enjoyed immensely, he had incurred a dislike in his employer and consequently, his best efforts were inferior in the jaundiced eyes of that individual.

He rose from the chair and walked across the room with no ostensible reason than to continue worrying. At the far end of the room he turned and simultaneously caught sight of some object upon the table nearby. An undefinable expression on his countenance, he approached the table, took the object in his hand and gazed at it, fascinated. It was a small letter-opener, an ornate piece of metal fashioned into a knife, the brilliance of which seemed to work upon his mind like some potent drug. An idea formed in his brain, a gruesome, terrifying idea, which only a crazed mind might contemplate, and as he stood there, determination personified, there was a quick jerk of his arm as the letter-opener, driven with the force of insanity, lodged in his heart.

"Terrible, terrible!" cried the large, florid individual who was advancing toward the inert form on the floor, and taking the opportunity to address, irritably, the small group behind him. "How can a play be successful with a bunch of nit-wit actors like you!" Then turning upon the actor, still upon the floor

(Continued on Page 7)

HONORARY SOCIETY

Alpha Pi, the Honorary Society, was established for the purpose of recognizing those students of the school who have been outstanding in both scholarship and in outside activities. The requirements for entrance are presented below:

A. Eligibility

1. No student is eligible if he has received a mark of "E" for a year's work n any subject (Physical Training excluded.)

2. No student is eligible until the econd semester of his Junior year .

3. No student is eligible who in the udgment of this Society shall be deemed objectionable on moral grounds.

4. No student is eligible who has not acquired at least six points in the following table.

a. Points in question shall be awarded by the Faculty Advisers of the various activities.

B. Rules Governing the Table of Points

The points are classified under (1) cholarship (2) Athletics (3) Non-Athletic Activities.

At least two points must be obtained in (1) Scholarship and at least two oints must be obtained in either (2) Athletic or (3) Non-Athletic Activities r in both (2) and (3). Not more than wo points in each activity may be ounted for membership and for membership more than one activity must be represented in making the total of the vo points required. But no restriction hatever shall be placed upon the number of points in counting for the presidency or secretaryship of this society.

. Table of Points

1. Scholarship (physical training ex-uded). All points for scholarship are varded according to marks for a year's ork but the Juniors may count the first mester of the Junior year as one-half a ar's work and Seniors may count the st semester of the Senior year as a full ar's work. One period of prepared ork a week counts grade A, ¼ point d grade B, ⅛ point. Each A, there-re, in a subject that includes the equi-lent of two, three, four or five periods prepared work a week counts ½, ¾, or 5/4 of a point respectively; each in the same way ¼, ⅜, ½, or ⅝ spectively. Art, laboratory, and shop rk count only one-half as much per riod as prepared work.

2. *Athletics*

a. Boys' Ath.

a. Boys' Ath.	L. B. Point	Cpt. Points	Mgr. Points
Football	1	2	2
Hockey	1	2	2
Track	1	2	2
Swimming	1	2	2
Baseball	1	2	2
First Crew	1	2	2
Tennis	1	1	1
Rifle	1	1	1
Golf	1	1	1

Head Cheer leader Letter B one-quarter point.

b. Girls' Athletics
  - Letter B counts one point.
  - Captaincy of Tennis, Hockey and Swimming one point.
  - Managership of Tennis, Hockey and Swimming one point.

c. Athletic Council
  - Presidency counts one point.

3. Non-Athletic Activities

a. Sagamore
  - Managing Editor receives credit of 2, two points.
  - Three Associate Editors receive one point.
  - Members of Editorial Staff receive one point.
  - Advertising Manager receives one and one-half points.
  - Circulation Manager receives one and one-half points.
  - Advertising Assistants receive one-quarter point.

b. Debating
  - Appointment to Inter-Scholastic Team including alternate 1, one
  - Participant in Inter-Scholastic Debate added one point.
  - Participant in Winning Team of Final Inter-Class Debate one-half point.

c. Prize Speaking
  - Participant in Second Tryout for Final Contest one-half point.
  - Final Contest in Public Performance, added one-half point.
  - Prize Winner, added one point.

d. Dramatics
  1. English Annual Dramatics.
     - Major part, 2, two points.
     - Minor part, 1, one point.
     - Minimum part, nothing.
     - Business Manager, 2, two points.
     - Stage Manager, 1½, one and one-half points.
     - Property Manager, 1, one point.
     - Costume Manager, 1, one point.
  2. French or Spanish Dramatics
     - Major part, 1, one point.
     - Minor part, ½, one-half point.
     - Minimum part, nothing.
     - Business Manager, 1, one point.
     - Stage Manager, ¾, three-quarters point.
     - Property Manager, ½, one-half point.
     - Costume Manager, ½, one-half point.
     - Electrician, ½, one-half point.
  3. Art Students who work in collaboration with Dramatics shall receive ¼, one-fourth point upon recommendation

(Continued on Page Seven)

RED CROSS DOING WELL IN B. H. S.

The High School is much pleased with the progress that Junior Red Cross is making here. This organization is one of few in our school which benefits not only the members of the school but the people of the town and country; it even affects our brothers and sisters across the sea, bringing them nearer to us.

The Junior Red Cross is collecting money in the school itself from the varitory returns. Almost all the home-rooms have one hundred per cent already and the rest are rapidly following.

Rolling bandages is an activity in which the girls among the representatives of the Junior Red Cross are quite active, and it a pleasure to the nurses and doctors of Brookline and Boston to receive the neatly rolled bandages which our girls prepare. The girls also find much pleasure in sewing and dressing dolls for the little sufferers in our hospitals. The scrap-books, which are made by both the boys and the girls, are also received at the hospital with much joy on the part of the young patients.

The boys among the Junior Red Cross representatives do a good job painting old toys to look like new under the able leadership of Charles Fox. Mr. Fox's committee report that they have done several toys.

With regard to our relations with other countries, the various members of the Junior Red Cross of Brookline are corresponding with the boys and girls of European nations, and exchanging scrap-books and magazines.

The Junior Red Cross under the leadership of Carola Nasmyth has started the school year very well and we hope, with the coöperation of the other members of Brookline High, to continue as successfully as we have begun.

STAMP TREASURES

One of the many delights of stamp collecting is that of unearthing some rare stamp, perhaps even another British Guiana rarity, which would bring the finder hundreds and even thousands of dollars.

Such discoveries are always occurring. Wherever mail has accumulated for a number of years, many rich treasures in postage stamps are still to be found.

For example:

An old Philadelphia bank, ready to move to its new quarters, called in a junk dealer and sold him an accumulation of old paper for the sum of $15. Among these papers the junk dealer found stamps worth $75,000. Lawsuits were threatened, but, fortunately for him, the dealer had kept the receipt of the sale so that the stamps could not be taken from him.

Another example:

Several years ago a Washington stamp collector went to the Post Office to buy a sheet of 24 cent air mail stamps. He had noticed that the airplane had been printed upside down. With supppressed excitement, he asked if there were any more. Only this one sheet of errors had slipped out of the Government Printing Office however; by lucky coincidence it had come to someone that knew of its value.

The collector, paying for his stamps, took them away. Soon afterwards he sold the whole sheet to a Philadelphia stamp concern for fifteen thousand dollars. The dealer immediately resold the entire sheet to a noted collector (name withheld) for twenty thousand dollars. This collector kept twenty of these stamps and sold the remaining eighty at fabulous prices. These same stamps are today worth $750 each. The sheet for which a collector paid $24 would be worth $75,000.

Other great finds and many lesser ones have been made. Very few collectors, of course, have the luck of the Philadelphia junk dealer or the Washington collector. But even the lesser finds bring to treasure hunters thrills of discovery, and sometimes a welcome reward

STAMP COLLECTING

The first postage stamp was issued by Great Britain on May 6, 1840, followed by issues in Switzerland in March, 1843, and in Brazil during July of the same year. The United States first issued stamps in 1845, these for the city of New York. Another local stamp was issued later in 1845, the so-called St. Louis Bear.

The United States Government produced its first general issue of stamps for the entire United States on August 5, 1847. Before this, several postmasters had issued provisional stamps for their districts. Most of these are very rare and much sought for.

Of local interest are the ones issued at Millbury, Massachusetts. One of these on its original cover was recently sold at auction, here in Boston, for the sum of $5,700.

The two rarest of these local issues are the five-cent dull blue issued at Boccawen, New Hampshire, and a five-cent red and black issued at Lockport, New York. These are valued at $20,000 to $35,000 each.

Of other early famous stamps are those issued at Baltimore, Maryland. These were the five-cent and ten-cent values with a facsimile of the signature of "James M. Buchanan."

The romance of philately centers the early provisionals during the Civil War. The Confederate States were not able to produce a general issue of stamps before October, 1861, and for about six months in the early part of 1861, postmasters in the Confederate States were allowed to issue any kind of stamp for their local requirements. Some of these, such as those issued at Mobile, Alabama, and New Orleans, Louisiana, are quite common on account of the large numbers that were issued.

HAITIAN SUPERSTITION

(Continued from Page 2)

ance, the natives regard it as a blessing from heaven. They never fail to eat some of the hailstones. Once in Port-au-Prince, our butler, having eaten the blessing, proceeded to select some choice pieces for his wife who was sick in bed. Although the ice soon melted, he took home the water left in a dish and his wife did not miss her blessing.

The Haitians are so superstitious, so afraid of spirits, that they wish to propitiate every god and spirit with whom they are acquainted. For this reason, they practice, in conjunction with the national religion, Roman Catholicism, their ancient African religion, Voodooism, which they retained when they were brought to Haiti as slaves of the French. Voodooism it a mixture of ancestor and snake worship, and worship of the sun and many spirits. No group of people has accomplished more towards the abandoning of Voodooism than the bearded, cassocked priests, having such devastating odds set against them. They are aware of the fact that after their congregation attends mass and devoutly watch the ceremonies with awe and satisfaction, the same devoted groups frequently retire to their hidden Voodoo temples and continue their conglomerate worship in a less approved form.

Even during the Mardi Gras, the great Catholic festival lasting from the first Sunday after Christmas until Palm Sunday, the law (laws exist against Voodooism, but are comparatively ineffectual) makes an attempt to prevent, as much as possible, a contemporary Voodoo celebration.

"LET'S PLAY MARBLES"

(Continued from Page 4)

out here, my ma got sorta funny an' put her arm around me. I was in a hurry so I tells her ta let me go. Then I feels something plop on my hair. So I looks up an' I swears there's water in her eye. I seen 'em and I felt 'em, so I know it's true.

Tom was obviously unimpressed and he wished to change the subject.

"I'm goin' to Albany or one of them furin' places when I grows up. Where are you?"

"I ain't sure. I suppose where my dad went. He didn't come home last night an' this mornin' Mom told me he'd gone. I'm goin' where he went when I grow up."

"W'ell, where?"

"A place called heavin' or sumpin like that."

"Nope, never heard of it.'

"Neither did I, but if it's good enuf for dad, its' good enuf for me. C'mon, let's play marbles awhile."

THE STANTON JINX

ing of their lives by their knowledge of the presence of a quitter.

Then in the fourth quarter Bristol had brought the ball down to Stanton's thirty-yard line. There the ball had remained for three downs. Now it was the fourth down and "nine yards to go."

It was then that Tom had said to "Alibi," "It's up to you."

Alibi hurried out from the bench and reported to the referee. His chance had come at last. There was one thing he could do and that was kick. Helen was there to see him in his moment of victory. His schoolmates who had "razzed" him so much would be the first to cheer him.

"Kick formation," barked "Alibi."

He signaled for the ball. He caught it, held it for a second, and let it fall. Finally with great accuracy, acquired from weeks of practice, he kicked.

A great cheer arose from the crowd and "Alibi" looking up saw the ball headed straight for the goal posts. The Stanton Jinx is broken at last, thought "Alibi," as he saw the ball sail through the air. Nothing can beat us now for there is no wind today to blow the ball. Then a great thought flashed through his mind. He thought of the home town paper with staring headlines praising the home product. He thought of the captaincy that might be his. He thought of his companions who would be full of praise about him. Suddenly he felt his heart choke up in his throat. His hopes were crashing to the ground. The ball was going to hit the cross bar. It did! "Alibi" shut his eyes and tried to erase the scene from his mind.

Suddenly a loud shout reëchoed from the stands. "Alibi opened his eyes just in time to see the ball fall to the ground on the other side of the goal post. He asked a guard what happened and he replied, "What happened? It bounced over, old boy, it bounced over!"

"Alibi" stood there and let the cheering crowds mount him on their shoulders. He sighed with happiness and felt that his ambition was realized.

"Mary has a wonderful husband."
"Yes, howzat?"
"Why, he helps her do all the work.

NEW PLANS FOR OLD

Ever since certain blue prints were posted outside the library there have been innumerable conjectures as to their exact meaning. Inasmuch as a bid for the building of the new annex has been accepted, the "Sag" now proposes to unfold to the school at large a broad view of the work which is to be done on B. H. S. between now and next year.

First of all, of course, there is to be a new addition to those edifices already standing for so many years. This will contain, among other things of interest, new and modern chemistry laboratories—information which we are sure will cause much open rejoicing

Secondly, the present "old building" will be extensively remodelled. The general plans for this work may be briefly outlined. As a class room, room 27 will disappear, and, in its place, there will be a new, well-ventilated, well-lighted, comfortably equipped emergency room over wihch, as this year, Mrs. Cleary will preside. Room 27A and the Conference room will become laboratories for the office staff. Next, room 28, transformed into a restful office, will be occupied by Miss Sawyer. That which is at present Mr. Gifford's abode will become the office of the registrar of the school, and all school records at present in the main office will be located there. Mr. Gifford will then take possession of Miss Sawyer's present headquarters. The main office will be remade into a reception room for the school where Miss Linsky and Miss Mawhinney will be in charge. Mr. Ringer finds that his office is adequate and consequently no change will occur there. But where the Library now is situated, Mrs. Jewett will hold sway in the Guidance Department. Under his leadership and with Mr. Ringer's collaboration a greatly enlarged program is being prepared in this department by which it is believed that many problems of our students may be solved. Only room 23 of all the rooms on the front of the old building will remain a class room.

As for Shailer Hall, next September will see all traces of it obliterated save the location. In its stead there will be a large airy library which will be unsurpassed in the state of Massachusett

HERE'S SOME MATH
REQUIRED: A fine gift.
GIVEN: But a few days to Christmas. A modest sum of money.
CONSTRUCTION:
1. Call Regent 2093.
[It's the candy number of Brookline.]
2. Ask for HENRY URROWS
[It's the only way to buy a gift.]
3. Then order one of the delicious candy packages.
[They're just the perfect gift.]
4. We have that marvelous gift.
[It is practical and economical.]
HENRY URROWS
397 HARVARD STREET Regent 2093 BROOKLINE

R Colyum

THINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE:

The new B. H. S. addition.

* * * *

Sam Levine taking Winchell's place.

* * * *

Dot Smith walking home from school (avec moi).

* * * *

Jane Cooper as she used to be in '29.

* * * *

Babs Howe without that depressed feeling.

* * * *

Keary as he was in the good old days.

* * * *

Kerins Krooning—performing à la Kerins.

* * * *

Betty Pierce with a perfect type lesson.

* * * *

"The Deacon" wearing his old black "dip."

* * * *

"Geezer" Kelley doing his latest tap routine.

* * * *

Ask him about it!

Milton Levy at a tea playing bridge

* * * *

Jo Axelrod "pulling boners" in History.

* * * *

Intimate facts about Intimate People!

George Macdonough is wearing broad smile. The Reason—Oh yes, he got his "letter."

Andy B. works in the local "beanery. But up to date his handsome face has not appeared behind any of the numerous counters.

* * * *

Probably a dark horse concealed b Mrs. Potter.

* * * *

Notice: All you "dandies," "bea brummels" and F's—Wear your spats—The season has begun according to Bill Maestro Hollings.

* * * *

A substitute Math teacher has r christened our bully pink-and-white-complexioned Spaulding to "cream puff So henceforth we are required to publis his name as

Thorndike *Cream Puff* Spaulding

* * * *

EXTRA! EXTRA ! EXTRA

"Nosey" Aronson shall be known "Nosey" no longer for we have di covered a Miss of the sophomore cla who carries a nose twice the size "Nosey's." A perfect pair, we should s off-hand!

* * * *

We are sorry there is no Senior Soci we have found the perfect comedia In one particular class they are known the *Three Original Funsters.*

HONORARY SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 5)

of Art Instructor.

4. Not more than two points may be counted for membership in all the dramatics combined.

e. The following School Clubs: Girls' League, Debating Clubs, French Club, Spanish Club, Art Club.
  The President, 1, one point.

f. Class Officers, Juniors and Seniors only, as follows:
  Senior Class President, 2, two points.
  Senior Class Vice-President, 2, two points.
  Senior Class Treasurer, 1, one point.
  Senior Class Secretary, 1, one point.
  Chairman of any one of the Senior Committees, 1, one point.
  Junior Class President, 1, one point.
  Junior Class Vice-President, 1, one point.

g. Musical Activities.
  School Band and Orchestra.
  Membership, one year in (1), either, ½, one-half point, (2) both, 1, one point.
  Glee Club.
  Membership one year (at discretion of society) ¼, one-fourth point.

h. Chairman of Senior advisers, 1, one point.

i. Ranking officers of Girl Scouts, 1, one point.

j. Chairman of Emergency Room attendants, 1, one point.

k. Teacher-Student Council Member, 1, one point; President, 2, two points.

l. Court of Justice, ½, one-half point.
  Member, ½, one-half point.
  Chief Justice, 1, one point.

m. Marshals
  Captain of Marshals, 1, one point.
  Marshal (each year of service), ½, one-half point.

n. Four Minute Speakers
  Each year of Service, ¼, one-fourth point.

D. Points for the Following Activities May Be Counted As Soon As the Honors Are Gained:

Presidency of the Athletic Council.
The letter "B" awarded by the Athletic Council.
Captaincy or Managership of an Athletic Team.
Senior and Junior Class Offices mentioned.
All of the SAGAMORE positions mentioned.
Appointment to Interscholastic Debating Team as Regular or Alternate Disputant.
Presidency of the School Clubs mentioned.
Presidency of the Teacher-Student Council.
Membership in the Teacher-Student Council.
Chief Justiceship in the Court of Justice.
Membership in Court of Justice.
Captaincy of Marshals.
Winning of Prize in Prize-Speaking.
Dramatics:
  Business Manager
  Stage Manager
  Property Manager
  Costume Manager
  Electrician

Points for the following activities may be counted as follows:

Debate—Actual Participation as Speaker in Interscholastic Debate or Winning Inter-class Debate *whenever held.*

Prize Speaking — Actual Participation as Speaker in Second Try-out and Final Contest *whenever held.*

Major part.
Minor part.
Musical Activities, Service as Marshals, Four-Minute Speakers—at end of a year's or half year's service as in the case of scholarship (see sections V. C.)

ARMISTICE DAY CELEBRATED

Lieut. Gov. Youngman speaks at Assembly

On Tuesday, Nov. 10, the three upper classes met in the auditorium to commemorate the thirteenth anniversary of the close of hostilities in the World War.

After the opening exercises, the school sang the "Star Spangled Banner." Robert Hall led in the salute to the flag and Paul Rutledge read Governor Ely's Proclamation of Armistice Day.

Mr. Ringer then introduced the guest speaker, William S. Youngman, Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts. His talk was divided into two parts, reminiscences of war, and advice on how to avoid wars in the future.

Since he had been an active participant in both the Spanish-American and the World Wars, the information he gave us was first-hand.

The lack of women as nurses during the Spanish War was greatly felt because of the terrible fevers that attacked the soldiers. It was truly a case of the survival of the fittest. In the World War, however, a new situation arose, that of the mobilization of German women, girls and boys. He said that the two greatest moments of war were the first shot, when each soldier wondered when his turn would come, and the call of "Cease firing!" last heard after the capture of Sedan. We were told that the way the horses, army mules, dogs, and pigeons carried on during the war was truly remarkable.

The war could have been prevented in Germany, had the citizens given more attention to government and less to their beer and enjoyment. Likewise in America we can ward off any future war by taking an active interest in the government of the state and nation.

The Lieutenant-Governor closed with the remark that the responsibility of the government lay on our shoulders and that it was up to us to take care of our country and our commonwealth.

We wonder why Doctor Gleason stops and talks to a certain Marshal in front of the library so often. Well t's said that love is important business. Can it be love doctor?

TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL PRESENT ASSEMBLY

Teachers and students of Brookline High School had the pleasure of hearing the most inspiring advice presented thus far this season, at the regular Wednesday Assembly. Robert Hall, President of the Teacher-Student Council, presided as chairman.

The first speaker called was Mr. Packard. He explained the functions of the Teacher-Student Council as a group to which the Principal may refer for suggestions and also as a "go between" for teachers and students. Mr. Packard told of his endeavors to promote a higher spirit for the school and closed by urging the students to keep the lunchroom clean

Dorothea Lakson, Vice-President of the Associated Teacher-Student Councils of Massachusetts, was the second speaker.

REALISM

(Continued from Page 4)

he shouted, "You're supposed to act as if you had actually killed yourself, not——"

He stopped short as he neared the still figure, his face drained of its color and his eyes bulged as he gaped at him. Then, gulping once or twice he mumbled incoherently to the other actors who were hurrying near, but no explanation was necessary.

THE SAGAMORE APOLOGIZES

THE SAGAMORE wishes to apologize for the error in the announcement of the sophomore class officers. We extend our congratulations to Frank Gardner, President; Barbara Logan, Vice-President; Jean Leslie, Secretary; and Eliot Alter, Treasurer.

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BETTY RICHEY

(Continued from Page One)

Here again, Betty triumphed and is ж one of the eleven members of the All-American field hockey team.

SODERBERG NEW FOOTBALL CAPTAIN

string substitute, playing for Captain Tom Kelly. During the first of this season, Arthur showed great promise, but due to an injury received in the Brockton game, was unable to play until the Boston College High clash. In the Newton game, his work, along with Captain Sherrill's was outstanding. Teamed up with Cahill on the right side of the line, the speedy Newton backs found this side impregnable. Soderberg is 5 feet, 10 inches tall and weighs 176 pounds. He was a brilliant and dependable player through the entire season. With Soderberg and Swartz the only remaining lettermen, Coach Fitzgerald will have a comparitively "green" team next year.

PRIZE SPEAKING

contestants, and the more uneven quality of the girls, an unusual situation has developed. For the first time in Prize Speaking history, the finalists comprise seven boys and four girls; instead of the customary program of four boys and four girls.

The finalists chosen are: Martha Turner, Christine Adams, Pauline Wolff, Bernice Squirsky; Myron Wallace, Paul Rutledge, Bruce Ehrmann, Milton Levy, George Mackey, Norman Hunt, Eliot Silverman. The alternates are Martha Henderson, Norma Nasmyth, John Lally and Harry Shooshan.

"Dad, what is influence?"

"Influence, my boy, is what you think you have 'till you try to use it."

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Alibis that count! The student may be reinstated only if absences are caused by long continued illness or death.

THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

Vol. XXXVIII, No. 5 BROOKLINE, MASS., JANUARY 12, 1932 Subscription, One Dollar

TRACKSTERS MEET WATERTOWN, JAN. 16th

VETERANS FORM NUCLEUS FOR NEW TEAM

On December 14, Coach Hines issued the first call for track candidates and a large number of hopeful athletes turned out to commence training for the difficult schedule which lies ahead.

The nucleus of the team will be formed around Captain Enwright, and the three letter men Cohen, Plotkin and Swartz. Due to the training which they have received at the skillful hands of Coach Hines and the valuable experience which they have received in past years, this quartet ought to be sure point winners for the Red and Blue in all of its meets this year.

This year Brookline is fortunate in having such a fine array of field event men. In the shot put Alan Schwartz is ready to meet all contenders, whether they be from Newton or any other institution in the state. Schwartz has already tossed the lead pill 48 ft., a mark which will be hard to beat. In the high jump, Schwartz again will be the leading contender. Several times in practice he has cleared 5 ft. 10 and may be counted on to do even better when stiff competition is encountered. The Plotkin brothers Paisner, and Hall are also possible contenders for high jump honors. The broad jump will be well taken care of by the Plotkin brothers each of whom is capable of leaping 9 feet, 6 inches.

In the track events, Brookline also has a goodly supply of material. Stanley Cohen, a veteran of three years' experience and a conscientious winner, may be counted on to show his heels to the cream of the state in the dash.

The hurdles will be left in the capable hands of Milton Paisner, the football star and veteran of three years' experience. He will be ably assisted in this event by Samuel Gutman, a former hurdler of Boston Latin.

In the 300, the burden once more rests on the capable shoulders, or should we say legs of Stanley Cohen. He will be hard pushed in this event by Red Perkins, Johnson and Trainor.

The 600 appears to be the only race where a veteran star is lacking. Coach Hines hopes to develop either Ford, Gorman, or Aronson to take the place of Brigham, last year's stellar captain.

(Continued on Page Six)

Keep open — April 1 and 2
For Dramatics

BRIGHT SWIMMING PROSPECTS FOR '32

As we look ahead to the coming swimming season, Brookline High's prospects seem bright and we feel confident the team will emerge successfully at the end of its schedule.

Under the fine coaching of Johnny Coults and the excellent examples of superior swimming by Captain Bob Richey, George Ware, and Paul Meehan, the remaining letter-men, the squad is fast developing into a real club. Seventy-four candidates turned out for the sport, a remarkably large number, one of the greatest in the history of the school. In the backstroke there are Fred Wiggin and Bob Swartout, two noteworthy performers. There is ample material in the free style. Bill Murray, Ned Gallaher, George Vilman, Jack Matthews, and Fred Rice will furnish the means for points in this event. The Red and Blue will be represented in the breast-stroke by Roger Bernhardt, Charles Osgood, Henry Kaplan, and Bill Flanagan besides its Captain, Bob Richey, who captured second place in the New England Junior 220-yard breast-stroke championship on Wednesday, December 16, at the Cabot Street Tank.

BROOKLINE RESIDENTS ON HOOVER CONFERENCE COM.

President Hoover in the interests of child welfare all over the United States, called a White House conference with representatives from every state. As a result a children's charter was made which formed the basis of the work of every state in the union. The Charter is divided into four main sections with many sub-committees. Section VII. in which we are interested, is thus divided:

EDUCATION AND TRAINING

Chairman, Miss Mary McSkimmon

A. Family and Parent Education
B. The Infant and Pre-school child
C. School Child
D. Vocational guidance and child labor
E. Recreational and Physical Education (of which Miss Bessie Barnes of Brookline High School is a member)
F. Special classes.
G. Youth outside of home and school

Miss Barnes is also the chairman of a Committee on Health and Physical Education from the Massachusetts Teachers' Federation.

PRIZE SPEAKING TO SHOW DICTION WORK

BOB HALL CAPTAINS TENNIS TEAM

On Wednesday, December 23rd, the members of last year's tennis team unanimously elected Bob Hall to lead them for 1932. He has shown extraordinary ability in the past, making nine points toward his letter, the highest of any of last year's members. He defeated his opponents from Roxbury Latin, Quincy High School, and Cambridge Latin, and, with his excellent partner, Robert Warren in the doubles thrashed the representatives of these schools. Incidentally this pair has never tasted the bitter dregs of defeat.

The new captain has a smashing forehand drive and a backhand that can place the ball exactly where he wants it to go. His first serve is great when it goes in and his net game is a pretty spectacle to watch. We wish him and the team a successful season and are sure they will have one.

The other lettermen are Bob Warren, Abbot Rosenburg, and Dave Summer. Besides these there are many other dependable worthies. Among them are Paul Silbert, Tom Lappin, and Buster Gutman.

MISS ROBB TAKES MISS BARNARD'S PLACE

While Miss Barnard is on leave of absence her place as head of the Economics department is being filled by Miss Marquis Robb.

Miss Robb is a native of Houston, Texas. Her early education was obtained in this state. Later she attended the University of Chicago, Columbia University, and the Sorbonne at Paris.

All this Miss Robb terms her "formal" schooling. Her informal and invaluable source of further knowledge lies in her extensive travels. Not only has she visited the greater portion of the South and Central American countries and many of the European countries, but, unlike most travelers of such wide scope, she has also visited most of the states of her native land. This she did as part of her work when for four years she was studying as a research worker in

(Continued on Page Eight)

HOLD FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19,
READY FOR THE SENIOR PROM

TO BE HELD ON THURS. EVE., JAN. 14

The J. Murray Kay annual Prize Speaking Contest is scheduled to take place on Thursday evening, January 14, at 8:00 o'clock in the Auditorium.

This year's contestants include four girls and seven boys; from each group a prize-winner is to be selected. The program follows:

The Living Flame of Americanism	Hon. Franklin K. Lane
Myron Wallace	
Back Home Again	Grantland Rice
Norman Hunt	
Seventeen	Booth Tarkington
Pauline Wolfe	
The Decline of the Drama	Stephen Leacock
George Macke	
Elizabeth the Queen	Maxwell Anderson
Martha Turner, Eliot Silverman	
(a) Jim (b) Mathilda	Hilaire Belloc
Bruce Ehrmann	
The Bombardment	Amy Lowell
Milton Levy	
The Ancient Beautiful Things	Fannie S. D
Bernice Squires	
Pickwick Papers	Charles Dickens
Christine Adams	
A Well-Remembered Voice	Sir James Barrie
Paul Rutledge	

As always, the judges of the Finals are people called in from outside, having no connection at present with B. H. S. They have been selected for their knowledge and experience in the various fields covered by the general term, Prize Speaking. The chairman this year will be Edward P. Goodman, director of the Copley Theatre, a man who has been interested in dramatic work ever since his undergraduate days at Brookline High. Another of the judges will be Miss Rebekah Hobbs, director of the Professional Players, who have presented such memorable productions as "As You Desire Me." with Judith Anderson. The third judge is to be Monsieur Ernest Perrin of the Conservatory of Paris, at present Professor of Diction at the New England Conservatory of Music.

This year's Prize Speaking holds a special interest, since it is representative of the work done this year in Miss Hannon's new course in Diction; by this performance the new course is likely to be judged in the eyes of the town of Brookline.

R Colyum

A new year—a new issue—a new column—and some new cracks!

* * * *

Take Covitz for instance—in the summer his brother uses his gym pants as a "pup" tent on rainy nights.

* * * *

A very great pleasure is mine, that of officially welcoming back "Our Blushing Tom Reynolds."

* * * *

And now for a little announcement of interest to all pedestrians who felt a bit unsafe early this fall. Leo Minehan's "lizzie" is laid up for the winter.

* * * *

Some enterprising student living within three blocks of the school ought to go into the "park your car for two. bits" business. Kerins is available as chief parker having had experience at Scollay Square on Sundays.

* * * *

We have discovered a new kind of fodder for rabbits; namely, that very luxuriant and health-giving hay which is being intensively cultivated on the upper lips of some aspiring males of the junior and senior classes.

* * * *

We heartily sympathize with Bill Flanagan for the many mishaps he's had with his car. (We also know that accidents can happen) BUT the biggest mishap was that poor Bill had to actually WALK home from Dot McClellan's a certain Sunday night.

* * * *

Which reminds us, we wonder if "Dot" Mc— sort of misses our pal Bob Franklin!

* * * *

Things we liked to see:

Alice Van Sw—— when she hasn't had a fight with either John Chase, Bob Purington or Bob Franklin.

* * * *

John Chase out at Jamaica Plain some Sunday night doing a tap dance on Centre Street.

* * * *

I. Warren and "Nosey" Aronson thinking up gags for their column—Jaw Wags—my only competition. If you saw and heard them constructing their column you could readily understand why this paper has censors.

* * * *

"Jackie" Clark's and Dorothea Jackson's pictures (B) plastered in all our home, study and classrooms to brighten and beautify our weary way along the paths of learning.

* * * *

Lastly we liked to see the day when this column pleased all its eager (?) [illegible] That in itself would be a miracle and they say miracles never happen—oh, Well! Let it go—so long!

SANTA CLAUS IS COMING

There may be certain ones among the student body who still retain a charming belief in Santa Claus and New Year's resolutions. Those lucky individuals will be indeed credulous if they still can harbour such sentiments after being informed of a delightful little annual surprise inevitably following in the wake of Christmas and New Year's day. We refer to Midyears.

This event may be characterized as a yearly sacrifice to the God of Knowledge. In High School life it is as unavoidable, and as sure, as death is in real life. Perhaps most of us shudder often at the thought of Midyears, just as at the idea of death. Here we cry, like the Duchess in "Alice in Wonderland," "And the moral to that is"—if our work is well done in regard to daily tasks, we shall undoubtedly find, when the time comes, that the worry over the outcome was much worse than the actual happening.

Few of us are there who have not been conscientiously told where we should go on Judgment Day if we did not perform our work well and refrain from evil. THE SAG now assumes the position of guardian to the students. We hereby propose to give them some excellent advice necessary to salvation. Viz.: Do well thy daily requirements, shirk not, and at Midyears thou shalt not be found wanting.

Perhaps many may be discouraged by the comparison of midyears to the end of life. We do not mean to intimidate, only to impress our point forcibly.

Before the "Day of Reckoning" comes round we entreat you to remember the industrious ant who put to such a sad end the happy, idle grasshopper. The latter went to beg food of her busy neighbor and received for her entreaties only this answer, savoring suspiciously of malicious satisfaction, "You sang all summer, eh? Good, now dance!"

BANKING

Although Miss Barnard is on leave of absence until next spring, the bank will still receive your deposits gladly. Seniors and juniors deposit at the ticket office and the underclassmen in their homerooms. Other schools in our country have made their banks a tremendous success. Brookline High is not at present doing this. All money deposited in school goes to the Brookline Savings Bank, known for reliability. You may withdraw your money whenever you wish, contrary to the idea which many pupils have.

Christine Adams's voice has improved since last year. You'd believe us if you saw the cats' chorus in her back yard when she sings herself to sleep.

* * * *

As we look at the juniors we notice that George Hartstone's mouth is a general wastebasket for discarded puns and wisecrax.

READ THIS

A short time ago there appeared in the editorial columns of THE SAGAMORE a short appeal from the Teacher-Student Council. This article, written by a teacher, contained a bit of friendly advice to the students concerning their misuse of the lunch period. Following this, there were several verbal messages from Mr. Ringer himself. Up to the present time there has been some response to these "stimuli," though it has been slight.

Here we stop for a moment to reflect. If B. H. S. *must* have a "submerged tenth," as it is said every high school must and does, why does it not remain under cover instead of continually flaunting its existence on high? Here the question arises whether it is not better to know one's faults so one can correct them. Our answer to this is that "knowing one's faults" does not include flinging them to the breeze like a flag so that they are the very first things a stranger sees on approaching our school. To put the matter somewhat stronger, let us add that all save pirates are loth to enter a ship flying the "Jolly Roger;" however much they are persuaded that this banner means nothing, that it is a temporary trifle, and that all is well within. Few indeed are those who would believe such talk when faced with clear evidence to the contrary.

And again, is it not disgraceful that the conduct of certain of the pupils should be such that their own classmates cannot prevail upon them to comply with the system, so that a member of the faculty must set to work in order to obtain even the small results achieved.

Nevertheless, the Teacher-Student Council, the school officials, and the student body wish to offer, through THE SAGAMORE, a word of appreciation to those who have so willingly considered the proffered counsel. It is truly heartening to discover that there still remains suggestion from authorized groups or individuals are accepted and respected by some of the students.

GEORGE WASHINGTON ASSEMBLY

Schools all over the country are celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of eGorge Washintgon's birth. As usual B. H. S. will not be outdone and a committee under the chairmanship of Miss Bliss, of the History departemnt is planning a bicentennial assembly which will take place before the February vacation. Certain episodes of Washington's life will be dramatized. The art, music, and gymnastic departments are willingly giving their coöperation. A very fine bit of education and entertainment is expected.

Read This

THE SPIRIT OF '34

(The organ of the sophomore class)

EDITORIAL

This little column of ours is the only kind in existence at the present moment, we believe. It is a paper within a paper, biased, prejudiced, propaganda spreading, etc. After a heated debate the president appointed a committee composed of members of both sexes to write this column. Let's hope that it lives through the school year intact and uncensored.

How do you like the title? Do you believe in ghosts?

* * * *

Believe us, the committee is inspired by noble patriotism, nothing less. Many a columnist has been taken for a ride for his bold words, but not we!

* * * *

We are sophs, and this column's our tool
Yet we dedicate it to the freshman
Who has just come into the school.

* * * *

SOPH SLURS AND SLAMS

That Beckwith boy asserts that he has some grey matter beneath his hat. It seems mighty mysterious to, us, since we thought he was a brunette.

* * * *

Probably the most versatile gentleman in the class is Bob Kitsis. He plays the sax (ask his neighbors) and the piano, does his homelessons and eats escalloped tuna fish. Whee!

* * * *

OUR SHOT SHOT STORY

Once upon a time Ralphy Leventhal borrowed some money off of some poor sucker. Oh, what's the use of finishing this story anyhow? After reading as far as it has gone, you know that the story's a tragedy.

* * * *

OUR WEEKLY POEM

England had its Cromwell
Who raised an awful row
Brookline has its Harley
Heaven knows he knows how.

Old Rome had her Gracchii
We've the Brothers Litman
And if Ireland had St. Patrick
We've got Stewart Lynch.

France had her Napoleon
While we've got Mr. Gardener
And if Greece had Alexander
We've got Lincoln Moss.

Think of Ted Husing
Think of Ray Rich
Think of Bugs Baer
Think of George Ware.

You can name your highlights
Voltaire, Cæsar, Robert Hall
And no matter who you name
A better man I'll call
I'll make a bet of an apple core
That man might get out in '34.

The Jaw Wags

3ack again after a short rest (?). e, it's tough to be a columnist! Just mention a few results of the last umn:—a black eye, a crooked nose aybe it was a slight bit that way be- e), two skinned knuckles, and a ained thumb. However, dear (?) ders, we must do our duty and fill ; space.

* * *

We hear that Tony Dean gave a vocal cert at the home for the deaf. They n't need to hear him—his face carried ı through.

'. S.—He woke up on the sidewalk.

* * *

Groups of despondent seniors may be ı any day herded outside of 160 Tre- ıt St., reluctant to share their physi- omies with a tell-tale camera. It took x Andler four hours (or maybe it was / two) (or maybe only a few min- ·) (you know how gossip is wont to exaggerated) to gather up the cour- (?) to have his pictures taken. And ›sey" Aronson's entrance into the io was graced with a yell of "no iles."

* * *

:eard in the Girls' League Room:— hand in the bird is worth two in the ı."—We venture to say she was a : confused.

* * *

ou've still two weeks to end it all. years, you know.

* * *

few bits of social news heard around about:

aster Robert Carlton Hall has just :ned from a short stay in Brooklyn, · York, where he was the honored t of the Y. W. C. A. On one of the ings of his enjoyable visit, Mr. Hall fêted at a theatre-party given for him Mr. R. Carlton Hall at the Palace :tre.

iss Selma Leavitt was passing the lays at the residence of her parents. Stanley R. Cohen was passing them where but at the home of his proud ıts.

ıts and buttons were hitting the roof : Opera House, where many familiar were seen by ye roving reporter. Matthews must have a strained Poor kid, we envy him.

* * *

ıde our resolutions? Say, we're ahead of that. We've broken them ly.

* * *

ın Swartz wants to know if a turtle· has a shell. Why, Alan, we never ted that from you.

* * *

d a little bird told us that Milt er is that way about a certain Mlle. ›ears that the poor fellow has love s heart, but only a hole in his t.

WHO—WHAT—WHERE

Many students are ignorant of some of the most important functions of the high school. They are not acquainted with the location of the various offices or their inhabitants, neither do they know of the activities offered by the school. This is especially true of the students who, because of the situation of their classrooms, are necessarily severed from the rest of the school. For this reason a directory of the school is printed.

The group of rooms on the second floor of the main building comprises the offices of Mr. Ringer, the headmaster, Mr. Gifford, the sub-master, Miss Sawyer dean of girls, and the central office. In this latter are Miss Mawhinney, executive secretary, Miss Linsky, assistant secretary, and Miss Einstein, registrar. Mr. Jewett's office of the guidance department is located on the first floor of the manual training building. His assistant is Miss Reynolds. Miss Barnes and Mr. Hines both have offices in the gymnasium building. Miss Berry is the secretary.

The library is situated next to the main offices. Many pupils use it to advantage; those who do not should enter it, and find out how much it can help them. Mrs. Siebens is librarian with Miss Stack as assistant.

The directors who are in charge of subjects in high and elementary schools are Miss Gambrill, French, Miss Barnes and Mr. Hines, physical education, Mr. Jewett, guidance, Mr. Kepner, social studies, Miss Schwind, 'needlework and Miss Smith, domestic science.

The heads of other departments are Mr. Atticks, commercial; Mr. Case, mathematics; Mr. Packard, science; Mr. Snow, Latin; Miss Spaulding, English, and Mrs. Thurston, art.

The janitors are Mr. McGinnis, Mr. Burns, and Mr. Duggun in the high school, and Mr. Meade and Mr. Mullaney in the manual training building.

There are eight supervisors in charge of admitting students who have been absent or tardy. They are Miss Poland, and Mr. Seamans for the seniors, Miss O'Brien and Mr. Merrill for the juniors, Miss Pease and Mr. Roman for sophomores, and Miss Bates and Mr. Corcoran for freshmen.

A remarkable variety of activities are offered to the students. There is the wide field of athletics, and also THE SAGAMORE, debating clubs, prize speaking, dramatics, Girls' League, French club, Spanish club, German club, Art club, the band, the orchestra, the high school bank, Girl Scouts, Glee club, Outing club, Chess club, all leading to the final goal, Alpha Pi.

The class officers for 1931-1932 are the following: senior class; President, Robert Hall; Vice-President, Mary Clark; Secretary, Dorothy Burt; and Treasurer, George Kaplan: junior class, President, Roger Bernhardt; Vice-President, Norma Marcus; Secretary, Warren Fox; and Treasurer, Eileen McElroy; sophomore class, President, Frank Gardner; Vice-President, Barbara Logan; Secretary, Jean Leslie; and Treasurer, Eliot Alter: freshman class, President, Philip Ford; Vice-President, Norma Nasmyth; Secretary, Janet Dubinsky; and Treasurer, James Hogg.

RECORD HONORED AT HARVARD

Among the more recent additions to Brookline's already well populated Hall of Fame is Eugene "Red" Record, of Harvard. Student, athlete, and sportsman, he has distinguished himself in more ways than one since his graduation from Brookline, where he was the captain of the track team in his senior year and played half-back on the football squad for two seasons.

While at Brookline he was a favorite protege of Mr. Hines, who started him on his way to collegiate honors in both the low and high hurdles events. He also ran in the indoor 300 yard run and the outdoor quarter-mile race.

At Harvard he continued to excel on the cinder track and gridiron. In the Penn relay carnival of 1930 he was the anchor man on the Harvard relay team, of which Vinnie Hennesy, another product of Brookline, was also a member, and which broke the then existing collegiate record in that event. He also won the Intercollegiate high-hurdles championship last year and placed second in the low hurdles. He is captain of track this year at Harvard and is looked upon as a very promising candidate for a place on the American Olympia team.

Scholastically he has kept up the high standard that he has set for himself in athletics, and has also been chosen as a senior class marshal.

Gratis

"Yes, they really do satisfy. Ask . . . she knows."

Hi fellers . . . and shucks Jimmie Keary can't go to Dartmouth 'cause his mother doesn't like green on him . . . and then there are people who call off their parties to go to others—well, Pat, we hope you had a good time . . . yes, indeed . . . have you seen good old Blue Ribbon Mort, our own Alma Morte . . . Blue Ribbon who—Blue Ribbon Mort . . . Joe Axelrod has gone Southern . . . a mint julip seems most appropriate at this time . . . Pauline had better rip off that Tulane sticker after what happened on New Years . . . what time did *you* get in New Year's morning . . . or aren't you telling . . . and then there is good old Billy Lebowitch and his "Winchel lingo . . . Lew Watson says that he is planning to stay and see the new building . . . have you ever seen Andy Badaracco shadow box . . . and then there is Miss Willgoose and her honor study understudies . . . a certain history class will never be the same without Davida Lieberman . . . yes, Cub Calloway can sing "Minnie the Moocher" *too* . . . and there is "How to Be Big," by Norma Marcus . . . it's our ambition to come back to the lunchroom and say, "Hi fellers . . . some people walk a mile for a Camel; some walk a mile to school . . . (catch on) . . . no parking near school . . . and then there are those unique words to "The Penthouse Serenade" . . . and she so affirmed on her "girl scout honor" . . . Carola ought to keep someone in the study room just for society . . . "Say—you don't dance as we do" . . . we, has always meant two or more people, but in this case it merely represents the one and only exponent of the modern dance, the gift of the masculine sex to the sehove, his mother's pride and joy, H. V. Kaltenborn's (the news of the world) understudy, noted athlete and reknowned sportsman,—well if you don't know, somebody else does . . . Have you ever been all alone in the "Big City"—advice furnished free by that demon globe trotter—Well, if you don't know, somebody else does . . . there's a time and place for everything . . . we have time on our hands, . . . but the place is hard to find . . . Midyear's come but once a year—but that's just once too much . . . lend thine ears to this . . . get it . . . well don't tell anyone about it . . . for all those who don't understand what this is all about . . . visit your neighborhood druggist . . . or better still the neighborhood druggist's daughter . . . if you don't want to do that, ask Dad he knows . . . And here is the announcement you have been waiting for . . . well we won't go into that just this minute.

Waiter: "Prunes or oatmeal, ma'am?"
Dora: "Don't tell me, let me guess."

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

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Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

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DON'T READ THIS

One of the 1750 remarked judiciously or otherwise the other day that one person out of ten reads THE SAG editorials. Well, perhaps there is more truth than poetry in that judicious or otherwise remark, but like Cicero we pass over all those things. To get down to the point, why don't you read them? (Let's assume you're reading this one because of the title.)

It is your paper. You have heard that before. We don't want to publish articles that you have no interest in, but we can't leave out editorials—it's not being done. Conforming to all the laws of conventionality and good papers, we have to print them, so they might as well be interesting. If you don't like them there is something wrong with you or the editorial. Just to be polite let's pretend it is with the editorials. Of course you have heard spirit, honor and obediance until you are developing a guilty conscience—if you are that sort of a person. The result is that you calmly turn over a couple of pages to find the jokes, or back a page or so to read the sport news.

We're not asking you to write a few editorials—you wouldn't anyway—but how about some constructive criticisms, suggestions or ideas? In your opinion what is the value of an editorial? What subjects would you like to have discussed? THE SAG room is open every day at 1:30 and 2:00. If you are too bashful to drop in, anonymous contributions are always read.

NALDO RHURNE

By JOHN WILLIAMS

Dick Harvey was in a rowboat on a lake. The night was hot and sultry, so much so that he had taken off his coat and was in his shirtsleeves. A heavy mist was rising from the lake, and seemed to be bearing down on the light craft like a mythical monster. On the bottom of the boat under Dick's seat were a flashlight and a revolver.

"This is a great venture," thought Dick as he turned over in his mind the events of the previous day. "Funny how I made that bet. Just because I said I wanted some excitement, George Maynard bet me I wouldn't stay in a boat on this lake all night. George is a funny fellow. I can't imagine what the idea is. He said he'd furnish the boat and other equipment. Other equipment, eh?" Dick picked up the gun carefully and took the flashlight. The revolver was loaded and the flashlight worked perfectly. He put them down and shifted uneasily. He looked up at the stars. In spite of the mist, they seemed unusually bright. The gibbous moon gave off sufficient light so that he could see a reasonable distance on all sides of the boat. He was talking to himself.

"Wonder what George thinks is going to happen on this lake. Lord knows it's an out of the way place to get to. He had a queer expression on his face when I left him at the club. And those last words of his. Sounded something like 'Naldo Rhurne'. I remember he said that to me once before. That was five years ago. I never have forgiven myself for the trouble I caused him then. All my fault, too."

His head fell forward and soon he was asleep. Suddenly he awoke. Feeling a litte cool, he put on his coat. While doing so he happened to look up, and off to his left he saw something coming toward him.

At first, it seemed as though a part of the mist was more dense than the rest. Gradually the thing took form. Dick could vaguely discern two arms and legs. The head looked enormous, but as the figure came nearer, he saw that the head was of normal size; on it was a headdress of feathers. It was an ancient Indian chief! He knew he could see the thing, but he could also see through it! As it came nearer, Dick involuntarily reached for the flashlight and the revolver. He pressed the button on the flashlight! Nothing happened! Taking no time to bother with it, he discarded it and focussed his attention on the figure which was approaching. His pulse beat faster when he saw that it was walking on the water! It stopped a few yards from the boat. First, the chief removed a tommy-hawk which hung at his side, then, taking off his headdress, he knelt down on the water!

Dick Harvey felt chilled all over, yet beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. Suddenly he realized that his hand was hurting, and looking down, he found that he had gripped the revolver so tightly as to make his hand ache. He turned again to the figure of the kneeling Indian. Although there was no ripple, he saw a tanned, muscular arm rise up out of the water in front of the figure. In the hand was what Dick surmised to be a weapon of some kind. Without warning, the arm swung forward and plunged the weapon into the

(Continued on Page 7)

HONOR ROLLS

The system of honor rolls has been changed. Instead of having two groups, as last year, there are three distinct groups this year. The purpose is to raise the standards of scholarship and recognize the merits of the best students. The new method will provide an incentive for each group to try to reach the next. The first consideration must be satisfactory citizenship. The pupil must be above suspicion; otherwise the marks do not count.

The first group, highest honors, includes only those who have all "A's". The second group, honors, is composed of boys and girls who have all A's and B's, honorable mention is given to those who have A's and B's with but one C.

The following is a list of those who have attained a place on the honor roll for the first quarter:

HIGHEST HONORS

Freshman girls: Janet Dubinsky, Norma Nasmyth.

HONORS

Senior girls: Esther Byer, Marie Eck, Gwendolyn Farrell, Frances Ford, Ruth Friedman, Miriam Goldman, Miriam Hurwitt, Phyllis Jacobs, Dorothea Lakson, Laura Rivera, Jean MacMillan, Ida Maletz, Carola Nasmyth, Marion Cherney, Blanche Cooper, Adelle Kelsey, Mary McPhee, Esther Peterson, Edith Popkin, Marion Spring, Hodee Waldstein.

Senior boys: Julian Brightman, Paul Rutledge, Robert Hall, Robert Warren.

Junior girls: Marjorie Frank, Evelyn Burns, Judith Gorman, Elizabeth Howard, Cecelia Huberman, Mary Mulverhill, Isabel Patterson, Hulda Phillips, Marion Phillips, Doris Reimer, Joan Rines, Florence Stein, Anne Wyner.

Junior boys: Donald Graham, Joseph Hewes, Paul Lally, Gordon McAleer, Siebert Oettinger, Paul Silbert, Burt Wolfson.

Sophomore girls: Naoma Blake, June Bradfield, Margery Emery, Irma Fenerstein, LaReine Gardner, Jean Leslie, Ruth Levine, Eileen Shapiro, Marion Peterson, Gladys Solomont, Rowena Spaulding.

Sophomore boys: John Granfield, Jerome Grossman, Norman Hunt, Paul Kravit, Howard Lewenstein, Bertram Litman, James A. Smith.

Freshman girls: Sarah Cauman, Hazel Armitage, Adele Aronson, Frances Daniels, Janice Dietz, Libby Jacobs, Emilie Kallman, Edith Levine, Roberta Marsh, Mary McIsaac, Hortense Natilson, Isabel Powers, Caroline Regan, Catherine Roper, Lillian Schwartz, Bernice Squirsky.

Freshman boys: John Baker, Eugene Bliss, Louis Dolbears, Louis Mahler, Alvan Myerson, Stanley Parker, Albert Reiss, Myron Wallace, Paul Wheeler, Henry Wyner.

HONORABLE MENTION

Senior Girls: Dorothy Burt, Kaino Sironeh, Felice Kornfeld, Anne McDonnell, Barbara Mitchell, Margaret Scannell.

Senior boys: Stanley Rosen, David Aronson, George Delano, John Leary, Maurice Kaufman, Myron King, Sylvan Levick, Samuel Lourie, Charles McDonald, Everett Morgan, Phineas Norman, Milton Paisner, Richard Starr, Leon Wish, Robert McAleer.

Junior girls: Grace Coughlan, Priscilla Dienes, Shirley Dutton, Marjorie Greenwood, Helen Hager, Eleanor Kaitz, Jean Murray.

Junior boy: Foster Burton.

Sophomore girls: Mary Bonzagni, Mary Cardinale, Josephine Copeland, Irene Donohue, Evelyn Garland, Bernice Greenspan, Edna Hibel, Deborah Kinsman, Jeannette Silverman, Nora O'Leary, Virginia Snow, Vera Soderberg. Thelma Spitz, Alma Stoddard, Priscilla Gordon.

Sophomore boys: Charles Willis, Eliot Alter, Woodson Baldwin, Leonard Beckwith, Melvyn Hurvitz, Richard Spears, Winthrop Steele.

Freshman girls: Rowena Cohen, Evelyn Hamilton, Ethel Harris, Harriet Kramer, Babette Liebman, Elizabeth Moore, Katherine Mulverhill, Harriet Nye, Frances Russell, Lorraine Schrader, Margaret Sprague, Edith Stone, Barbara Warren, Charlotte Weinrebe.

Freshman boys: Newton Anthony, David Barkin, Arthur Burnes, Edward Gould, James Hines, Aaron Levine, Louis Murray, David Sands, Joseph Thaxter, Victor Wolfe.

SHORT, SHORT VERSE

(With Apologies to "Ballyhoo")

A Changeable Thing
French
Is Like a Wench!

A WARNING

In your Latin (accent on last syllable)
Do not sin.

MUTUAL TASTES

German
Does not like Werman
Werman
Does not like German!

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

We thought Spanish,
Was like Danish.

DISCOVERY

History
Is a mystery.

ORIGINAL THOUGHTS

Math
Makes me wrath.
Chem
We condemn.

FUTILITY

In English
Freedom
To wish.

FAILURE

No limerics
From Physics.

The editors wish to emphasize the fact that poetic license has been employed freely throughout this whole column.

HOW ABOUT IT?

A nickel here, a neckel there,
I'd almost be a millionaire,
If all those careless borrowers
Turned out to be my followers,
And paid their debts.

At luncheon nearly every day
Some one's voice is bound to say
"Lend me a nickel or a dime,
Otherwise I cannot dine."

Some day when I feel quite bold,
I'm going to ask some friends of old
To please remember nickels lent,
To please remember money spent
And pay their debts.

JOKES

"You are accused of having stolen a hundred francs. Do you want a lawyer?"

"No, your Honor, I'd rather keep the hundred francs."

* * * *

Tourist (after bumping over unusually bad roads): "Have you people no pride in your roads?"

Native: "Well, I'll say we have. They call this the worst road in eighteen counties."

THE SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

DR. BLUTCHER, MAD-MAN

"You fiendish demon! You're mad! You can't do this!" I shrieked in a frenzy, struggling to burst the bonds that held me helpless. "You can't! God won't let you!" The piercing rasp of my screams reëchoed throughout the vast, stone laboratory, and returned to me with a sinister, mocking sound.

I was lying on a long, hard marble slab that bore a peculiar resemblance to a large headstone—and headstones symbollize death! Death! Before I had shuddered at the thought of the word, but now I could welcome it. It alone, could free me from this scorching hell of mental agony. But Marie—what about her? What would her fate be at the hands of this mad scientist? At the thought of it I writhed despairingly in my bonds, but the ropes held fast. In the horizontal mirror directly above me, I could see the veins of my forehead bulge out and beads of perspiration appear on my face, as I struggled in vain. But the effort was too much. I sank back in a state of semi-consciousness.

For a moment my mind wandered back to the happy days that we—Marie and I—had spent together before this terrible thing had occurred.. I had just graduated from college then, and had secured a position as a sort of assistant to a German scientist, Dr. Blütcher. He had been engaged in a secret experiments of great importance, but refused to divulge their nature even to me. Then one day he had asked me, with a peculiar glint in his eyes if I would bring my friend, Marie, to his laboratory for just an hour. He said it was in connection with his experiments. Unsuspecting, yet with wonderment, I had repeated his request to Marie. Without questioning me, she had consented.

The minute we entered the laboratory together I felt something was wrong. My head grew dizzy, and I toppled to the floor in a dead faint. I awoke to find myself lying with my hands and feet bound to this grave-like marble slab. After my head had cleared, I looked around to find Marie in a similar predicament and my erstwhile employer who had gone, I concluded, crazy, bending over her rubbing his large bony hands like a huge ogre over its prey. It was then I had screamed out, suspecting the worst.

However, this attempt to collect my scattered wits was suddenly interrupted by the hissing voice of Dr. Blütcher addressing me.

"My young Marlow, you and your friend are here for a purpose! You shall at last understand the nature of my experiments." He laughed insanely.

Turning my head, I looked at Marie as she lay there, her face as white and pale as the marble on which she lay. Her dark eyes, which stared fixedly at this madman, betrayed fear and horror. Evidently she had recovered consciousness before me, and already knew our fate. I turned my head away quickly and looked at Blütcher. What was he going to do with us? When would this terrible suspense come to an end? Soon, however, my unspoken question was answered. Blütcher was standing beside a long bench on which a young dog lay, who was, like us, held fast.

Suddenly a strange whirring filled the great chamber. The little dog, who was whining piteously, was bathed in scarlet light. Above the racket the inhuman voice of the scientist was heard.

"I have discovered a new ray," he shrilled, "a ray so powerful that it hastens the growth and ageing of animal life at an unbelievable rate. I know how it works on the lower animals, because I have already tried, but due to an unexplainable serum in the human system it either ages the human cells with the rapidity of lightening, like the lower animals, or it produces a horrible, ghastly death! I must know, I will know what it does!" he ended hystericaly, then went on, "First shall I subject this animal to my ray so that you may see for yourself that what I have said is true. Then," he continued with a devilish chuckle, "I will do the same to the one of you toward whom this dog's head points after he receives the ray!"

I gasped, horror-stricken! An intense blue light about an inch in diameter moved slowly across the dog's face. The animal struggled in pain, emitting the most piteous sounds I have ever heard. The blue light disappeared. I looked at the poor creature, then groaned despairingly. Where there had been a moment before the appealingly round face of a puppy, there was now the wrinkled, expressionless face of a very old dog. And its head was pointed toward Marie!

"God!" I screamed, "he is going to do this to Marie!"

Suddenly the comely features of the unfortunate girl were outlined in scarlet. In a moment more the miraculous blue ray would appear, and now I would be forced to see either what I had already witnessed or a horrible death, as Blütcher had said. Marie screamed and fainted!

"Stop! Do it to me instead! But, in God's name don't touch that innocent girl! I beseeched the mad scientist. He hesitated. Perhaps a bit of pity for the unconscious girl touched his crazed heart, for the next instant my eyes were blinded by an intense scarlet light. In another moment I felt a searing pain over my entire face. I looked up into the mirror above me. A repulsive, wrinkled countenance greeted me. A fiendish laugh echoed in my ears, then everything went black.

When I regained consciousness, the sound of two familiar voices struck my ears. Marie and Dr. Blütcher were laughing. I looked into a mirror above me. My visage was entirely normal. Then I struggled to my feet. Marie walked toward me.

"Bob," she said, "I want you to meet my father, Dr. Blütcher."

"What?" I gasped, "but didn't—"

"No, it was all acted. You see, my father always said he would be sure the man I married really cared for me. Your face, and the dog's, too, was treated with a transparent clay which dries instantaneously when exposed to a certain light, giving that horrible appearance. It was washed off your face when you fainted. This was Daddy's test to see if you cared enough to substitute yourself for me, knowing what your fate would be." "Well, I'll be—!"

Junior Gratis

Yank up a davenport, my dear, and exhilarate your overtaxed minds with this:

Jawge Hawley (he of lengthy proportions) has been translating American jazz into French. He was quite successful in his first attempt. He got the caption anyway, "Je ne peur rien vous donner que d'amour, bébé!"

* * * *

Some of those pieces of art hanging on the canvas in the upper corridors are good to look at for a short time.

* * * *

It's hard enough to reach high "C" but when someone attempted high "Oh" in "Gentille Allouette" in French Club we thought something was going to break, and it wasn't a vase.

* * * *

We wonder what Miss Gambrill would mark this conjugation:

Je suis bon
Tu es bones
Il est beans
Nous sommes bon bons
Vous êtes bonbonnières
Ils sont bon-ton.

* * * *

By this time the entire Math class knows exactly what is Miss Liden's idea of nothing at all.

* * * *

Eureka! At last we know why seniors come back for a fifth year. They're following the five year plan.

Dr. Lindsay said the other day that in Russia the girls as well as the boys are employed in manual labor. Just picture for yourself some of our dainty creatures soiling their lily white hands on a newly tarred road or wielding a pick and shovel.

TRACK TEAM

(Continued from Page One)

Captain Enwright will take charge of the 1000 in a manner which is sure to be pleasant for the Red and Blue, yet exceedingly obnoxious to our rivals. Due to his excellent performances in last year's outdoor meets, Captain Enwright may be counted on to place Brookline high up in this event. Yet all this speculation is mere paper talk until the team proves its worth. Therefore it is with hopeful expectation that Brookline looks forward to its first meet on January 16 with Watertown High and its ensuing meets with Newton and other schools in the state. THE SAGAMORE wishes Coach Hines, Captain Enwright, and the entire track team the most successful season which it has yet experienced.

The schedule of meets for the season is as follows

Track—January 16, Watertown at Brookline: 23, Newton at Brookline; 30, Northeastern; Feb. 6, Newton at Newton; 13, B. A. A. Interscholastics; 27, state meet; January 29, Newton Sophomores vs. Brookline Freshmen.

Patient: "Is the doctor at home?"

Doctor's small daughter: "No sir, he's out. He's performing an appendectomy."

Patient: "Say, that's a big word for a little girl like you. Know what it means?"

Small daughter: "Yes, sir! It means $200.00.

* * *

Opportunity only knocks once and then the installment collector does the rest.

* * *

North: "There won't be any circus today.

South: "No?"

North: "Naw, they fed coffee to the elephants and they ate the grounds."

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GUIDANCE DEPARTMENT

JOHN V. JEWETT, *Director*

In this column the reader will find brief outlines of various careers. These outlines are intended to give information with which the student can start a more detailed study. The Department has in Mr. Jewett's office, a book of 52 Careers, published by the Institute of Research. Each career is displayed in detail and you are urged to visit the office any afternoon to read these valuable descriptions.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING AS A CAREER

QUALIFICATIONS:

1. Desire to know the "why's" of natural laws and the effects of these laws.
2. A natural urge to plan, develop, and construct something new.
3. Must be patient and fastidious in details.
4. Fondness for Mathematics.
5. Power of visualization or imagination.
6. Executive ability with professional knowledge.

TRAINING:

1. High school course.
2. College, engineering curricula.
3. General cultural education.
4. History and Literature valuable.
5. Firmly grounded in Mathematics, Economics, Mechanics, Physics, and Chemistry.
6. Understanding of principles of government, political science, labor problems, and personnel administration.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR ELEC ENGINEER:

1. With the telephone and telegraph companies.
2. Wireless field.
3. Municipal and corporate light and power plants.
4. As power plant men with electric railways.
5. Construction men in steam railways.
6. Hydro-electric power plants.
7. Construction, surveying, and inspection work.
8. Manufacturers of electrical equipment and machinery.
9. Television.
10. Sound-pictures engineering.
11. Teachers of electrical engineering subjects.

ADVANTAGES:

1. Many and various.
2. Fairly profitable financially at the beginning, but promises to become more so.
3. New field.
4. Interesting.
5. Possibilities of growth and development.
6. Original work.
7. In contact with all classes and conditions of men.
8. Constantly growing profession, as long as human needs increase.

DISADVANTAGES:

1. Abandon "white collar" for a while.
2. Danger in outdoor work, underground installations and unhealthy work in unexplored regions. Laboratory experiments.
3. Difficult to find employment.
4. Few have the patience and perseverance to reach the top.

SALARIES:

1. Graduate in electrical engineering, $1,500 to $2,000 a year.
2. Exceptional men start at $2,000 and increase rapidly. Many look forward to earning more than $15,000 at the end of 20 years.
3. Less successful $1,200 to $2,000 at at the end of 5 years.

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CHRISTMAS ASSEMBLY

On Wednesday, December 23, classes were a little shorter to allow time for the annual Christmas assembly.

Mr. Ringer spoke a few words, reminding us that mid-year examinations will come on the three days beginning January 25. Special stress was laid upon the fact that application blanks for colleges must be filed as soon as possible.

A play was then presented for which Miss Hannon and the cast deserve much praise. The new lighting effects introduced by the former contributed a great deal to the enjoyment of the audience. We also wish to thank the Art and Printing departments for the excellent scenery, and for the programs and last but not least, those behind the stage, Leslie Horn, Ray Richard, Edison Ford, Richard Koopman, and William Price.

Before the drawing of the curtains four boys played several Christmas carols on wind instruments.

The play presented the dreams of the three wise men and their discovery of the Babe in the Manger. It also brought out the chivalry and Christmas spirit which invaded the hearts of three young boys of today. The cast was as follows: The three wise men, Gasper, Melchior, and Balthazar, respectively Sheldon Flynn, Paul Hermann, and Leiga Dimond; the three brothers, Bob, Dan, and Phil, respectively George Mackey, William Murray, and Bruce Ehrmann; a carpenter, Paul Wheeler; wife of carpenter, Carol Adams; the Madonna, Margaret Deun.

EXCHANGES

The Clarion—Jamaica Plain High School, Boston, Massachusetts. Think your column "Page Cutters" is excellent. Reviews of current books written in such pleasing style by students ought to encourage your classmates to do more outside reading.

Central Recorder—Central High School, Springfield, Mass. Find your paper well arranged and enjoy your editorials.

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NALDO RHURNE

(Continued from Page Four)

old Indian's heart. With a screech, the chief bowled over and lay motionless on the surface of the lake.

Even as Dick watched, he saw eight figures approaching the body of the Indian chief. They proved to be eight warriors. The first had a large knife, and when he heached the body he severed the head from the shoulders. He threw the knife into the water; it disappeared without making a ripple. Holding the head by the hair, the warrior gave vent to a riumphant howl. Then, at a signal from him, the eight figures began a weird dance, yelling and screaming constantly. Suddenly, Dick realized that they were pproaching the boat! They had arranged hemselves so there were four in front and the other four were directly behind. They came nearer and nearer. Dick ould feel his heart thumping. It seemed o him as though every cell in his body was trying to swell up and burst, in order o free some pent up force. He looked t his trembling hands and they were sickly deadened yellow. He saw the evolver in his hand and, without taking im, fired at the group of howling manics that were approaching him. He fired x times. Outside of six deafening roars which echoed and reëchoed over the lake, othing happened. The eight ghostly orms continued to approach the boat.

When they reached it, the first four gures walked right through it, paying o attention to one, Dick Harvey, who was, at the time, incapable of any movement whatsoever. The second four remained on the left side of the boat so hat it was surrounded. Dick could have ouched them had he reached out! The ght men made a circle around the boat nd began tossing the head of the old ndian chief from one to another, emitng yells and screams of pure joy.

Dick never knew how it happened, ut somehow during this orgy, he gained ntrol over his voice, and summoned all he courage he had, he stood up and ddressed the group. He started to peak, but the words which his lips had rmed and which he had intended to y did not develop. Instead, he spoke e words "Naldo Rhurne!"

Immediately the noise ceased and the gures disappeared. Dick felt a huge eight in the air which suffocated him d he fell forward in the boat, unconious.

When he awoke, the boat was on the ore and the sun was well up in the y. After a few inquiries, Dick learned here he was and made his way back to e club. He entered, and while looking r George Maynard, passed several ople that he knew. He nodded to em but they showed no sign of recogtion. He found his man and apoached him with a smile on his face.

"Well, George," he said, "I spent the ght on the lake."

"My God!" exclaimed Maynard. "Are you Dick Harvey?"

"Yes, of course. Why?" Dick looked at him in silence for a moment and then said, "George, what does 'Naldo Rhurne' mean?"

Mr. Maynard was very busily engaged inspecting the toe of his shoe.

"I haven't any idea." he replied. "Did you see anything?"

"Nothing." answered Dick.

* * * *

Phyllis (at dance) "I can't understand why you stayed outside so long with such a splendid dancer as Guy!"

Irene: "He showed me some new steps —and we sat on them!"

* * * *

"I hear your sister is married. Is she happy?"

"Very. There's only one thing annoys her. She can't bear her husband."

"But one can't expect everything."

EXCHANGES

Huntington Record, Huntington School, Boston, Mass. There doesn't seem to be much to your paper but large type and vast spaces between articles. Why not give your subscribers some short stories, columns, etc.

The Echo of Winthrop, Mass. Very interesting and compact paper.

The Log, Danville, Kentucky. Interesting and newsy paper, but would suggest bolder headlines.

Boston University News, Boston, Mass. What a paper! Speaks well for your journalistic department.

The Tufts Weekly, Medford, Mass. Found "Torrid Tours" most interesting.

Beacon, Gloucester High School, Gloucester, Mass. Agree with you perfectly in regard to article about Mr. Ringer. We realize we are lucky to have him and we hope to keep him for a long time.

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HAITIAN SUPERSTITIONS

The natives dress in costumes of all sorts, some as national heroes, some as devils, in any sort of masquerade, and join parading groups, going here and there, to the complete satisfaction of both participants and spectators. At night, they continue their celebration by dancing to their own singing and the tattoo of drums constructed from hollowed stumps and goatskins. The enjoyment of the occasion is increased by copious imbibing of rum. When the crowd becomes keyed to the right pitch, it proceeds to the temple. The papa-loi and mama-loi, priest and priestess, conduct the ritualistic service in which the bebé-loi is sacrificed and hot blood consumed. Although the bebé-loi is only a goat or a fowl, not infrequently after these ceremonies, some mother's child is found to have mysteriously and inexplicably disappeared. Everyone wisely shakes his head in bewilderment and, of course, he doesn't know what happened to the child, not a bit!

Withal, the mass of the people of Haiti are merely ignorant, superstitious children, very kind at heart.

JOKES

Advanced Grade: "And has your baby learned to talk yet?"

Oh my, yes. We're teaching him to keep quiet now."

* * * *

Someone has called Buster Gutman *The Student Prince.* But we have never seen a prince "tear around" in a big shaggy sweater with a big "L" plastered on the rear.

* * * *

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS HOLDS CHRISTMAS MEETING

The Christmas meeting of the French Club was held on December 15th in the auditorium. A large number attended, including our former French teacher, Miss Henry, now Mrs. Jewett. Paul Rutledge, the president, opened meeting and announced the different selections. The freshmen were in charge of most of the program. Marcella Hakim gave a reading entitled "Noël et le jour de l'an." Then Miriam Hurwitt and Hodie Waldstein sang two charming French duets, accompanied by Robert Hall. Two freshmen, George Williams and Betty McKenzie, recited fables from La Fontaine. Next came a short Christmas play, presented by a group of freshmen, ably assisted by Pappa Noël. Then the good Saint passed his "sabot," or wooden shoe, around the group for pennies for a contribution from the French Club to the Girls' League, which will in turn pass it on to the Brookline Friendly Society. Meanwhile French Christmas carols were sung, following which the meeting was concluded by the singing of the Marseillaise. Refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cookies, were served in the lunch room.

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MISS ROBB

(Continued from Page One)

the field of economic education. In this capacity she resided at various times in thirty different states of the union.

Miss Robb also served in the World War as a member of the French unit of the American Signal Corps which was composed of one hundred women.

Her residence and work in Europe before and during the war made Miss Robb realize the ever-diminishing size of the world. It was the conviction that the realization of this fact by everyone would lead to world peace that caused Miss Robb to decide to teach economic education. In so doing she has ever before her two firm beliefs which guide her in her work. The first is that the student must be made to understand the relation of the individual to the economic structure of today. Out of this idea grows the second principle: that the world is an economic unit and extensive comprehension of this fact eventually would mean eternal international peace.

She: "The waiter is hanging around as though he expected something."
He: "Yes, he's a 'tippical' waiter."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthro p's Journal

oL. XXXVIII, No. 6 BROOKLINE, MASS., January 29, 1932 SUBSCRIPTION ONE DOLLAR

ENIORS WIN INTERCLASS MEET FROM JUNIORS

High Scores—Swartz, Hall Plotkin

FINAL SCORE 33–28

The inter-class meet was held Thurs- y, January 14, under the able supervi- on of Mr. Hines. The seniors once ain showed that they were the supreme lers of sport in school after fighting terly but victoriously against the ag- essive juniors who have promise of oducing some of the best track ma- ial Brookline has seen since the days ıen Redford was the king-pin of track. ıe juniors took five first places, one in the field events (3) and the others in 1,000 and 600-yard runs, whereas seniors scored only two firsts, in the sh and hurdles. To offset this, the ıiors took a second place in every nt, and a third in every event except high and broad jump. One of the gest thrills of the day was given the ctators when Bob Tilden, veteran 00-yard runner, and Eddie Rae, junior k horse, who we predict will be the est distance man Brookline has ever n, battled valiantly for supremacy, den got the lead which was quickly en away by Rae, but Tilden dogged 's every step. On the last lap, try he might Tilden could not pass him. the finish Rae was but a half a step ad of Tilden. The time on this race 2 minutes and 31 seconds, the fastest le by any Brookline boy in an inter- s meet for the last five years.

he spectators were handed another xpected thrill when Lincoln Moss, itious sophomore hurdled, tripped, ing over the second obstacle in the ard hurdles; fortunately nothing was ken but the hurdle. This event was ly won in 5 3/5 seconds by Milton ner, closely followed by Buster Gut- ı. The trials for the 45-yard dash e held next. Perkins, Cohen, and guson, a sophomore, qualified for the ls. While these boys were resting, "600" was run. This race was proba- the most exciting of the day. Ford bed the lead, but it was soon usurped aisner, who held this position until beginning of the last lap when things n to happen. Py Trainer, who up his time had been running in third increased his stride, passing Joe l, who was slowing up on account of d leg which forced him to quit, and ht up with Paisner. Around the corner they were running stride for

(Continued on Page Five)

APPEAL MADE FOR SUPPORT OF DRAMATICS

Annual School Play in Danger of Non-Support

This year seems to be a year of transition in which through our own fault, one thing after another is continually hanging in the balance. First it was THE SAGAMORE; but we pulled that through. Now it is Dramatics. Shall we and *will* we pull it through?

There is but one answer. *We must.* Not only is this so for the experience and enjoyment involved and for the play itself, but mainly because of the objective, to put one, two, or more boys into college. This year it is more urgent than ever before that there be funds available for, at the very least, one scholarship.

Is it possible that years ago, with about half our present number, B. H. S. could give four or more scholarships every year, whereas we seem to be able to raise practically nothing? What has happened? Has the younger generation in this town been spoiled with money and forgotten how to appreciate its value and to use it well? Whatever the cause, something must be done.

It may prove a stimulus to your desire to come if you know that Miss Hannon plans to put on a mystery play, *if the school will support her.* She is arranging to have a larger cast than usual *if the school will coöperate.* She hopes to coach the performance herself (Witness the results of her coaching at Prize Speaking!) *if the school will support her.*

But *will it?* That Miss Hannon intends to discover before she undertakes anything at all. Both she and Mr. Ringer are agreed that the tremendous expenditure of effort on the part of everyone involved is not "worth the candle" if the proceeds are small. In order to get some idea of where we stand, questionnaires will be passed around in the home rooms. The student will be asked to signify how many tickets he can and *will* buy or sell, or both. Trusting that "a promise made is a promise kept." Miss Hannon will approximate the results of a sale of tickets as evinced by the reurns on these questionnaires. If the amount is satisfactory, work will be started on a play.

So, "*now is* the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party." Remember that some day you may be in the same position as these boys whose one hope for college rests with your response to the appeal for Dramatics.

PRIZE SPEAKING ATTRACTS BIG, ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD

HISTORIC PLAY IN PREPARATION

Miss Bliss to Present Washington Play at Assembly

The history department is planning a very instructive as well as entertaining assembly to be given on February 17 for the upper classes and on February 18 for the others. It is to celebrate the 200th anniversary of Washington's birth, and the committee has high hopes that it will be remembered for a long time. Invitations have been extended to the D. A. R. and special guests will be present.

The play is entirely original having been written by members of the history department. It consists of a prologue and two acts with three scenes. Washington is presented as a man of affairs, an administrator, and with his friends at Mt. Vernon. There will be music by the orchestra and dances of Washington's period The costumes will be original, interesting and authentic.

From what has already been heard, the assembly is sure to prove one of the outstanding ones of the year.

NEWTON TRACKSTERS BEAT BROOKLINE

In the old drill shed at Newton, the Brookline tracksters were defeated 40 to 37 in the first half of the annual indoor dual meet, only after one of the hardest fought battles in years. With the score 37 to 35, in Brookline's favor, before the final event, the relay, all chances of winning were lost as the relay team was hopelessly beaten without the services of Paisner and Cohen.

In the first event, the hurdles, Brookline's mainstay, Milt Paisner copped a second place with Johnson and Bradley of Newton taking first and third.

One of the greatest surpriese of the meet was Stan Cohen taking the dash, beating the Newton flash, Sloane.

The shot put was all Brookline, with Schwartz, Laurie and Hall, finishing in that order. Brookline is, perhaps, the only High School in the State with three shot putters who can do better than 40 feet.

Brookline picked up another point in the 300-yard dash, with Cohen taking third place. In this event Cahill and Sloane of Newton ran a dead heat: 37 seconds flat.

(Continued on Page Five)

PAUL RUTLEDGE AND CHRISTINE ADAMS WINNERS

Miss Hannon to be Congratulated on Success

By eight o'clock, Thursday evening, January 14, the High School Auditorium was nearly filled to capacity, and all present were awaiting the opening recitation.

After selections by the orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Joslin, Myron Wallace of the freshman class set a high standard for the other competitors to follow. His selection was "The Living Flame of Americanism" by Honorable Franklin K. Lane. The recitation was given with fine enunciation, excellent clearness and diction. Then Norman Hunt gave "Back Home Again" by Grantland Rice The selection was difficult, but was well delivered. The well known and humorous "Seventeen" by Booth Tarkington was offered by Pauline Wolff. She impersonated Willie Baxter in his first stages of "puppy love," his little sister, and Mrs. Baxter. It was an ambitious undertaking; Miss Wolff brough out the humor in the selection very well. George Mackey then gave the reading by Stephen Leacock entitled "The Decline of the Drama."

Then followed "Elizabeth the Queen" by Maxwell Anderson, presented by Martha Turner, who took the part of Elizabeth, and Eliot Silverman, who was her subject and lover, Lord Essex. Martha was superb in her rôle and put her whole self into it. Her presentation of the famous queen captivated the audience and left a fine impression.

This closed the first half of the program which revealed that every speaker had been not only carefully selected but well trained by Miss Hannon. During this intermission several more selections were rendered by the orchestra.

The last half of the program was opened by Bernice Squires who gave "The Ancient Beautiful Things" by Fannie Stearns Davis. Bruce Ehrmann, another promising freshman, gave two humorous short selections "Jim" and "Matilda" by Hilaire Belloc. The first one concerned a little boy who wouldn't stay with his nurse and was eaten by a lion. The second was about Matilda, a girl who told lies and was consequently burned to death. These mock tragedies caused a spell of laughter in the audience which relieved the seriousness of most of

(Continued on Page Five)

R Colyum

Mr. Samuel Gutman had his coming out party New Year's Eve at the home of one of Brookline's more prominent citizens(?). We wish him many more evenings as "big" as that.

* * *

Beware of a sorrel-topped flaming youth with the monicker of Perkins. What a man! (Who said that?) Boy, he just leaves them flat.

* * *

And that, dear kiddies, concludes your story for to-day. Fifteen more minutes with the Jaw-Waggers and you will be able to amaze your friends. We were just a couple of 97-pound weaklings when we started, too. Now look at us. We dare you. Good night, children. And if you don't think life is a bowl of cherries, don't blame us.

* * *

"Hooey," and "Hullaballoo" have arrived to combine with "Ballyhoo" in enhancing American literature.

Once again Jack McGlynn crashes into print this time because of his exceptional talents in Understanding, Reading, and translation of Spanish. From all reports he seems to be the outstanding Spanish Pupil of the year.

"All people voting for President must go to Electoral College. They've had a tough football season there these last three hundred years."

These facts were brought out in a recent history class.

* * *

Bob Swarthout is our impression of Little Boy Blue . . . Jack Mathews and his Math teacher get along together like a pair of pant. . . . The other day he came into class wearing a muzzle on his mouth so he wouldn't put his foot in it.

* * *

Pointers we can mention . . . Connie is still in doubt about the color of her hair . . . vacation is here . . . the close friendship of Dick Holt and the Matthews family . . . notice we said family . . . . Thanksgiving is over . . . Christmas is coming . . . you can have the turkey . . . and if you don't like turkey, Merry England is the scene of Ye Olde Goose . . . honest. . . . . . . Alma Stoddard's walk . . .George Ware's musical note . . . Orange Julius vocal renditions of "Minnie the Moocher" . . .

The Eyes and Ears of the World

She (with newspaper): "It says here that the Eskimos use fish-hooks for money."

He: "Gee! It must be tough on their wives getting fish-hooks out of hubby's pocket while he's sleeping."

She: "Oh, well the nights are six months long up there, dearie."

A DOG'S SACRIFICE

Among the warriors of our race
In Grand Valhalla's hall,
A warrior dog will take his place—
The greatest of them all
His valor at its knightly cost
Saved two and twenty lives;
In doing this his own he lost—
Mere gratitude survives.

The roaring blaze was surging high
In wild Manhattan's lane;
The scorching flames were sweeping by
And death was like to reign.
But yet, that scourge did not long stay;
The cloak of fate was furled;
But he who saved that bitter day
Has left our mortal world.

For "Prince" had lived a soldier's life
In German trenches grey;
He knew the wage of acrid strife—
The perils of the fray.
When taken captive by the "Yanks"
To Brooklyn he was brought,
But still remembered well the ranks
And lessons war had taught.

By fumes resembling battle smoke
Was "Prince" aroused today,
And thought of shot and shell awoke
Reflections of the fray.
Perhaps he paused; the rule had been
To wait 'till masks were donned;
But then he dashed through smoke and din
To keep his duty's bond.

He raced across the burning rooms
Across the blazing floor;
And through great clouds of blinding fumes
He left the flaming door.
With yelp and bark he reached the street
His voice a whining note;
He found a copper on his beat
And seized him by the coat.

With bleeding feet and bursting head
He jerked with might and main;
And by the coat the cop he led
Unto his home again.
They crossed the smouldering entry hall
And climbed the blazing stair;
They dodged around the flaming wall,
Though filled with gaseous air.

Mid torrid heat and roasting scorch
They both together toiled
And e'er the fire had reached the porch
The plots of fate were foiled.
In working midst that loathsome air
They covered all three floors,
And thus the twenty lodgers there
Were carried out of doors.

With added strength the veteran cur
Tugged frantically once more,
And led the marvelled officer
Within the house next door.
'Twas drenched with smoke, but not ablaze
But still he did not wince,
But plunging bravely through the daze,
The copper followed "Prince."

Relaxed, unconscious from the smell
They viewed a fallen lass;
The copper raised her; then he fell—
His lungs, too, full of gas.
Then "Prince" in danger left the din
Both fire and smoke he braved;
A new policeman he led in,
And girl and man were saved.

So thus it was that "Prince's" trust
Saved two and twenty lives;
But still he knows that work he must,
And through the smoke he dives.
The engines now are under way;
The flames will soon be out;—
But where's the saviour of the day
And what is he about?

They found him in a lower flat
When all the flames were gone,
Beneath the bed, a mother cat
With kittens, newly born;
And stretched before them, dead, serene
Our "Prince" had met his doom.
As if to shield them like a screen
From vapors in the room.

SWIMMING

The swimming season is now in full swing, Coach Coutts having sixty-nine candidates working out over at the tank. Due to the loss of Glenn Churchill, who was to have been captain, Billy Hyland, and Mort Silverman, and also to the presence of only three letter-men, prospects are not so good as they have been in past years.

"Bob" Richey has been elected to the captaincy in place of Churchill, and he, with George Ware, and Paul Meehan are the only veterans upon whom Coach Coutts can rely.

The squad is made up mostly of freshmen, who are "green" now, but who are expected to develop rapidly into swimmers of first class ability.

The most promising recruits are as follows: (in the distance events) Bill Murray, Fred Wiggin, and Bob Swartout; (in the breast stroke) Henry Kaplan, Bill Flanigan, and Roger Bernhardt; (in the 50-yard swim) Jack Mathews, and George Kilman; (in diving) Henry Kaplan, Bob Malone, and Paul Frank.

Last year's team had an extremely successful season, winning all meets except the competitions with Brown freshmen, Dartmouth freshmen, and Huntington Preparatory School. As a satisfactory climax, they recaptured the Meehan Trophy from Gardiner.

The high light of the season will be, of course, the "George R. Meehan School Boy Championship Meet," held under the auspices of the New England Amateur Athletic Association. Brookline has been victorious in ten of the twelve meets. In 1921, the trophy was won by Huntington, and in 1930 by Gardiner High. Otherwise B. H. S. has an unbroken string of victories and we hope this year's aggregation will add one more to the list.

Read This

The eyes and ears of the world

Are you all relaxed . . . such noise i these here corridors lately . . see you i Boston . . . Robert Hall claims that cement mixer is a thing you mix cemen with . . . and did you se him all dresse up to take his pictures . . . Mr. Kepne says that at the time of Washingto the parties in Philadelphia were bette than the parties in New York . . . see heah (a most appropriate place) . . Selma Leavitt is the proud owner of a ice-chest . . . twenty cubes, no more, n less . . . that 's where she gets her frigid air . . . potatoes are cheaper . . . tomatoes are cheaper . . . and now a new feature . . . Beatrice Barefax' column o love and sentiment . . .

Q. Dear Miss Barefax—

The boys don't want to come t my house. Do you think it's because o my glasses? —Worried

A. Yes, why don't you try bigge glasses.

* * * *

Q. Dear Miss Barefax—

I am a young woman of forty-three. Mother only lets me see Oswald every Thursday night. How can I see him more often? —Perturbed

A. Get rid of your mother.

* * * *

Q. Dear Miss Barefax—

My sweetheart has just jilted me . . . . how do you think I feel?

—Anxious

A. If you don't know, what makes you think I do?

If this colym appears to be short t's no fault of the writer—for the powers that be have censored it.

Once again a poem adorns our colym: Read it and chuckle:

Blessings on thee little man
Such sweet innocence as thine
Is for other eyes than Mine
For the heart sophisticate
Shrinks to see thy pending fate

SMART SAYINGS OF THE SCHOLARS

From the History class: Cromwell was thrown from his horse, suffered a fracture of the Feudal System and died of it.

English class: Ostracized is when an ostrich sticks his head in the sand when he thinks someone is coming.

Heredity is a bad thing and it ought to be prevented.

Latin class: Muti nullum honorem habent in locis ubi noti sunt.

Many men have no honor in places where they swim.

Geography class: The general direc tion of the Alps is straight up.

EXCHANGES

Sooner Cub, Norman, Oklahoma. Find a great deal of originality in your title. It certainly gives you many opportunities for unusual column heads.

The Jaw Wags

The season's greetings, my children.

The deeds of one of the most venerable our 1931 alumni have not as yet en reported. Bill Mackenzie has been ploiting his executive ability as president of the B. P. P. U. (Boston Pavement unding Union)

Yey! Hurray! and other ejaculations exultation. At last "Slapstick," :der of the "trulla."

By means of our most perfect system espionage, we have learned that Howie wenstien gets a haircut on his face ery so often. It must take a sawmill clip around that mass of timber he ries around on his physiognomy.

† † †

Don't you just love the way Jean Les- wrinkles her nose when she laughs? makes you feel like a leper, or somen'.

† † †

The way that Urrows guy contributes the German Club party! A born kerage shark, that's what.

† † †

When does Doro Fisher intend to stop ing? She and Smitty's brother, rby, must chum together. There muth a thtop to thith. Gosh! We've ght it ourthelveth!

† † †

ings we're not sure of:

Our marks—Is "Jaw Wags" humor g)?—The thin ice at the Public Gar- s—Did we study all those books we ged home before vacation.

Whew: mid-years. The gathering gale exams gaineth force in the distance. ly a fortnight and it will be upon us all its fury.

r friends have all entreated us to express ourselves in verse — to state that ' we're pretty punk we can't be a worse. Amen! ! : .

* * *

We hear that Dot Smith has swell ves and a rosy complexion. She got m directly from riding around with best driver in Masachusetts, namely —— S———.

* * *

It is believed that if Arthur Hind of- ed his $50,000 stamp on market today could undoubtedly sell it immediately a large profit.

* * * *

'Muffy" Hime is still wearing that wl—Why? We wonder why?

THE SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

WHILE THE STORM RAGED

A November gale was raging along the shore. The trees on the coast were bending and creaking in the icy wind. Out on the great deep waves rose to mountain height and broke into white foam with a swishing sound. The wind, moaning in the pines, grew more and more like a human wail as darkness came in. A few lonely gulls slapped their drenched wings and huddled together on the water. Everywhere desolation reigned.

In the Brooks mansion on the hill the rattle of teacups and the chatter of laughing voices shut out the noise of the storm. A cheerful blaze crackled in the library fire-place and cast a ruddy glow on the mahogany and red damask of the room. Several lamps glowed softly through silk shades. Mrs. Brooks was seated near a tea-wagon. Standing in the door-way was a young man of about twenty-five. An older man, in a far corner was toying with a fountain pen.

"Come over and join us, Joe," said Mrs. Brooks to the older man. "Why, I believe you haven't spoken a word to us this afternoon!"

"I've been thinking, Louise," answered Brooks, putting down the pen. "Cephus Cain asked me today if I had ever had the garret of this house gone over. When I told him that we had paid no attention to the third floor since we came two seasons ago, he nodded gravely and gave me some rather startling information."

"What was that?"

"Well, Cephus told me that an old German professor who was reputed to be insane had lived in this house and had used the third floor for a laboratory until his death five years ago. Since that time gossip has spread that there was something horrible in the garret."

"In this house? Oh, I can't spend another night here after hearing news like that. Joe, you must do something about it!"

"I thought I'd go up after dinner and look the place over. I'll bet a cookie it's only rustic superstition."

At this moment the butler, a grizzled veteran of the Rhineland, left his post at the library door and silently vanished into the darkness of the drawing-room. For no apparent reason the eyes of everyone in the room followed him. A momentary silence showed that the storm was still raging outside.

"Uncle Joe," said Don, breaking the silence, "I'm crazy to have a little excitement. May I go up with you and—"

"You certainly may, Don," said Brooks in a tone that almost suggested relief. "I'll be glad to have someone carry my lantern. That will give me the chance to use my gun—er—if it's necessary."

"Joe," anxiously, "Joe, I'd rather not stay down here alone. I'm afraid of that man," nodding toward the door through which the servant gone. "He's so silent and wild-looking." She shuddered.

"Now, Louise, don't allow your imagination to run away with you. I'll phone for Cephus to come over here and stay while we explore the attic." Brooks rose and started across the room toward the telephone.

Slowly, silently the lights in the library faded out, leaving the house in darkness. Mrs. Brooks gasped. There was a definite feeling of nervous tension in the room.

Brooks picked up the phone as if anxious to get in touch with the outside world . . . no answer . . . a moment of silence . . . silence and darkness.

"Hermann!" putting down the phone and calling the butler, "Hermann!" again no answer.

"Oh, I wish we'd never left the city, never come to this awful place!" Mrs. Brooks, completetly unnerved, stood up and set her teacup on the wagon. She was a small, thin woman with graying hair. Her anxious features were distorted by the glow from the dying flames.

"Louise," shouted the man of the house, "I would like you to sit down and compose yourself at once!" He, too, was unnerved.

Tall and slender he was, with the hands of an artist. How nervously he paced the floor, back and forth, back and forth.

Don spoke in a voice so calm that it brought his uncle back to reason. "I suggest that you light one of the lanterns in the shed," he said.

"Yes—of course—the lanterns. Will you—er—come along, too, Don? You see —"

"I refuse to stay alone in this room for a single second!" said the woman, finding her voice again. She was actually trembling with fear and excitement.

How different was the cowering creature from the Mrs. Brooks who, a few days before, had played a losing bridge hand with all the strategy and cool deliberation of a professional expert.

"Come along then," with a gesture of impatience. There was a lull in the tempest outside the door. It became quiet enough to hear all the little creakings and scufflings of the old house. The darkness was oppressive.

Suddenly there came a ray of light from the second story above the staircase in the hall, blinding, vivid, startling. It rippled down the stairs like liquid fire. Three terror-stricken people walked slowly into the hall.

Brooks looked up. Behind the light stood a shadowed figure. He clenched

(Continued on Page Seven)

Jokes

She got plenty—Auntie: "What did little Mary get at the birthday party?"

Mother: "Three books, four handkerchiefs, and the measles."

* * *

Mr. H. (in library): "What are you looking for?"

Mrs. F.: "Adam Bede."

Mr. H.: "Perhaps it rolled under the desk."

* * *

Dear old lady (in curiosity shop): "I suppose that is another of those futuristic paintings which you call art."

Urban shopkeeper: "Excuse me, madam, but that is a mirror."

* * *

Would-be employer: "Have you any references?"

Would-be employee: "Sure here's the letter: To whom it may concern: John Jones worked for us one week, and we're satisfied."

* * *

Customer: "Give me a pound of insect powder."

Druggist: "Do you want to take it with you?"

Customer: "Well, yes; you don't expect me to bring the bug here, do you?"

* * * *

Teacher: "If you subtract 14 from 116, what's the difference?"

Johnny: "Yeah! I think it's a lot of foolishness, too."

* * * *

"Well, sir, my shot-gun let out a roar, and there lay a dead wolf ahead of us."

Bored Listener: "How long had it been dead?"

* * * *

A.: "Silence."

Teacher: "Your answer is as clear as mud."

Pupil: "Well that covers the ground, doesn't it?"

* * * *

Forget school for one afternoon a week. Join the Outing Club for recreation and health.

* * * *

A doctor said to a woman patient: "How old did you say you were?"

"I never mentioned my age." she said, "but as a matter of fact, I've just reached the age of tewnty-one."

"Indeed!" the doctor said, "What detained you?"

* * * *

Young Scotchman: "Gee, Pa, it's awfully hot in this theatre; how about taking me out and buying me an orangeade?"

Daddy Scotchman: "Sh! Willie. Wait 'till the intermission and I will tell you a ghost story that will make you shiver."

* * * *

The only evident race problem in this civilized world is picking winners.

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

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THE IRRITATION OF EDUCATION

By EDWIN R. HARLEY

Every September fourteenth a happy, robust group of boys and girls, their summer's tan still darkening their healthy faces, return from their exciting experiences of the previous summer to a dreaded place . . . school. They come, fresh from their interesting summer activities, to plunge, without preparation, into the dreary monotony of school life. Since they have been accustomed to an exciting life, they refuse to bow submissively to the boredom of education, and, instead, seek pleasure and amusement in other things. Athletics, dances, and the joy of petty clashes with the powers that be, hold their interest for a while, but the day of reckoning soon comes, so that they are forced to choose between the pleasures of a frivolous life, and the consequent results upon their grades, or the drudgery of every-day school tasks.

So it was in my case. I returned from a pleasant summer of exciting misadventures, and tried valiently to master the mysteries of the King's English. The days dragged by, and I soon found myself turning to the other things that were far more pleasant. The football squad enjoyed my presence for a short while, but I soon proved to be a miserable failure. Then the school dances loomed brightly in the horizon. I went to them all, until the dictates of my pocket-book forced me to stop. In the meanwhile, my parents had grown so suspicious of the amount of studying that I seemed to do that I applied myself industriously to the task of appearing to study without actually overworking my brain. My one object in life was to pass, and that, with the least effort.

Then, finally, the situation grew out of control. Marks became due and I found myself unprepared. I was faced with a real problem . . . the task of presenting my parents with a report card of which I knew they would not be particularly proud. In fact, I had a dull premonition that perhaps they would be slightly annoyed. Few parents can be pleased when a report card decorated with red "E's" stares them blankly in the face.

The fatal day arrived and I dragged myself home with what, I am sure, was the only report of its kind in the school. I entered the house, rehearsing a pleasant little tale and bolstered up my failing courage, prepared for death. Shakily, I stretched forth my hand bearing the "death warrant". The Tempest broke. I was lectured by everyone in the house including my brother, who, God knows, is no *angel* himself, and after weighin the problem in my mind, I decided t turn the way of the righteous and stud . . . . Yes! I said study!

Now you can see me busily porin over my books, scribbling math example and writing themes. But the leaf tha has supposedly turned has a tendency *t blow back upon it previous surface, an* since I am bored with the writing o this piece of "literature" my thought are a million miles away, all because i is grouped under that terrible name o home work. I never did like hom work, nohow.

ASSEMBLY NOISES

Brookline High School has a custom *peculiar* to itself, that during the assembly period everyone spontaneously takes part. Those on the stage speak in stentorian tones, those in the orchestra pit furnish audible music, but the audience performs constantly. Three wise men enter bearing gifts—a titter from the gallery; the orchestra leader raises his baton—several would-be leaders in the back of the hall raise sundry pieces of paper. An announcement concerning prize speaking is made from the platform —try-outs for dramatics have evidently begun in the audience. So it goes.

We appreciate the earnest effort each one puts into his work; for he is trying to keep up the school's reputation. And yet when the assembly period ends he is too tired to recite the next period!

A stranger to the school might call this a unique form of self-expression. May we suggest, though, that it is not quite courteous to provide our own entertainment when others are trying to provide it for us. Let us strive to improve these excellent assembly periods by giving our complete attention at all times.

A POET'S TROUBLES

By PAUL PIERRE HOCHBERG

While Hank Perkins, editor of a small town newspaper, was reclining in his office, a young man entered his private sanctum with an opening and slamming of a door.

"Are you the editor," asked the stranger.

"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"

"Of course," replied the editor.

"Then read that," demanded the flustered youth, thrusting an envelope into the hands of the editor.

"B——," said Perkins as he tried to

"That's not a 'B'. It's an 'S'," said the man.

spell it.

"S? oh yes, I see! Well, the words look a bit like 'Salt for Dinner' or 'Souls of Sinners'."

"No, sir," replied the poet, "that's my name, Samuel H. Somner."

"I called to talk to you about that poem of mine you printed the other day on the 'Surcease of Sorrow'."

"I don't remember it," replied the editor.

"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the title of "Smearcase Tomorrow." The way that poem was mutilated was simply terrible. I'll show you."

"Go ahead," said the editor.

"The first two lines when I wrote them were:

Lying by a weeping willow.
Underneath a gentle slope.

"And you wrote them:

Lying to a weeping widow.
He induced her to elope."

"I'm sorry," said the editor. "But—."

"But look at the fourth verse." said the poet, "It's still worse. What I said was:

Cast thy pearls before the swine,
And lose them in the dirt.

"You wrote:

Cast thy pills before the sunrise,
And lose them if they hurt.

"Take the fifth verse," cried the poet. "I wrote:

Take away the jingling money,
It is only glittering dross.

"You wrote:

Take away the gibbering monkeys,
On a shimmering horse.

"Here is the last:

I, weary of the tossing ocean
As it heaves.

"You wrote:

I am wearing out my trousers,
Till they're open at the knees."

"Come in tomorrow," said the editor, and tell the one who is to blame."

PRIZE SPEAKING DRAWS LARGE CROW

(Continued from Page One)

former selections. "The Bombardment by Amy Lowell was then recited by Mi ton Levy. This striking piece requir considerable animation to do it wel Christine Adams from her first appea ance made an excellent impression. Sh had selected one of the most humorou episodes from Dickens' "Pickwick P pers", and she entered into the spirit the selection in fine style.

The final selection was superbly give by Paul Rutledge. He had chosen on of the most difficult of all pieces, a excerpt from "A Well Remembere Voice" by Barrie. This required th impersonation of four different chara ters, the gay, dead soldier boy who ha chosen to come back from the beyon to comfort his bereft father, the u comprehending wife, and Dick's youn sweetheart.

Paul made this unusual scene so dr matic and realistic that the audience wi long remember this brilliant presenta tion. His skillful shading of voice an intonation, his diction, his poise, hi sure sense of character, were all worth of the highest praise. It was a fittin climax to one of the most enjoyabl evenings on Prize Speaking ever held i Brookline High.

Mr. Edward Goodnow, the director o the Copley Theatre, M. Ernest Perrin professor of diction at the New Englan Conservatory of Music and at the Con servatory of Paris, and Miss Rebeka Hobbs, Director of the Professiona Players, were the judges. They too plenty of time for deliberation durin which the orchestra rendered severa new selections to the delight of the wai ing audience. When Mr. Ringer finall introduced Mr. Goodnow as chairma of the judges, the audience was quit ready for the decision. Mr. Goodnow, former B. H. S. boy, kept the audienc in further suspense by some humorou reminiscent remarks of former Priz Speaking contests, after which he an nounced that the judges were unanimou in their choice of the winners,— Pau Rutledge and Christine Adams. The also wished honorable mention to go t Myron Wallace, Martha Turner, an Bruce Ehrman.

BASKETBALL TO BE MAJOR SPORT AT BROOKLINE

If you were to visit our gymnasium any of these days, you would see a group of diligent boys scurrying here and there dribbling, passing, and shooting basketballs. On the shoulders of these boys lies the hopes of Brookline High's future basketball team.

Mr. Bemis with his assistants have been working hard developing and teaching these boys the art of playing basketball. Their efforts have not been fruitless, for if you were to have seen our boys when practice was first called in September and see them now you could not help noticing the marked improvement in their playing. Brookline High is developing a winning basketball team which in two or three more years will be competing among the best of them!

Basketball practice has been run under a system which is both enjoyable and interesting to the participants. Mainly that of organizing teams of the alumni of the many schools which feed Brookline High and having them compete among themselves. The Lincoln alumni captained by Cahill is at the top of the list with six victories and one defeat. Cahill's tireless playing has been an inspiration to his team mates and although good on defense he plays exceptionally well on offense. Broadhurst, who plays forward for Lincoln, is another reason why the Lincoln alumni are where they are. Pierce, getting off to a poor start, is now in second place, through a victory over the Devotion alumni last week. Crowley at forward and Millin, captain of Pierce, at center have played like streaks the whole season. Runkle, captained by Joe Malone, is close to Pierce and will fight the whole way. Lawrence, Heath, and Devotion, captained by William Kee, Ed Fisher, and Hourie Gordon respectively, come next in that order.

The schedule of these games is below:

ALUMNI BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

1931–1932

17	Runkle vs Devotion	9
2	Lawrence vs Heath	9
21	Lincoln vs Pierce	8
10	Runkle vs Lawrence	9
12	Heath vs Lincoln	30
11	Pierce vs Devotion	16
14	Runkle vs Heath	17
26	Lincoln vs Devotion	12
22	Pierce vs Lawrence	24
25	Pierce vs Heath	16
26	Devotion vs Lawrence	28
16	Runkle vs Pierce	17
23	Lincoln vs Lawrence	8
18	Devotion vs Heath	17
22	Runkle vs Devotion	18
0	Lawrence vs Heath	2
12	Lincoln vs Pierce	32
	Runkle vs Lawrence	
23	Heath vs Lincoln	35
28	Pierce vs Devotion	16

Since Coach Hines has made the announcement that he expects to organize a varsity basketball team in two or three years to compete with the other schools, the freshmen must be relied upon for this future team. They have been practicing every day in the gym and also have these alumni teams. Although the daily competition has not as yet brought forth an individual star, the teams have been playing well and the competition with the freshmen is very keen and evenly matched. Since the Devotion alumni are more numerous, they have been divided into two teams, team A and team B, captained by M. Rosnofsky and L. Anderson respectively. Driscoll captained by J. Kipson, has displayed some excellent teamwork and is in the lead Close behind them is Pierce, captained by J. Davidson, and the Devotion A team. Both of these teams are aggressive and fast. The remaining pack contains Heath, captained by Rourke, Devotion B, and Runkle, captained by Philip Ford.

The freshman team returns are below:

8	Runkle vs Devotion A	7
14	Driscoll vs Heath	7
8	Devotion B vs Pierce	14
9	Runkle vs Driscoll	15
21	Heath vs Devotion B	4
3	Runkle vs Heath	8
12	Pierce vs Devotion A	11
18	Devotion A vs Devotion B	6
11	Pierce vs Driscoll	13
20	Devotion A vs Heath	8

MARSHAL MEETING

By Norma Marcus

The monthly meeting of the marshals **was held Tuesday**, January 12, in the Auditorium. The business of the meeting was brief.

Milton Paisner, the Captain, first checked up on any marshals who were flunking subjects.

Secondly, Norma Nasmyth was elected as representative of the freshman class to the Teacher-Student Council.

It was also necessary to fill in some vacancies on the force left by marshals dropped because of their failures in studies. Suggestions were made by the marshals of each class. This list is to be subjected to the approval of the Teacher-Student Council.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY

Mr. Gifford opened the assembly by reading the following written by President Lowell of Harvard College: "Twenty-five per cent of the entering class enjoy their freshman year so much that they repeat it."

Miss Leavitt, the sister of Dr. Leavitt who honored us by his presence at our assembly a few weeks ago, was our guest and presented us with a very interesting account of the construction of music, illustrated a variety of fascinating musical illustrations. According to Miss Leavitt, music is in reality a form of conversation. We hear (1) the subject, (2) the response, (3) the rejoinder, and (4) the conclusion. She next compared a composer to an architect. The composer builds his musical house of tunes, each tune representing a room. Miss Leavitt played the theme of "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms," clothed by Mozart, Choppin, and a French composer, all of whose styles might be compared to the varying styles of architecture. Miss Leavitt then played "The House That Jack Built," in which we tried to recognize the number of rooms, and the style. Miss Leavitt's charming story of the language of music made a very entertaining and instructive assembly.

NEWTON TRACKSTERS BEAT BROOKLINE

The high jump, another upset, was won by Allan Schwartz over Johnson of Newton at 5 feet, 8 inches. Bob Hall and Ralph Plotkin tied for third. Schwartz is the best high jumper Brookline has seen in years, with the possible exception of last year's Fred Varney.

The Broad Jump was taken by Johnson of Newton with the Plotkin boys taking second and third. The distance: 10 feet, 1 inch.

Captain Joe Enright showed his versitality in winning the 600-yard run and finishing third in the 1,000. Eddie Rae ran a beautiful race in the 1,000 only to be beaten by Fitzgerald of Newton in close finish.

To climax the afternoon, the relay was the deciding factor of the meet. Brookline gave a poor showing against the Newtonians, Sloane, Bradley,Tusher, and Cahill, due to the absence of Paisner and Cohen, as has been stated.

Brookline now looks forward to meeting Newton here next Saturday. With the team on its own track, it can easily overcome that three point lead and give Newton her first defeat in 40 dual meets.

FIRST AID COURSE STARTS THURSDAY

New Feature to be Sponsored by Red Cross

More opportunities are being offered to us here at the Brookline High School every day. Beginning February 4, at 1:30 P. M., a First Aid Course with weekly meetings will be given to those who wish it.

Dr. George Johnson of the Red Cross, a lecturer on First Aid to the Injured will be here from 1:30 till 3:00 every Thursday afternoon during February, March, April, and May.

This course is open to any boys, girls, or teachers who wish to take it. Dr. Johnson gives these pectures also to policemen, firemen, and traffic men, all of whom are required to have this knowledge. Because of their important positions, he especially invites Marshals to join the class. At the end of the course an examination is given. All who pass this test may receive a certificate; those over 16 years of age, an adult certificate; those under, a junior certificate. As his time is valuable, 15 or 20 members must be present; otherwise Dr. Johnson will not give the course.

SENIORS WIN INTERCLASS MEET FROM JUNIORS 33–28

(Continued from Page One)

stride, when they were both inches from the tape; Trainer with a mightly effort managed to cross the finish line a scant ¼ of an inch in front of Paisner. The last of the track events was the 45-yard finals, the "300" and "relay" being omitted. This race, like all those preceding, was very close. It was won by Stanley Cohen, followed by Sam Levine, with third place going to Ray Perkins. The time was 5 1/5 seconds, while the track events were taking place Bob Hall upheld the honor of the seniors by taking second place in every event. The shot put was won by Swartz; second place went to Hall, and third to Sam Lourie, veteran shot putter, rotund and smiling, but not in his best form. In the next event, the high jump Swartz, junior star, again took first place, with second taken by Hall, third place going to Plotkin. The broad jump, the last event was won by Plotkin. Bob Hall was second and Plotkin third.

So as the sun set in the west, already high up in the heavens stars were starting to twinkle just as here in our gym the stars of Eddie Rae, star thousand man, Py Trainer star of the "600" second to one man, captain of our track team Joe Enright, who did not perform because of leg injuries, not to forget Swartz, Hall, and Plotkin all field-event stars also remembering Milt Paisner, star hurdler. It will be these stars who will guide us victoriously through the mass of smoke and flame which constitutes all our track-meets from Newton, wearers of the orange and black, to Andover where the multi-colored banners of the cream of New England schools shall be overcome.

OUTING CLUB

We wish that every girl who is at all interested in sports could have come with us, Thursday, January 14. The members of the Outing Club had the pleasure of a visit to the Bouvé School of Physical Education, in Jamaica Plain.

We arrived in time to see the end of a basketball game at the school. We were interested to find that in this game four girls acted as referees and two were umpires. The instructor asked many questions of the players, not giving them much time to think. To such questions as "What was wrong there?" the quick response of the pupil astonished us.

As the game progressed, we noticed that two of our former B. H. S. students, Elinor Pike and Mary McDonald are attending this school.

The gym costume used at Bouvé is especially attractive. It consists of light blue tunics, white blouses with short sleeves, long black stockings, and white sneakers.

As the Outing Club left the school, we were sure that there are many other girls at B. H. S. who would have enjoyed the afternoon as much as we did. Why not join us on our next meeting?

ASSEMBLY JANUARY 6

The first assembly of the new year was on a vitally important question. Shall we or shall we not have Dramatics this year? Miss Hannon presented the case clearly to the student body. She said that Dramatics would definitely not be given this year without the complete support of the students. Whether or not the students desire Dramatics will be found out by home room representatives who, in turn, will report to the class presidents.

Miss Hannon also pointed out that, as most of us know, Dramatics is not given merely as a school activity; it is given to put three or more boys through their freshman year in college. Naturally, in times of depression their need is even more urgent, and Miss Hannon feels strongly that the boys ought to be given their chance.

At the beginning of her talk Miss Hannon reminded the students of Prize Speaking which is coming January 15. She expressed the desire that there would be a large and courteous audience to enjoy the fine program which has been prepared.

Mr. Ringer, in closing, questioned some attacks that had been made on our school spirit, saying that when it came to a crisis he had never, as yet, found it lacking. He considered Dramatics to have a fine objective and, to put it colloquially, he felt confident that we would be able "to put it across."

The second senior class meeting was held in the Auditorium on Tuesday, December 22, for the purpose of deciding many important points concerning the Year Book and the class dues.

Robert Hall, president of the class, brought the meeting to order and conducted the election for the class photographer. Due to the merit of the work, and the reasonableness of the price, Purdy was chosen for the official class photographer.

The president introduced Mr. Hollingworth who said that in order to have a year book, $1,000 must be raised. A two-dollar leather cover book was voted

(Continued on Page Eight)

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EXCHANGES

Corinth Independent — Corinth High School, Corinth, Ky. Your paper seems to be a combination of a magazine and a real newspaper. Why not make it definitely one or the other? We would suggest bolder headlines and larger type for a newspaper.

New Hampton Manitou—New Hampton School, New Hampshire. Why not have your Exchanges in one column? We notice that you have criticized several papers for lack of humor and jokes, and suggest that the same lack may be found in your paper.

The Argus—Classical High School, Worcester, Massachusetts. Enjoyed every bit of your magazine and found it to be quite complete. Wish to congratulate you upon the exceptional talent found in your literary columns.

New Hampton Manitou, New Hampton, N. H. Why scatter your alumni notes all over the paper? Suggest one column.

LIBRARY LINES

The exhibit on book making was lent to the library by Little, Brown Co. With it are many old books which were lent by the Public Library, among them a fac-simile of the first edition of Shakspere's plays. There are very few originals and these are almost priceless. There are also clay tablets from Babylon, horn books, and children's old books. Be sure to see this interesting exhibit, especially the students of printing who will be interested in the type used in these old books.

If you want to cut figures on the ice or if you just want to skate well, consult the library. Or perhaps you would like to jump with those skiis of yours? Again consult the library.

The plans for the new library have gone through, so that in one more year we shall be enjoying the new library in Shailer Hall.

(Continued on Page Eight)

May We Reserve A Seat For You—FREE?

What are you going to do after you graduate? If your plans are not definitely settled or if you are still on the fence, we urge you to reserve a seat NOW for a special lecture to be held in our auditorium on Friday, February 19, 1932, at 8 P. M. on

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A WOODWORKING SHOP

Let us take an example in a very simple and small shop — our own. The equipment consists of that which we have outlined above, with the exception of an extra buffing head. The table for both the circular saw and planer was made from hard wood. The reason for being able to get along with so few tools, lies in the remarkable adaptability of the machinery to various tasks. We shall illustrate with the buffing head (simply a revolving axle with threads on both ends). Attach a buffer and you can polish silver, brass, copper, etc.; put on a carborendum wheel and you can grind iron, steel, and glass, sharpen chisels, drills, knives, and even sandpaper wood in a pinch; screw on a chuck and you can drill wood, sheet metal or steel. We have drilled a hole in ¾″ steel axle with a drill purchased in the 10 cent store. Another very good property of a machine shop is the ease with which new tools can be attached to the main shaft.

Let us now look into the more practical side of the question. What may the average boy expect to make in his shop, how much will it cost, and how long will it take. If one is careful in picking up wood here and there, he may be sure that the cost will be insignificant as compared to the results. You will often be surprised at the very good wood to be found in the cellar wood pile; clear-grained pine is not to be despised by any means, after having been cleaned up on the planer; another source of supply is second-hand book cases and table tops. By choosing the pieces judiciously it will be found that a large scar may be made

(Continued from Page 1)

GIRLS' SPORTS

Last Monday the Girls' Gym Team decided that it was about time to choose the captains under whom they would be guided for the remainer of the season. The nominations were: Ann Delano, Jean McKillop, Mary Taylor, Ellin Dowling, Betty Green, and Anne Geohegan. From these the captains were elected, as follows: Ann Delano, Jean McKillop, and Mary Taylor.

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WHILE THE STORM RAGED

(Continued from Page 5)

his fists. Mrs. Brooks saw it, too, and fell into the arms of Don.

Then the front door-bell rang, a natural sound in a house full of strange noises. Don had the presence of mind to lay his unconscious burden gently on the rug and answer the bell. A blast of wind and rain drove a little, old weather-beaten Cape Codder into the hall. The light from the stairs dimly showed Mrs. Brooks's prostrate form and her husband walking unsteadily to her.

"What's wrong here?" snapped Cephus Cain.

"Look! Look up there!" cried Don.

At this moment the lights came on again. At the head of the stairs stood the butler with a lighted lantern in his hand. When the lights had gone off, Hermann had gone to his quarters upstairs for a lantern. It was this light, blinding after the darkness, that had terrified the group in the library.

Mrs. Brooks was revived and laid on a couch in the drawing-room. Cephus removed the dripping oilskin from his back and handed it to the butler who left the room, taking the unfortunate lantern with him. Brooks lighted a briar pipe to soothe his jarred nerves.

"I'm right sorry this had to happen, Mr. Brooks, sir," said Cephus in an effort to be comforting. "Like as not there wasn't no truth to the rumors about the garret. These folks that gossip a good deal don't have much to do with truth.The more talk, sir, the less truth." Cephus lowered his voice as unconsciously as Mrs. Brooks had done. "But the Dutchman you've got for hired help, he's enough to scare a tough old sea captain. What makes him stare so?"

Outside the storm had gathered force again. The freezing wind tore up and down the beach, snapping limbs from the bare trees, skimming salt from the surface of the waves, roaring and howling in the pines. The breakers pounded on the beach, each higher than the one before it, as the tide came in. All the forces of the storm, all the Titanic furies seemed gathered to perform upon the stupendous instruments of the infernal regions in the mad symphony of the elements. They might have been mocking the poor creatures in the house on the hill who were afraid of the dark.

Mr. Brooks cleared his throat to answer Cephus's question. "Yes, Cain, Hermann is strange. He lived here for years. I understand, in attendance on the old professor. I guess the old fellow rather got on his nerves. He begged to stay here after we bought the place. He's far from normal, poor chap. You know it doesn't pay to let yourself become too upset by your surroundings."

Mrs. Brooks, from her position on the couch, turned and smiled at her sage and philosophic husband. Out in the kitchen Hermann smiled, too, and blew out the lantern. NORMAN E. HUNT

BASKETBALL

Under the able guidance of Mr. Bemis, basketball is fast becoming a prominent feature in Brookline sporting annals. Several teams, composed of the alumni of the various grammar schools, have been organized, and are beginning a spirited competition at the gym. Captains have not yet been elected, but the selections will probably take place before the end of the week.

Three games were played last Monday. Runkle beat Devotion 17 to 9. Heath defeated Lawrence 9 to 2, and Lincoln out-played Pierce 21 to 8. The teams will compete during the rest of December and most of January.

The freshman have also organized alumni teams of which Jipson has already been elected to captain the Driscoll five.

Alumni Basketball Schedule
1931—1932

DECEMBER

Mon., 14—Runkle 17 vs. Devotion 9
" 14—Lawrence 2 vs. Heath 9
" 14—Lincoln 21 vs. Pierce 8
Thurs., 17—Runkle vs. Lawrence
" 17—Heath vs. Lincoln
" 17—Pierce vs. Devotion
Mon., 21—Runkle vs. Heath
" 21—Lincoln vs. Devotion
" 21—Pierce vs. Lawrence

JANUARY

Mon., 4—Runkle vs. Lincoln
" 4—Pierce vs. Heath
" 4—Devotion vs. Lawrence
Thurs., 7—Runkle vs. Pierce
" 7—Lincoln vs. Lawrence
" 7—Devotion vs. Heath
Mon., 11—Runkle vs. Devotion
" 11—Lawrence vs. Heath
" 11—Lincoln vs. Pierce
Thurs., 14—Runkle vs. Lawrence
" 14—Heath vs. Lincoln
" 14—Pierce vs. Devotion
Mon., 18—Runkle vs. Heath
" 18—Lincoln vs. Devotion
" 18—Pierce vs. Lawrence
Thurs., 21—Runkle vs. Lincoln
" 21—Pierce vs. Heath
" 21—Devotion vs. Lawrence
Mon., 25—Runkle vs. Pierce
" 25—Lincoln vs. Lawrence
" 25—Devotion vs. Heath

FRESHMAN

DECEMBER

Tues., 15—Runkle vs. Devotion A
Wed., 16—Driscoll vs. Heath
" 16—Devotion B vs. Pierce
Tues., 22—Runkle vs. Driscoll

JANUARY

Tues., 5—Heath vs. Devotion B.
Wed., 6—Pierce vs. Devotion A
Tues., 12—Runkle vs. Heath
Wed., 13—Devotion A vs. Devotion B
" 13—Pierce vs. Driscoll
Tues., 19—Runkle vs. Devotion B
Wed., 20—Pierce vs. Heath
" 20—Devotion A vs. Driscoll
Tues., 26—Runkle vs. Pierce
Wed., 27—Devotion B vs. Driscoll
" 27—Devotion A vs. Heath

FEBRUARY

Tues., 2—Runkle vs. Devotion A.
Wed., 3—Driscoll vs. Heath
Fri., 5—Devotion B vs. Pierce
Tues., 9—Runkle vs. Driscoll
Wed., 10—Heath vs. Devotion B
Fri.. 12—Pierce vs. Devotion A
Tues., 16—Runkle vs. Heath
Wed., 17—Devotion A vs. Devotion B
Fri., 19—Pierce vs. Driscoll
Tues., 23—Runkle vs. Devotion B
Wed., 24—Pierce vs. Heath
Fri., 26—Devotion A vs. Driscoll

MARCH

Tues., 1—Runkle vs. Pierce
Wed., 2—Devotion B vs. Driscoll
Fri. 4—Devotion A vs. Heath

TEACHERS, MOTHERS GIVEN A TEA

The second tea for mothers and teachers of the girls of the four classes was given by the sophomore class on Friday, January 4.

When the mothers and teachers entered, their names on tags were pinned to them so that they might become acquainted with one another.

Bernice Greenspan, who was in charge of the tea introduced Mr. Ringer and Miss Sawyer who gave short welcoming addresses to the mothers. After this Christine Adams sang, accompanied by Dorothy Freed.

Refreshments were served by Jean Leslie and her committee. A general social hour followed. Due to the efforts of Miss Miller, the faculty adviser, and the various committees, the tea was a great success.

WHO'S WHO AND WHERE

Lindsey Brigham, 1931, received the cup presented yearly to the winner of the cross-country run at the Westminster School, Simsbury, Connecticut. Brigham was the captain of last year's track team and former editor-in-chief of THE SAGAMORE.

Betty Greenleaf, the secretary of the class of 1931 and the past president of the Girls' League, is now at Wheaton College.

Chester Litman, last year's class president, is attending Harvard.

At Wellesley College we find Margaret Holt, former assignment editor of THE SAGAMORE, Audrey Price and Maxine Levin, the two previous advertising managers of THE SAG, and Geraldine Chandler, all of the class of 1931.

Esther Sussman, 1931; Ruth Norman. 1931; Lola Johnson, 1930; Leona Moss, 1930; and Eleanor Saxe, 1930; are among the many Brookline High graduates at Radcliffe.

Andrew Madden, 1931, is at Dean Academy this year.

A WOOD-WORKING SHOP

(Continued from Page)

to come in position to be obscured by a shelf; or a number of small holes won't be seen anyway because that side is going to face the wall. One day, some months ago, I decided that a few book shelves would come in very handy on top of my table. I looked around the shop for a couple of slabs of chestnut for the sides. A long piece of ¾" pine served very nicely for the two shelves. I cut up a piece of three ply wood, that the refrigerator had been packed in, for the back. In this manner after two hours had passed I had a very presentable bookcase. The whole piece was then given a a coat of dark oak stain and taken upstairs.

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ROSENBERG TO MANAGE TENNIS TEAM

Plans Stiff Schedule

Abbot Rosenberg, star Brookline football guard known to Mr. Bemis, gym instructor, as "Rosenbaum", was recently appointed to managership of the tennis team. Rosenberg states that during his regime the tennis team will encounter some real competition in order to show their worthiness of Brookline. Rosenberg is well known because of his excellent work on the football team, as well as by virtue of his brilliant showing in alumni basketball, and his appointment as chairman of the class day committee. Abbot has the advantage of popular student backing in his new venture as manager of the tennis team.

Miss Barnes Represents School

Dr. Payson Smith, Commissioner of Education, formed about a month ago a committee for the revision of the curriculm for the public schools in the state of Massachusetts. Mr. Carl Schrader, State Superintenent of Physical Education, is in charge of this work in Physical Education. Miss Bessie Barnes of Brookline is a member of the same committee.

A Sub-Committte on Elementary Schools is meeting in Brookline this week.

Mrs. Brown (after the company had gone): "Johnny, you shouldn't have eaten those preserved fruits. They were put on the table to fill up."

Johnny: "Well, that's what I used 'em for, mother."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

L. XXXVIII, No. 7 BROOKLINE, MASS., FEBRUARY 10, 1932 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

racksters Gain First Victory Over Newton Since '28

Philippa Gets There" To Be This Year's Dramatic Offering

YSTERY FARCE WITH 15 PARTS

VY, ANDLER, HORNE, KOOPMAN MANAGE

Since the school has declared by an erwhelming vote its desire for and llingness to back Scholarship Dra- tics, details about the chosen play are w ready. Tryouts for the parts were d on Tuesday, February 9.

"Phillippa Gets There' 'was chosen by ss Hannon as being the one play of the hundreds she had read which uld fill all our requirements. First all, the play has an excellent story, ich is greatly helped by swiftly-moving dern dialogue. The title is a delib- te camouflage for the mood and theme the story, for, as one may see by look- at the cast of characters, there is no illippa listed. A growing desire in school for a mystery play was seen Miss Hannon, and "Philippa Gets ere" combines all the features of tense stery, comedy, and farce. In the sec- d act, especially, there is much blood thunder, and plenty of breathless itement, while the third act brings erything out just right.

However, it is not for story alone that

(Continued on Page Six)

ASHINGTON PLAY HAS TREAT IN STORE

A historic drama directed by the his- y department will be presented from stage of our auditorium on February h and 18th. This play will be given honor the memory of the "father of country," whose 200th birthday urs this year. An able staff of teach- will coach this production and our endid orchestra will provide the sic.

The cast in part is:

Washington	Robert Hermann
Jefferson	Calhoun Amcrum
Hamilton	Paul Rutledge
Tobias Lear	George Delano
Mason	Leigh Diamond
Martha Washington	Phoebe Hinman
Nellie Custis	Carol Adams
Mrs. Mason	Miriam Hurwith
Mrs. Carter	Mary Weer
Miss Lee	Madeline L'Engle
Mr. Custis	Richard Harding
Mr. Lee	Irving Cohen
Mr. Langdon	Harry Mahakian

(Continued on Page Six)

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR YEAR BOOK OUT

Can You Help In Advertising

Here's another item to write down on your budget. Cards for subscription to the Year Book are being given and now to the Seniors in exchange for $2.00 and before long subscriptions for the paper covered volumes can be obtained for $1.50. The members of the Committee are coming to your home room with the blanks which can be filled out so easily and with so little trouble.

The Year Book Committee has been working for the last few weeks counting the "Who's Who" ballot and the results are said to be both surprising and interesting. To whom is the Year Book to be dedicated on this, its tenth anniversary. What new and amusing features are to added in 1932? What are your friends' ambitions and favorite occupations? These are just a few of the fascinating questions answerable at the end of the year, on Class Day and not before.

Seriously though, Advertising is important and since the Year Book is run not only by the Committee but by the seniors and the school, don't hesitate to help in the advertising. If you know stores and business concerns that may be interested in advertising, get advertising blanks from Mr. Hollingsworth in Room 31 and go after those ads. You won't be disappointed if you help the Year Book. Perhaps a Year Book may be given to the one who brings in a sufficient number of ads. Do your bit!

SWARTZ GATHERS EIGHT POINTS

At the annual Northeastern Schoolboy meet on Saturday, Jan. 30, Brookline took fifth place, beating Newton High by one-sixth point. Brookline gathered 9 points with Alan Swartz taking 8 of these and Capt. Joe Enright capturing the other point in the 600-yd. run.

Swartz was the real star of the meet. With a jump of 5 ft. 11½ in. he broke the meet record of 5 ft. 11 in. No doubt before the season is over he will do 6 ft. or more. His nearest competitor in this event was Donovan who reached 5 ft. 9½ in. Probably it would have been quite a different story only for the fact that the shot-put and high jump occurred at the same time. After taking a jump, Swartz would hustle over to the

(Continued on Page Six)

Thrilling Relay Race Decides Meet In Last Few Minutes

SENIOR DANCE TO BE AT DRISCOLL HALL

After much time and discussion on the part of the committee and much curiosity on the part of the students interested, the great decision concerning the Senior Social has been made.

The Senior Social committee made the announcement that in place of a lengthy entertainment with a short time to dance between the poles in the lunch room, the entire evening will be given over to an informal dance.

The great event is to take place Saturday, February 20, a fitting start for a pleasant vacation. Since the lunch room and Shailer Hall have both proven inadequate, Driscoll Hall will be used. It is a part of the Driscoll School located on Westbourne Terrace near Washington Square. The hall is new, and has a good floor. The reception to Mr. Ringer and Mr. Gifford was held there, and its success was due in a great measure to the surroundings.

As Mr. Ringer mentioned in assembly, the dance will set a standard, if successful, to the future senior classes. It will establish loyalty to tradition, to the school, and to the fellow students. It is an innovation and the success of any future social function rests upon the outcome of the Senior Dance.

The dance has a definite aim, besides being planned for the pleasure of the seniors. It is primarily a money-making matter to cover the numerous expenses of the graduating class including

(Continued on Page Six)

HUNTINGTON MERMEN BEAT BROOKLINE 37–25

In the first meet of the year, owing to the ineligibility of several members of the team Brookline underwent defeat at the hands of Huntington School, at the Huntington Pool, Wednesday, February 3. Brookline captured three firsts, two seconds and four thirds, only to lose a thrilling relay by a scant margin, causing the loss of the meet.

Wiggin and Bernhardt took first places in the backstroke and breaststroke, respectively, while Malone, a freshman, captured first place in the dives. A great deal of credit is due Fred Wiggin for his splendid showing in the backstroke, pressed hard the whole distance by Watson of Huntington. Wiggin, with a final spurt, turned in one of the fastest

(Continued on Page Eight)

SCHWARTZ TALLIES TWICE

By MILTON LEVY

Last Saturday the Brookline Tracksters defeated the Newtonites for the first time in four years in as thrilling a finish as anyone would wish to see.

The first thrill came in the premier event with Milt Paisner just being nipped at the tape by Johnson of Newton. Next followed the 35-yard dash. Stan Cohen furnished his spectacular bit on the program by fighting Sloane to the last ditch but being finally beaten at the tape.

The Red and Blue cleaned up nine points in the next event, the shot put. Brookline's three noted pill tossers, Swartz, Lourie, and Hall proved to be too much for the Newton representatives. Again the crowd was in an uproar, this time over the finish of the "300" as Cohen was forced to be content with a tie for third with Sloane of Newton.

Alan Swartz again demonstrated his supremacy in the high-jump by capturing first place with Johnson of the Orange and Black taking second while Bob Hall and the Plotkin brothers, Ralph and Tod, each snatched a third of a point. Next followed the "600" with Captain Joe Enright leading the field and his teammate Milt Paisner finishing a close third.

By this time the score stood 27½ for Coach Hines's men and 26½ for the followers of Von Enoch. Feeling ran high as the tumultuous gathering went inside for the broad jump. Here Johnson took initial honors with a leap of 9 feet 10¼ inches with the Plotkin brothers lose at his heels garnered four points for Brookline. Then came the "1,000". Fitzgerald took a first, the inimitable

(Continued on Page Six)

COMMITTEE ON VISUAL INSTRUCTION APPOINTED

Mr. Caverly has appointed Mr. Jewett chairman of a committee on Visual Instruction. Other members of the committee are Mr. Packard, Mr. Kepner, Mr. Murphy, principal of the Heath School, and Mr. Ringer, principal of the Brookline High School.

Two meetings have been held to discuss the possibilities of using motion pictures in teaching several subjects.

Members of the committee have visited Mr. Abraham Krasker, Director of Visual Instruction in Quincy, and Professor Hennessy, Director of Visual Instruction in Boston.

Read This

SPIRIT OF '34

(The Organ of the Sophomore Class)

EDITORIAL

Recently we heard the word *sophomoric* used in conversation and it wasn't strictly complimentary to sophomores. It might be true that the name 'sophomores' was derived from sophist, but that does not warrant the right to coin words that sling mud at us. If sophomoric means blasé, we nominate for Webster the following:

Senioric: inflated or puffed up.

Junioric: superfluous as excess baggage

Froshus: devoid of common sense and knowledge.

* * * *

Unless Dave Fernandez grows a few inches the girls threaten to go to the movies on Saturady afternoons during next fall. He'd better grow, or the team won't get new uniforms.

* * * *

We have heard that a certain teacher rechristened Mr. Spaulding from Thorndike to Cream-puff. A certain German instructor added these names to our roster: Monkey-Face, Songbird, Sloper, Brick-Top Olsen, Hood's Milk Ryan, and Metropolitan Police Gardner. He also insinuated that Standish Smith belonged in a cage. Imagine!

* * * *

Lately our office has been receiving hundreds of letters asking why George Ware pays Mr. Harbour, our lynx-eyed censor, a visit each morning. In answering our many readers the only statement we can make at present is that he is trying desperately to keep his name out of our column, since he simply detests publicity.

* * * *

The hardest job we know of is the one that the Captain of Marshals (Mr. Paisner) holds on THE SAG staff. He works fiendishly. Ask his assistant.

* * * *

We caught Jordan Cohen reading a horrible book in a study period. It was entitled "Confessions of a General," by C. Julius Cæsar. Let one who knows tell you—it's horrible.

* * * *

Janet Hamilton enjoys dates stuffed with peanuts. At least it sounded that way the other day as she crunched and chewed during the seventh period devant moi. Yeh, society has its seventh period now and then.

* * * *

Lenz and Culbertson talk of their systems. Have you hard of the Ray Rich system? About Christmas time he carries about his personal piece of mistletoe in case any damsel is elusive. It's a system.

GUIDANCE DEPARTMENT

JOHN V. JEWETT, *Director*

In this column the reader will find brief outlines of various careers. These outlines are intended to give information with which the student can start a more detailed study. The Department has in Mr. Jewett's office, a book of 52 Careers, published by the Institue of Research. Each career is displayed in detail and you are urged to visit the office any afternoon to read these valuable descriptions.

Home Economics as a Career

Qualifications:

1. Ability to handle young and old
2. Lecture occasionally
3. Direct projects, discussions and conferences
4. Conduct laboratory work
5. Demonstrate methods clearly and in such a way as to bring out the vital relationship to everyday life
6. Exceptionally healthy
7. Social initiative and organizing ability
8. Executive ability, business sense, skill in buying
9. Scientific type of mind
10. Patience

Preparation:

1. State institutions and vocational schools of home economics
2. Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Psychology, History, Science, English and Art as a foundation
3. Apprenticeship training
4. Graduation from an accredited high school
5. Four year college course for some positions

Advantages:

1. Gain knowledge for the home and the busines world
2. Many fields of work in which they are free from competition with men
3. Natural aptitude for women
4. One of the best fields for part time work
5. Opportunity for abundant human contacts
6. New Field

Disadvantages:

1. Changing conditions of modern life
2. Working with and serving feminine public is narrowing

Opportunities:

1. Home Making
2. Teaching
3. Food and nutrition work
4. Textiles, clothing, and merchandising
5. Research work
6. Social service work

A certain firm had the following legend printed on its salary receipt forms:

"Your salary is your personal business and should not be disclosed to anyone."

The new employee, in signing the receipt added: I won't mention it to anybody; I'm just as ashamed of it as you are."

Qualifications:

Librarianship as a Career

1. Business ability
2. Administrative skill
3. Pleasing personality
4. Courteous and responsive manner
5. Keen intelligence
6. Quickness of perception
7. Accuracy
8. Tolerance
9. Adaptability
10. Resourcefulness
11. Good judgment
12. Persistence
13. Common sense, neatness
14. Genuine interest in books, education and in people of all sorts

Preparation:

1. Highly specialized training
2. Four years of college, followed by at least one year of professional training at an accredited library school
3. Good background in History, American English, foreign literature, foreign languages, Economics, Statistics, Sociology, Psychology, Science.
4. Wide reading interests
5. Courses vary from one to two years in the library schools
6. Special classes in the libraries

Work Requirement:

1. 36–44 hours a week
2. Some require evening and Sunday work
3. 3–4 weeks vacation customary

Power in the Community:

1. Promotes industry
2. Promotes national welfare
3. Promotes local enterprises
4. Individual advancement
5. Mighty social factor

Advantages:

1. Not a crowded profession
2. Demand for more and better qualified workers
3. Broad profession
4. Wide range of choice as to where and how one will serve
5. Unlimited opportunities for service
6. Cultural, broadening, interesting and of significant, practical value
7. Useful, socially
8. Pleasant and congenial surroundings
9. Earn a fair livelihood
10. Might do pioneer work
11. Not affected by periods of depression

Disadvantages:

1. Much of the work is a dull routine
2. Salaries not high, but compare favorably with other occupations requiring like qualifications
3. Salaried employees
4. Little chance to go into work for one's self
5. Few openings in the commerical book publishing and independent research
6. Subject to Civil Service Examination

There's a depression on now—relieve it or not. I hope Rip won't mind.

(Continued on Page Four)

The Jaw Wags

Back again after a veritable mixup i the last issue's columns. It looks as the editor sort of gave us a vacation, bu here we are once more under our rig title. That last bit of chatter probabl belonged to Mister Dean.

* * * *

We just dug up a splendid list things we'd like to know:

* * * *

Whether the track men enjoy the l brary as much as did the footballers.

* * * *

What well known member of th senior class was seen skipping—skippin mind you—down Park Street after Pri Speaking. (We'll give you a hint— was a she, and her initials are C. N.

* * * *

Whether Charlie Nyhan belives i compensation.

* * * *

What three juniors (?) girls spen their study periods gee-gawing and rea ing racy novels. No, you're wron again—Harold Libby is not one of them

* * * *

Why Louie Watson isn't in charge o a few more honor studies.

* * * *

Why the lost and found departmen doesn't get lost.

* * * *

When the depression will be over.

* * * *

Exactly when a certain group wil make up their minds as to the when where, and who of the Senior Prom.

* * * *

Whether Alan Swartz's coupe can hold more then fourteen.

* * * *

What girl thinks Milt Paisner is aw fully "cute." Aw, gee, it wouldn't fair to tell.

* * * *

Who started the coughing epidemic i the assembly.

* * * *

What made Bob Tilden pay his cla dues so promptly.

* * * *

Who posted those pictures in 315.

* * * *

Let those hold your curiosity for while.

* * * *

And, oh, those substitutes!

* * * *

Our new theme song: We would i we could but we can't.

* * * *

Jimmy Mahoney doing the Captai Miles Standish over the telephone.

* * * *

That Lawrence Academy boy present ing two dozen roses to Beverly Potte

* * * *

See you in a fortnight.

FRESHMEN ENTERTAIN AT MOTHERS' TEA

At the Freshman Tea held under the auspices of the faculty advisor, Miss Miller, and the chairman, Myrtle Niccolls, Sarah Cauman, and Elinor Fischer, Feb. 5th at two o'clock, Hannah Carlin gave a violin solo accompanied by Sylvia Robinson. Then Bernice Squires and Norma Nasmyth gave their prize speaking selections. Harriet Kramer sang a song accompanied by Ann McEvoy. Again, with the accompaniment of Sylvia Robinson at the piano, Elinor Fischer did some aesthetic dancing. Anita Devine did a tap dance, accompanied by Hannah Carlin. Harriet Nye, with her mother at the piano, played a 'cello solo. Miss Sawyer had introduced the Girls' League to the Freshman mothers and Mr. Gifford welcomed them.

Refreshments were then served and the rest of the afternoon was devoted to the making of acquaintances between the mothers of the girls and the teachers.

The credit for the carrying out of the party is due to the committees; the tea committee headed by Elinor Fischer; the decorations by Harriet Kramer; receptions, Sarah Cauman and Carolyn Regan; the dishwashing, Frances Russell and Rachel McKnight and the cleanup by Nathalie Redlon.

We feel sure that the party by the Freshmen was enjoyed by everyone, and the upper-classmen are looking forward to giving a party in March.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Monday the Girls' Gym Teams enjoyed the first meet of the season under the supervision of Mrs. Doherty, Miss Pierce and Miss Brower. Miss Pierce organized the teams, allowing the students about fifteen minutes in which to practice at the various pieces of apparatus.

The first event was the face vault at the horse. Ellen Dowling's team won this event with a score of one hundred and thirty-one points.

The mats were used to advantage against the wall for handstands and other exercises. Jean McKillop's team excelled in this event with a score of one hundred and thirty-four points. At the box the girls did corner vaults. Ann Delano's team, minus the captain and half the team showed itself up at the box with a score of one hundred and thirty points. At the ropes the girls had a fine time watching those who could climb and wishing that they, too, could reach the top. Ellen Dowling's team was again fortunate in that every girl could climb to the top.

The meet was rounded out by a game of "Touch it" which was conducted by Miss Pierce and Miss Brower.

The final scores were added and we were satisfied that Ellen Dowling's team carried off the honors of the meet with a score of five hundred and thirty-seven points. Jean's, Ann's and Mary Taylor's teams followed in the given order.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

1	2	3	▨	4	5	6	7		▨	8	9	10
11			12	▨	13			▨	14			
15				16	▨	17		18				
▨	19				20	▨	21					▨
22	▨	23				24	▨	25			▨	26
27	28			▨	29		30			▨	31	
32			▨	33					▨	34		
35		▨	36					▨	37			
	▨	38			▨	39		40			▨	
▨	41				42	▨	43				44	▨
45						46	▨	47				48
49				▨	50		51	▨	52			
53			▨	54					▨	55		

by Jerome Grossman

Horizontal

1. Lair.
4. Within (Latin).
8. A seed vessel.
11. An exclamation.
13. Raw mineral.
14. Method.
15. A fool.
17. A river in Siberia.
19. To glide on ice.
21. You (singular) suffer (Latin).
23. Angry.
25. To deface.
27. A rich source.
29. Masculine name.
31. Railway (abbr.)
32. A sack.
33. Sedate.
34. The canal connecting two of the Great Lakes.
35. A term used in printing.
36. Pieces of sculpture.
37. A shower.
38. Evil (French).
39. A feminine name.
41. A German university.
43. A Hebrew month.
45. A European country.
47. A reward.
49. Merely.
50. A Roman numeral.
52. The capital of Peru
53. Eastern school yard (abbr.)
54. Made of jet.
55. Nickname for Edward.

Vertical

1. Diminuitive for Daniel.
2. Ancient country of Greece.
3. A city of China.
5. A negative.
6. To attempt.
7. A blade of grass.
8. To place (French).
9. Short poems.
10. Gods (Latin).
12. A trap.
14. A city of Italy.
16. Yukon territory of America (abbr.)
18. A wanderer.
20. States (French).
22. A color.
24. To exult.
26. A city of France.
28. Already (Latin).
30. A series of names.
31. King (French).
33. A Roman Dictator.
34. A famous sultan of Egypt and Syria.
36. Fragrant.
37. A noisy festivity.
38. Like a man.
40. A personal pronoun.
41. Fowls.
42. One of the Great Lakes.
44. Title.
45. A female deer.
46. A bag.
48. Boy.
51. A personal pronoun.

Murmurings

T'is murmured in the far off distance that Roger Bernhardt has more than a casual interest in his neighbor down stairs, the neighbor, none other than Frances Ford. All of which makes us wonder if all those masculine callers are for Roger or Frances.

Eleanor Gordon seems rather busy these days. It seems these boys just won't leave our pretty girls alone.

Gratis

"Fun for the kiddies: news for the parents."

Midyears are over and the rest is history....the swanks "Check and double check" only need to have one picture taken........we've been requested to have more news in this column, but news requires time and time marches on........if the patients were........well the Red Cross might have more in the First Aid Course ....a champion is always worthy of recognition........congratulations to Alan Schwarz........there's still something to look forward to........finals and graduation ....Ned Perkins and "Tootsie" Weinstein have swell fun playing "Hide and Go Seek"........we did have fun while Mr. Magurke was here........and all these pictures of the Senior Class........many a room looks like a Rogue's Gallery of front and side views........"The Finger Points of the Week"........Edythe still hangs around Pauline....in school........yes, it's a long walk home........lest we forget are you relaxed?........Nosey Aronson met his Waterloo on the nite of Rutledge's victory .... You ought to hear Eddie Rae croon........à la champagne, a slip in French by our well known man about town............

Here are things we can't omit........ these winter sport shoes........good old Col. L. I. Stoopnagle and his unsurpassed John Bop........Walter's as is........ the good old maestro, Brother Bernie of the Alpha Sigma chapter of Sigma Phi Delta........"Good Old Sam"........where have we heard that before?........News Flash....Beatrice Barefax will be back soon........George has swell fun stepping on yellow shoes........and now they go in for a penthouse........well, some people have a funny idea that Sing Sing is one ....at last it's here: "Be Kind to Turtles Week"........our motto: "Man that shell for dear old Princeton"........well, my mother wants to use the phone........ (where have we heard that before).

NEWTON SOPHOMORES DEFEAT BROOKLINE

A Freshman track team, under the watching eye of Mr. Bemis, journeyed to Newton on Friday, Jan. 29, to compete with Newton Sophomores. Jimmie Hines was the real outstanding star of the meet. Hines gathered points in the high jump, the shot-put, the 220 yard dash and the relay. Other Brookline scorers were: Goldberg and Winer in the shot-put, Wolf in the broad jump, Biend and Lipson in the 220 and 100-yard dashes, and Anderson in the high jump.

The final score was Brookline 26 and Newton 35. There is a great deal of promising material in the freshman group, which will take the place of the graduating members of the track team.

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Tuesday from November to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2, office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. No copy accepted later than the Friday preceding the day of publication.

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VOL. XXXVIII FEBRUARY 10, 1932 NUMBER 7

WHAT IS A DIPLOMA?

(From the Detroit Free Press)

"A contract for the task ahead; not a receipt for work already done," a former Ohio State Director of Education told a graduating class at Ohio State University the other day.

Tut, tut! A college diploma is Open Sesame to a life of ease, wealth and luxury, a bit of sheepskin that needs only be shaken in Fortune's face to admit the diplomat to the Hall of Fame. If he desires to be president of a bank, all he has to do is to walk into a meeting of the directors and unroll his parchment before their admiring and responsive eyes; if he prefers to be President of the United States, all that is necessary to obtain the acclamation of the electorate is to display to it this evidence of erudition. Ask any recipient of a diploma, while the ink is yet wet upon it.

Ask him again ten years later, "Oh, that's what I got when I graduated." Ask him to tell you what it says and the chances are ten to one that he can't, if it is writtten in Latin. A college diploma to him is a souvenir of four happy years on the campus. That's all.

The fact that it is a covenant between him and the future seldom occurs to the young man who frames a diploma and hangs it on the wall of his den. Why should it? The inscription is all wrong: if it is a contract, why does it not say so? All that ours said, as we recall it, was that having completed the prescribed course of studies at such a college for such a degree, we had been given the degree, with the love and approbation of the distinguished pundits whose names were subscribed thereto. Or words to that effect.

A diploma ought to be a promissory note executed by its recipient, that he will go out into the world and to the best of his ability become a credit to his Alma Mater and to the parents who may have gone without in order that he might have an easier road through life than they had, a useful citizen of the State and a living justification of the trouble and expense devoted to providing him with an education.

THE GLEE CLUB

Numerous queries made to Mr. Joslin concerning the Glee Club are answered in the following: A glee club consisting of girls alone meets Thursday the fourth period, and the following period is taken up by a glee club of boys. One for boys and girls is to be held Wednesday, period four. This is not to be regarded as a social gathering. The way to secure membership in any of these glee clubs is to apply to your studyroom teacher of that period, get a slip from her, and attend the meeting. Have Mr. Joslin sign the slip and return it to your study-room teacher. It is hoped that our glee clubs will be a success. Will you do your part and join one?

GUIDANCE DEPARTMENT

(Continued from Page Two)

Salaries:

1. $1,500 a year for a graduate from an accredited library school
2. $1,800 to $2,000 after two or three years
3. High executive and administrative positions pay from $2,500 to $3,000, sometimes $5,000
4. Head librarians of large public libraries receive from $4,000 to $10,000
5. Graduates from public library training schools without college training receive lower salaries at the beginning but advance in five or six years to $2,000

JOURNEY INTO DEATH

By HODEE WALDSTEIN

It was evening. I was reading in the lamplight. But soon the book fell from my hands and my thoughts turned to Alden. Why, I cannot tell. He had been dead for more than three years now and, though we had been great friends; it was very seldom of late that I recalled him.

Howbeit, I was thinking of him sadly, remembering the splendid fellow he had been. I sighed deeply and murmured his name: "Alden."

"Hello," came an answer. Without surprise, I looked up and saw him standing by my chair. He sat down on the arm, as of old, and we started to converse. It never occurred to me that he was only a ghost. After a time, he suddenly slapped his knee.

"Oh! I almost forgot! I have something for you. Look here." And he took from his pocket a bottle which appeared like a tongue of flame. I raised my eyebrows in inquiry. He said, "If you drink from this, I can show you things that you never dreamed existed." Unhesitatingly, I put the mouth of the flask to my lips and drank. It was a silver liquid and it was cool with a coolness of unearthly origin. I closed my eyes the better to hold the sensation close to me. When I opened them, he was waiting for me. Yet he did not move. Finally he said. "Once you start out with me, you will never return. . ."

It was in the nature of a challenge. But I answered with a shrug, "Is it of such beauty here that one should regret the leaving of it?" With a slow smile he shook his head in the negative.

Suddenly I was aware of a loud hacking sound, I turned my head in the direction from which it came and saw only the clock. But as I looked, I noticed that the pendulum was unusually sharp and that a fat, perspiring little man was swinging it as one would an axe. Beneath it slipped a thread of fire, vibrating like the string of a harp. At each blow he struck I saw a bit of the flaming line die, leaving a frozen ash behind it. And still the burning track moved on and the ghastly ash piled up. Bewildered, I turned to my friend. He told me, "That is Time, the butcher. He kills the Present to supply meat for the Past, his one and only customer." I shuddered.

By now it had grown quite dark. Alden took my hand and we started to walk. The walls of the house faded before us and we were on a long stony path. We walked on and on and I could see nothing. But soon my heart grew heavy within me and my life and my soul became likewise. I told my companion of this. We stopped and I yielded up to him my heart, my life, and my soul. These he held in his left hand and he guided me with his right. We moved on again, but all around I saw naught else save the blackness which seemed like velvet tapestry hung on all sides.

Suddenly he stumbled and fell and dropped on to the hard red earth the burden he was carrying. A silver beam of light fell upon the ground and showed me there my heart, all battered. And I remarked that my soul was a white liquid in a black bottle; but the bottle was in bits and the ghostly fluid was soaking into the ground. I saw also my life lying there, a broken staff. When I looked up for Alden, he was gone. I knelt there in despair and my knees were wet with the spilled whiteness of my soul; and cut with the shattered bottle till they bled. My tears flowed down like a shower of crystal beads from a broken necklace.

At last I painfully rose to my feet and walked on in the darkness, leaning on the staff of my life, but carrying my heart. The brief gleam of light had disappeared and the dark was even deeper than before. Without a guide, I stumbled on, groaning. And no one was there to hear me.

Of a sudden the obscurity changed to a dazzling brilliance. At first I was cheered, though I soon found that it was worse than the pitchy dark. Driven by some unseen force, I continued on my difficult way. Now my heart was weighing heavy on my hands and my staff no longer supported me. But my eyes were becoming accustomed to the light and I found that it was simply ordinary daylight. I looked around me. My gaze fell upon a mist which covered the place and hid it from my sight.

Now the weight of my heart was unbearable. In my distress I cried aloud. And someone whom I did not know came to me out of the fog and said, "I will carry those things for you." Gratefully I gave him the load that troubled me so sorely. Then we two walked forth together. But he did not take my hand, so that I moved alone.

The turmoil was over. Somehow the road was easier. I could not see my comrade perfectly because of the mist, yet I felt that he was good. We advanced tranquilly. Soon he drew closer and said in a low tone, "You did not give me your soul."

I responded without looking at him, "No. I stumbled and fell, back there. My soul was spilled along the ground. I could not pick it up quickly enough, so I lost it." And he said very quietly, "Oh."

Again we moved on. After some time I saw to one side a great furnace burning. It fascinated me. I wanted something that I might cast into it. So finally I turned to my unknown friend and demanded my life from him. He would not give it to me when I told him why I wished it. But I refused to move another step, until finally he returned to me the dried, snapped-off stick which was my life.

(Continued on Page Seven)

Jokes

Teacher: "Now, Mary, can you tell to which family the gorilla belongs?"

Mary: "No, miss, we have only lived our flat a month and dor know the ghbors."

* * * *

Tommy, who had heard a great deal ɔut the unemployment situation, came ne from kindergarten one day and an- unced: "I don't have to go to school norrow, mother. I'm laid off till Mon- ."

* * * *

Boy: "Will you help me get my ther out of a mud puddle? He is in to his ankles."

Farmer: "Just a minute and I'll help ."

Boy: "Well, hurry up!"

Farmer: "He's only in up to his ankles 't he?"

Boy: "Yes, but he's in head first!"

* * * *

'When you learn to read." promised cle Jack, "I'll give you a good story k."

'If you'd give me the book first, sighed le Elsie, "I'd learn to read much er."

* * * *

WHEN DID BOOKKEEPING BECOME A CRIME?

ir Walter Scott, in lending a book day to a friend, cautioned him to be ctual in returning it. "For, though ny of my friends are bad arithme- ns," said the poet, in apology, "I erve almost all of them are good kkeepers."

* * * *

Wife: "I sometimes wish you'd give a little money without my having ask for it."

Husband: "I sometimes wish you'd e me the chance."

* * * *

Customer: "Oh dear, no! I simply ld not walk a step in shoes that ch like that."

tore Clerk: "I'm sorry madam; but 've tried on all our different styles. se shoes are the ones which you e wearing when you came in."

* * * *

ittle Miles had coaxed his mother all rning to be allowed to go in the car h his daddy. At last mother had he might go if he would sit still not make any noise. After a few ments the child turned to his mother said: "Mama, if I get a cold, can I ver?"

THE SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

RICARDO, THE MISER

(Story of Christmas in P. R.)

By LAURA RIVERA

The only reason the jolly "aguinaldo" singers visited the home of Ricardo Noran was that he had a pretty daughter, Rosario. Certainly they expected but a poor feast and an even poorer welcome from Ricardo. Yet year after year the "aguinaldo" singers included his "bohio" for they considered it worth the visit to see Rosario smile.

Ricardo Noran was a miser. In a secret place he buried every cent he could save. He was never known to make merry. Each year, as the holiday season approached, Ricardo wore a gloomier face. What a pain it caused him to prepare the customary Christmas feast!

"Why do those miserable singers come here at all," he growled. "Certainly I don't want them. Money is too precious to throw away for refreshments to be eaten by those greedy fellows. Aha, an idea! I shall fool them! This time I shall have no 'dulces' at all."

"Oh, father! It is only once a year! It is the custom of our country," Rosario pleaded.

At last the season of the "aguinaldos" again arrives. For a time men forget their cares and troubles and join together in unselfish celebration . . . There they go, all the happy company, up hill and down hill, through valleys, along narrow paths and obscure trails, bringing good cheer to every home in the mountain district. All the musicians of the countryside are with them playing their "tipless," "cuatros," guitars, "quicharos," and many who can not play, rattle away noisily with their drums.

Now they enter the home of a prosperous farmer. How the women, girls and children beam and smile: "Bienvenidos!" Come in, come in! Welcome one and all. The feast is spread. On with the songs and dancing. And in they troup, every one of them, filling the house so that the joyous noise spills over and floods the sunny air outside with Christmas cheer. Finally with many a shout of "Adios, Senores" they move off along the trail to the next place . . . .

This next place was the unpopular "bahio" of Ricardo Noran. "Shall we go once more or shall we pass him by? Come let us go on. But don't forget the charming Rosario, the prettiest girl in the land! Shall we sing her no song of cheer?"

"Ah, yes! Poor Rosario. We must go to the "bahio" for her sake at least.

So they drew near Ricardo's door singing as loudly as possible in order to tease the old man. But when they looked inside, they saw no sign of holiday cheer. The room was dark and bare. Ricardo was not at home. Rosario and her mother were doing some crocheting. The merry voices stilled before this scene of sadness. Rosario marks this season, and start to "thrash kind friends," she said, "no suitable welcome awaits you here. Mother and I can only say, 'A Merry Christmas to you all!' "

"Where is your father?" asked the

"He is working in the yautia field," answered Rosario.

"Where is the yautia field, Rosario?" inquired the leader sternly.

"Just over the hill," she replied.

"Good-bye, then," he said.

They had not gone far when Rosario could see them draw together to listen to the leader. He was waving his arm vehemently and at intervals his hearers laughed heartily. She saw them remove the saddle from one of the horses, and wondered what these hilarious fellows were planning. Soon they disappeared around the hill.

Ricardo was stooping over his big yautia plants, thinking about the excellent price their roots would bring in the market at Coamo. Suddenly he was seized from behind by strong arms. Before he had time to look, he was tightly blindfolded. Before he had time to struggle, his hands were securely tied. And before he had time to think, he was hoisted backwards onto some kind of animal. There he was firmly secured.

All this took place in a second. Many eager helpers had aided in the pleasant task of capturing the miser; but the merry-makers were very careful not to talk, for they did not wish their victim to guess what was happening to him. The leader was the sole spokesman.

"Where am I? Where am I?" cried Ricardo. "Let me go this instant, I tell you."

"Be quiet," said the leader in deep sepulchral tones. His listeners had to keep their hands pressed over their mouths in order to keep from betraying themselves with their laughter.

"It is of no use for you to struggle, miserable man. And, why should we have pity on you?" demanded the spokesman. "Did you ever do a kind deed to anyone? Did you ever have a single generous thought? Did your heart ever fill with unselfish goodwill toward your neighbors at Christmas time. The earth is quite well off without you."

Under these terrible charges Ricardo quaked and moaned anew. "Let me go back to earth," he pleaded. "I have some money buried and I want to get it."

"Oh, wicked man, do you not know there is no money in the place where you are going?" Ricardo heard this to his greatest dismay and remained silent. His tormentors made the horse trot down steep, rocky places. "Mercy, mercy!" he cried. "The way to hell is a rough one," answered the Spirit.

Up hill, and down hill they went, always over the roughest part of the road that they could find. Suddenly, the motion stopped. Everything was deathly silent, and Ricardo was lifted from the horse by hands that were anything but gentle. He was half carried, half dragged along. Without warning he was plunged up to his very neck in some kind of hot liquid, probably boiling oil, he thought.

Then, indeed, did his screams rend the air. "Oh, I shall die!" "Silence!" roared the Spirit's voice. "You cannot die for you are already dead!" The awfulness of these words struck Ricardo into utter dumbness. The watchers of this extremely funny scene almost burst with restrained laughter. It was tremendously amusing to see the ludicrous miser, sitting in the middle of one of the ancient baths of Coamo.

"Oh, Spirit!" he pleaded, "Let me return to earth and I will promise to do exactly as you command during the rest of my life."

"Would you stop your miserly habits? Would you be a loving husband and a kind father? Would you be generous toward your neighbors? Would you rebuild your old house? Would you prepare a Christmas feast? Would you dig up your hidden money and use it for good purposes? Tell me, will you mend your ways?" It was a large program but Ricardo promised everything.

He was pulled out of the hot bath, mounted upon the skinny horse and the return journey was commenced. He was lifted and set upon the ground. After a struggle, he freed himself from the bonds and found out that he was sitting in his yautia patch. He returned home and started his reformation by greeting his wife and daughter with a smile.

And may it be added that when the aguinaldo singers came to Ricardo's new home they found a splendid feast and a hearty welcome.

All this happened long, long ago in the vicinity of Coamo Springs, but it is still said among the people there, that the healing waters of the famous baths never effected a more thorough cure than that of Ricardo, the miser.

EXCHANGES

The Sooner Cub—Norman, Oklahoma. Excellent little newspaper! Especially enjoyed your enditorials.

The Record—North High School, Worcester. Your magazine is well put together and most interesting. Find your "What to Read" column delightful.

The Central Recorder—Springfield, Mo. Your paper could be much better balanced. As an example, may we cite your December 21st issue?

The Tufts Weekly—Tufts College, Boston, Massachusetts. Enjoyed your new column "What of It?". Hope to see it continued in future issues.

TRACK TEAM DEFEATS NEWTON BY 77½ to 76½

(Continued from Page One)

Eddie Rae a second, and our versatile Captain Joe Enright, a third.

The final feature of the day came with a thrilling surprise in the form of a victory for the Red and Blue in the relay. This noteworthy array was composed of Lincoln Moss, Bob Hall, "Pie" Trainer, and Stan Cohen opposing the Newton stalwarts, Sloane, Cusumano, Tuscher, and Cahill. Just before the event was run off, the score was announced as 36½ to 35½ in favor of the Newtonites. This meant that if Brookline won the relay race, she would win this meet 40½ to 36½, and, coupled with the one held at Newton two weeks ago where the home team led by three points, the final score would read 77½ in favor of the Red and Blue to the 76½ of the Orange and Black.

To start off right Lincoln Moss won the toss and thus the pole. He timed the gun to the fraction of a second and beat Sloane prettily to the first corner. In his anxiety to catch Moss, "Daug" lost his footing on the second turn but, recovering instantly, started pursuit of the sophomore. Still the latter proved his mettle by holding the lead and handed over to his team-mate Bob Hall, a thirty-yard advantage. With grim determination Bob proceeded to maintain it, and had added another valuable five yards on surrendering the baton to "Pie" Trainer. This man raced around the track like fury, but Tuscher of Newton was equally desperate and had slightly cut down the lead when he handed the stick to his anchor man, Captain Cahill. But as Cohen of Brookline received the baton, he burst away with terrific speed and literally flew past the onlookers like an unleashed blood-hound. As he rounded the last corner, he faded but tenaciously held on till he broke the tape thus winning the meet for the Red and Blue.

The boys and Coach Hines deserve to be highly congratulated on their fine showing in defeating the Newton forces and breaking that team's string of victories lasting over a period of four years.

WASHINGTON PLAY

(Continued from Page One)

A group from the Daughters of the American Revolution as well as a group of veterans will attend. It is hoped that by the courteous attention of all as well as by the splendid entertainment our distinguished guests will gain a favorable impression of the school.

The second act, where the scene is laid in a drawing-room at Mt. Vernon, includes a Minuet and a Virginia Reel.

This program will be presented during the regular assembly periods on Wednesday and Thursday and will provide unusual entertainment for all.

Alan Swartz

TRACK TEAM

(Continued from Page One)

shot put. With the knowledge that he must place high in both events if Brookline were to have any chance, this surely was an extra burden, to have to compete in two events at the same time. In the shot-put the Brookline star took second place with a heave of more than 46 ft. As he has done 49 ft. in practice, we may look forward to his making a better showing, if possible, in future meets.

Capt. Joe Enright was the only other scorer for Brookline. Enright did well to place in the event, edging out runners of better recognition by sheer grit. It is to be remembered that this is Capt. Enright's first season running on the "boards."

Brookline has a well-rounded team with many individual stars who have performed exceedingly well to date. We now look forward to see them have a very successful season on the track.

B I A

Will you be with us on Feb. 19?

What are you going to do after you graduate? If your plans are not definitely settled or if you are still on the fence, we urge you to reserve a seat NOW for a special lecture to be held in our auditorium on Friday, February 19, 1932, at 8 P. M. on

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DRAMATICS

(Continued from Page One)

"Philippa Gets There" was chosen. The
are eleven leading rôles to be distribute
and four minor parts. The leads are w
divided between girls and boys, and
ages and nationalities are represented
the cast. A great deal, but not too muc
is demanded of our actors, for M
Hannon has seen to it that the characte
are interesting without being comple
All the action of the play takes place
the same place, so that the scenery d
mands but one set. This set, an elab
ate one, will have to be hired, but w
even so be much less expensive than t
three or four scenes that most plays d
mand. This, and the fact that costum
are modern and need not be rente
should mean a definite increase in t
net profit available for the Scholarshi
which are the purpose of Dramatics.

The student leaders already chosen f
Dramatics are Milton Levy, Busine
Manager; Maxwell Andler, Publicit
Leslie Horne, Stage Manager; and Ric
ard Koopman, in charge of Lightin
After the tryouts, winners of the pa
will be announced before the end of t
week. Rehearsals will begin immediat
and will continue all through the comi
vacation. Miss Hannon is determin
that April 1 will find a prefessiona
prepared cast ready to put on an exc
lent play before a large and sympathe
audience.

SENIOR DANCE

(Continued from Page One)

the financing of Class Day, the gift
the school, the support of Teacher-S
dent Council, and various incidentals.

Among the patronesses who so gen
ously help to make a pleasant eveni
will be Miss Sawyer, Miss Pease, M
Caverly, Mrs. Gifford, and Mrs. Ring
Invitations have also been extended
the mothers of the committee membe

One of the great attractions is Char
Richardson's six-piece orchestra whi
has been highly recommended.

So that the hall will not be ov
crowded, there will be a limited numb
of tickets on sale, so buy YOURS i
mediately. They are on sale at the tick
office each day at two o'clock. The pri
is $1.50 a couple.

Remember this is Mr. Ringer's fi
opportunity to see a Brookline Hi
School social function sponsored by o
of the classes, and the success of t
event depends upon the student body.

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R Colyum

Another issue, another colyum with more observations to make you all glad that this is just the beginning of a *neu year!*

* * * *

We note that our rivals' colyum, *Gratis,* was conspicuous *from* the Christmas issue by its absence. Can it be that *they* have run out of suitable humor?

* * * *

INTIMATE FACTS ABOUT INTIMATE PEOPLE

Eddie Hearn, noted Argentine, has not patched up his quarrel with Connie Southgate yet. It's almost two months now, Eddie.

* * * *

Eleanor Pierce can still smile after disturbing the residents of Tappan Street by expressing her feelings in a penetrating soprano voice which announced to an unsuspecting world that she just "adored" riding in rumble seats on freezing mornings.

* * * *

Very seldom do we make comparisons about people, but we do think that "Rossie" Prentiss would and could take Charlotte Greenwood's place in Hollywood.

* * * *

You all know that Mary Swartout could talk you to death if she so desired. But do you know that she also sings? We won't vouch for this, but her neighbors will.

* * * *

We've met lots of girls here at high school, but Peggy Prendergast is the first girl that I know who implores boys to play football in the Park Street subway so that she may be sure of a seat on the long jaunt to Brookline.

* * * *

I sincerely apologise for a very grave error in my last column—Although Bill Flanagan did walk home from Dot Mc—'s on a certain Sunday, he was not calling upon Dot, but upon her sister, "Millie."

* * * *

I hope this column is published in time to welcome back Eddie Harley who has just made an extended tour of the Southern cities.

* * * *

In the next issue, look for smart history "cracks" by — "Joe" Axelrod — This will be an exclusive R. Colyum Feature — New — Different — Original — Amusing.

* * * *

Selma Leavitt, flashing "that" smile on the well-dressed Jack McGlynn.

Lastly, the "P-R-S" on the blue roadster in which we see Buster Gutman, future track star, riding occasionally.

Tony Dean speaking: "Nightie Night!" "All is Well."

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LIBRARY LINES

The Good Companions

A week ago a group of souls
Did make a steep ascent,
Each one was nearly tired out
As to the top he went.

At last the long, long climb was made,
With sighs of happiness
The party slowly took their seats
Their weary bones to rest.

A vendor soon came up the aisle
With a tempting kind of sweet,
But we bought ours at Fanny's store,
A kind that can't be beat.

The "Dinky Doos" almost collapsed,
When to their aid there came
A comely maid of thirty-nine;
Once more they played the game.

At last success had met this troupe
And they were on the top,
When to their show a sadness came
For they now had to stop.

Some uncouth men had entered in
To try to break the show;
With cabbage and with rotten eggs
They dealt a wicked blow.

A modern "Sherlock Holmes" was he
Who tracked the culprits down.
He put his cap of thinking on
And went all o'er the town.

The men were found outside the town
And they confessed to all.
The "Good Companions" now broke up
Too final was their fall.

To London went the heroine
And with her Inigo,
And Jess packed up his tools and went
To Canada you know.

Thus did the "Library Staff" enjoy
The "Good Companions" play,
And we all hope to go again
Some other rainy day.

—A. T.

The above poem was inspired by the library theatre party.

Some statistics on circulation for January: 267 more books were circulated than in January of 1931 and 123 more pictures. The library is growing day by day.

JOURNEY INTO DEATH

(Continued from Page Four)

I cast it into the blaze. It flared up, sputtered, and went out; only the fire burned on. Without being aware of it, I floated upwards. I no longer had a body,— I was nothing but a pair of eyes. Far, far below me I saw my comrade standing before the flames with bent head holding my bruised heart between his hands.

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GIRLS' LEAGUE TO HOLD SUPPER

A banquet will be given under the auspices of the Senior members of the Girls' League on Saturday evening, Feb. 13. at 6 o'clock. Seated at the head table will be the special guests of the Seniors: Miss Sawyer and Mr. Ringer; also the officers of the League and the chairman of the committees in charge of the supper. The president of the League, "Jackie" Clark, will make a short address.

Immediately after the supper, there will be presented in the Girls' League Room a burlesque operatic version of Shakespeare's *Macbeth.** The leading members of the cast are: Macbeth, Miriam Hurwitt—Lady Macbeth, Carol Adams—Macduff, Agnes Larkin. Following the play, announcement will be made of the newly elected officers of the League. The room will then be cleared for dancing.

Madeline L'Engle is head chairman of the supper with Hodee Waldstein and Mary Ellen Weir next in charge.

All members of the Girls' League are invited. There will be a small admission fee of fifty cents to the supper.

Hearn, Swarthout, Tilden, Dean, and Ware were seen crossing the Delaware with Washington . . . at Symphony Hall during a Washington Celebration. Aren't you all proud?

SWIMMING

(Continued from Page One)

times recorded this year in the schoolboy ranks. Credit is also due to Bob Malone, a freshman, who put up a fine exhibition of diving to outpoint all other competitors. The breaststroke was all Bernhardt, as he coasted easily into first place. Osgood, another freshman, took second place in the breaststroke.

Bill Murray, the dependable freestyler, took second and third places in the 200 and 100-yard swims. Frank Holland, the Huntington ace, displaying his usual form, easily won these events.

Coach Coutts was greatly pleased

THE SUMMARY

50-yard freestyle: (1) Hopkins (H), (2) Parsons (H), (3) Wein (B)

Dive: (1) Malone (B), (2) Watson (H), (3) Kaplan (B)

200-yard freestyle: (1) Holland (H), (2) Murray (B), (3) Rice (B)

100-yard breaststroke: (1) Bernhardt (B), (2) Osgood (B), (3) Sheehan (H)

100-yard backstroke: (1) Wiggin (B) (2) Watson (H), (3) McCaddo (H)

100-yard freestyle: (1) Holland (H), (2) Colitz (H), (3) Murray (B)

Relay: Huntington (Hopkins, Parsons, Colitz, Watson) (2) Brookline (Kilman, Sulkis, Logue, Wiggin)

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

ol. XXXVIII, No. 8 BROOKLINE, MASS., MARCH 9, 1932 Subscription, One Dollar

NEW STAFF TO TAKE SAGAMORE REINS

ERNHARDT AND MOSS HEAD BOARD

Doris Reimer, Norma Marcus Assignment Editors

At a meeting of the Editorial Board THE SAGAMORE on Monday, February the Editors for 1932 were appointed d new policies for the paper discussed.

There is to be but one Editorial oard, with Roger Bernhardt at its head. e is to be assisted in his editorial duties Lincoln Moss, Doris Reimer and orma Marcus will hold jointly the position of Assignment Editor. Major Asciate Editors are to be Norman Hunt d Anne Wyner, and sports will be vered by Edgar Hirshberg, assisted by e Malone. The position of Business anager, Advertising Manager, and Cirlation Manager have been given to eorge Hartstone, Jerome Grossman, d Eliot Alter respectively. Faculty visers will be, as formerly, Mr. Harur and Mr. Barnes.

Ever since THE SAGAMORE was unded sixty-two years ago under the me of *The Laurel,* it has continued thout a break to be published by stunts of the school. Early last fall it emed as though the Big Chief was omed to die of hardening of the artes. However, from all indications it ms safe to prophecy that it has at

(Continued on Page Six)

OOKLINE MERMEN LOSE TO M. I. T. FRESHMEN

Relay Spells Defeat

n a swimming meet with the first r men of Massachusetts Institute of hnology the Brookline Mermen lost the Relay race. The score at the inning of the relay was Brookline 28 I. T. 26.

n the 200-yard freestyle race, Bill rray of the home team fought with nther of Tech throughout the race, former winning by a final spurt in last stretch.

red Wiggin upheld his sterling rec- of winning every dual backstroke by taking his event handily. Mee-, also of Brookline, took second place the race. Wein and Bernhardt wed up well in the 100-yard freestyle the breaststroke by winning the nts with ease.

he final score was Tech 34, Brook- 28.

(Continued on Page Eight)

TRACK TEAM CAPTURES SECOND IN STATE MEET

SWARTZ, PLOTKIN, COHEN RAE STAR

Duplicating their performances of the previous week, the sterling underclass combination of Alan Swartz and the Plotkin brothers lead the Brookline High track aggregation to a second place in the annual schoolboy State meet at the Boston Garden last Saturday. Amassing a total of 22½ points, the Hinesmen finished a scant ½ point behind Boston English High, which carried off the first honors in the class A competition against the very cream of the high schools of the state.

Alan Swartz again won the high jump with a leap of 5 feet, 10¼ inches, and then tried to break the existing record with the rod six feet. He cleared the bar only to see it fall quivering from the standards after he had landed on the mat, turning the cheers of the crowd into groans of disappointment. The Plotkin brothers came to the fore in the broad jump to take first and third places. Tod jumped 9 feet, 11 inches to beat out Johnson of Newton, while Ralph

(Continued on Page Six)

MASS. STUDENT COUNCILS HOLD ANNUAL CONVENTION

The Associated Body of Student Councils of Massachusetts held its seventh annual conevntion on Saturday, February 20, at the High School of Commerce, in Springfield.

Brookline High School was represented at the meeting by Dorothea Lakson, past vice-president, Norma Marcus, Mr. Gifford, and Roger Bernhardt.

At the election of officers for 1932–1933, Bernhardt was elected president of the association.

The speakers of the morning were: Dr. Z. E. Scott, Superintendent of schools of Springfield; Mr. Jerome Burtt, Principal of the High School of Commerce, Springfield; Miss Margaret Dunlop, Holyoke College and; Dean S. Porter, of Amherst College.

Following a luncheon in the school cafeteria the business meeting was held. Reports were given by the various high schools of the state, which were followed by a discussion as to proposed improvements in the field of student government.

It was decided that the next convention should be held in Fall River, Mass., at the corresponding time next year.

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE PROMISES HUGE SUCCESS

KEELER AN MUIR SAVE MAN FROM DROWNING

TWO BROOKLINE FRESHMEN FIGURE IN RESCUE

During the past vacation an event, which probably few heard of, but worthy of recognition, took place in Leverett Pond, Jamaica Plain. Two Brookline High School freshmen dared the perils of "rotten" ice to be the heros of the rescue of a Brookline man.

The victim, James Mackey, was trapped in a hole 40 feet from the shore. Four young men and a police officer tried in vain to reach the drowning man, but all fell through the thin ice. Efforts to throw a line out failed. The fire department was summoned, since the crowd that had gathered realized that it was folly for any one of weight to crawl onto the ice.

Like the hero of an adventure story Keeler and Muir stepped forward from the gathering, and offered their services. Being rather spare of weight they were given a ladder and a life preserver, and slowly ventured out onto the ice. They crawled very cautiously until finally the ladder reached the drowning man. The

(Continued on Page Eight)

FORD AND BERNHARDT PLAY LEADING ROLES

Miss Louise A. Hannon To Coach Production

While the rest of us have been leisurely enjoying a vacation, Miss Hannon and a group of thirteen students have been making numerous trips to the high school to rehearse "Philippa Gets There" for Dramatics. Of these thirteen, ten have major roles, and three are playing several small parts. The thirteenth, Leslie Horne, has been there constantly to see that the others do not freeze for lack of heat or become sightless for want of light.

Leigh Diamond and Richard Spears play "thugs," stretcher bearers, and picture carriers with equal ease.

Roger Bernhardt, who has the leading role of the play, takes the part of an actor, "Philip Carter," in Acts I and III. But wait till you see him in the second act. It will be a treat such as you never have had before.

Frances Ford, as "Dora Brandon," plays opposite Roger. Miss Ford will be remembered by her creditable performance in last year's production.

Then comes George Hawley, who plays "Lionel Brandon," "Dora's" brother. Among the three of them, "Lionel," "Dora," and "Phil," a riotous succession of fun is provided for the audience.

Eliot Silverman, playing "Ira Brandon," will surprise you with his frequent explosions. If you want to see a typical irate parent, watch Eliot.

"Bernice Brownell," as played by Martha Turner, will cause you some anxiety before she is through with old "Ira." No need to worry about Martha!

Then "Endicott Bying" (Calhoun Ancrum), her friend, will have you biting your fingers. As a first class gentleman, "Bying" is very tame. But look out for —well, you'll see!

The way "Helge," the Swedish maid (Hodee Waldstein), mispronounces his name, causes "Bying" much disgust. "Helge" is too awkward for words: and many sorrowful incidents depend upon that characteristic. You have a surprise in store for you when you see her in the third act.

"Isabel Brandon," tom boy, aged eleven, seems to be the only one in the Brandon household who cares for poor "Helge." Betty MacKenzie will remind you forcibly of your own "kid sister."

(Continued on Page Eight)

Read This

THE SPIRIT OF '34

The organ of the sophomore class

The Observant Citizen

Harpo Hurwitz can talk freely now . . . his arm is out of the sling.* Let Leventhal tell you of the free for all he had with those twenty thugs . . . he's got a four inch gash in his palm. He'll be the most popular guy in town until it heals. Meanwhile he'll improve and cultivate his imagination telling stories.

Review of Reviews

There were a lot of uninvited thugs who were present at the recent SAG porty (perlite for party). At least that's what the feller what paid for the refreshments said. Among the celebrities there were Norman Hunt, George Ware, and Lincoln Moss.

Beckwith is paying me a dime for putting his name here. Are there any more suckers around?

We've heard of the Terror of the Seas and the Napolean of the Beat, but the latest one beats them all. J'ever hear of the Alter of the SAG Room? Try and chisel a SAGAMORE outta him! However, the li'l brat is rather susceptible to the smile of every delectable damsel who happens along. Maybe that explains where the missing twenty copies went last Thursday.

Our Weakly Poem

This epic is dedicated to a fella who's just become somebody overnight. At first this poem told the truth, but it was corrected and more suitable language was used.

NOTE: Don't be afraid to tell lies about this fella. Any change in his reputation will be a distinct improvement.

To Lincoln Moss

He has become an editor now
Lincoln Moss'
He has become a marshal, too
So we hear!
Pretty soon he'll own the school
And they say that he is nobody's fool
Such a guy is Lincoln Moss.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLUB ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

At last week's meeting of the Domestic Science Club the following girls were elected: Mary Massey, President; Ethel Davidson, Vice President; Josephine Hurley, Secretary; Barbara Knapp, Treasurer.

The club welcomed as guests two recent graduates of Brookline High School, Marion Healey of Simmons College and Helen Hurly of the Garland School of Homemaking, which is affiliated with Boston University. These girls spoke about the schools they attend.

---

* Norman Hunt pushes a pencil for THE SAGAMORE now.

Physical Education As A Career

Qualifications:

1. Good health
2. Love for the work
3. Ability to teach knowledge to others
4. Moral and intellectual integrity
5. Initiative
6. Leadership
7. Wholesome, energetic, buoyant, personal sympathy
8 Willingness to work hard
9. Sacrifice time and personal desires to others
10. Realization at all times that you are an example physically, mentally and morally

Advantages:

1. Opportunity to test in advance a liking for the actual work involved
2. Wholesome, enjoyable activities
3. Opporunity for leadership
4. Self-expression
5. Contact with interesting people
6. Substantial livelihood
7. Health and vitality kept vigorous
8. Honor and appreciation from individuals in the community

Disadvantages:

1. Loss of health would tend to unfit the physical director
2. Arduous work
3. Long hours and inconvenient
4. Public favor bitter against one when a team is defeated
5. Positions given to comparatively young people
6 Coach receives much criticism
7 Little opportunity for the accumulation of moderate wealth

Opportunities:

1. Public schools
2. Private schools, colleges, universities
3. Y. M. C. A.'s and Y. W. C .A.'s
4. Clubs, playgrounds, summer camps, settlements, institutions for the defective
5. Receive notoriety as a coach of athletics

Training:

1. Schools. clubs, Y. W. C. A.'s and Y. M. C. A.'s require a high school education with at least a 2 year normal course.
2 Emphasis on psychology
3. 15 units necessary for entry to a normal school
4 2 year courses
5. Educational subjects
6. Public speaking, physiology, sociology, therapeutics
7. Electives good opportunity for cultivation of any desired minor interest
8. Schools in Boston — Bouve School and Nissen School

Salaries:

1. Average in school systems $1,000 to $2,000 a year
2. Chance to secure additional income working evenings
3 Supervisor of physical education in schools receives $3,000 to $6.000
4. Private club directors receive from $3,000 to $5,000
5. In some colleges, coaches receive $7,500 to $20,000
6 Chances to make money lecturing, conducting summer schools, writing for magazines, speak over radio during spare time

---

RELIGIOUS DEVOTION

In this day of speed, rush, and bustle we are depending on machinery to do much of our life's work. One of our main uses of machinery is transportation. The scientific world is in constant search of more efficient and speedier transportation. From day to day automobiles transport us from place to place. Trolley cars, buses and subways do likewise. Large airplanes, railroad trains, and steamships provide for long distance travel in short periods. Our aim is to get from one place to another speedily. Another form of transportation which we find both a necessity and a pleasure is radio, telegraphy and wireless; this kind of transportation is the carrying of ideas from one place to others. Yet, with all these places to go to on which we are so intent, we forget that where we desire to go after all remains but a small detail in our minds. This place which cannot be reached by all our airplanes, railroads, steamships and automobiles is reached by different means.

The way to reach this place has no connection with vehicles of transportation, but with our own characters and deeds. Doing a good turn for the other fellow, living clean lives, and offering worship to Him, are among these vehicles. Why do we continually concentrate on getting from place to place, instead of thinking about the place which is our real goal? By thinking of and planning for this goal, we achieve what we are aiming for during our lifetime. *Heaven is not a geographical place* that we can reach by the best machinery in theh world. The means that we must use is ourselves to get to that place. So, instead of rushing from place to place without any thought whatsoever on heavenly ideas, let us devote more of our time in planning our way to the real Destination.

ROGER F. BURKHARDT

Roger F. Burkhardt, '30, has been elected to the editorial staff of the *Argus*, semi-weekly newspaper of Wesleyan University. Burkhardt is a sophomore and a member of Sigma Nu. He is now a candidate for a position as manager of a spring sport.

Burkhardt was a former editor-in-chief of the Brookline SAGAMORE.

Gratis

Oh . . . here we are, people . . . bringing you the news and whatnot of the school in the way you like to read it . . . And now Jo Axelrod thinks that a locus is a grasshopper . . . heah . . . and now dear Beatrice Barefax is with us again . . .

Q. Dear Miss Barefax — Although I'm quite an entertainer, my efforts don't get any response. Could you help me?
Barbara.

A. Don't exert yourself.

Q. Dear Miss Barefax — I'm young and attractive, but the boys don't ask me out. What can I do?
Miss Sixteen.

A. Learn to play the piano in five easy lessons.

And now for a bit of poetry . . .

We know hundreds and hundreds of boys
But the worst is Archibald Ayer
Who thinks that the eternal triangle
Is something that ladies wear.

A burglar broke into the Sigma Beta Iota meeting last week and a call was made for the police to take the robber into custody . . . it was later discovered that it was the robber who called . . . Eddie says that he doesn't like a large audience either . . . Yes, good old Captain Milt made a 98-yard run in the Newton Game . . . but he didn't catch the guy in front of him . . do you still think he's cute! . . . and now Andy Badaracco thinks that a "pied piper" is an intoxicated plumber" . . .

A STORY OF THE DEPRESSION
Corn flakes and cream
Corn flakes and milk
Corn flakes

. . . oh well! . . . Lou Watson went into a shoe-maker's and asked what could be used for mending shoes.

"Hide," answered the cobbler.

"Why should I hide?" asked Lou.

"Hide, hide the cow's outside," cried the cobbler.

"Well, let him come in, I'm not afraid" said Lou.

. . . it looks like we've said enough . .

THE JUNIOR CLASS MEETING

The meeting of the junior class was held in the auditorium on February 18, at two o'clock.

Roger Bernhardt, the president, announced that a junior prom would be held at the Devotion School on April 30th. The class dues were voted upon, and are to be $.50. There will be no admission price to the dance, but a ticket will be received by everyone who pays his dues.

The committee for the junior social consists of Roger Bernhardt, Norma Marcus, Warren Fox, Eileen McElroy, Marion Phillips, Doris Reimer, Joe Malone, William Lett, Paul Silbert and Frederick Wiggin. The parents of the committee are to be patrons and patronesses for the evening.

MR. KEPNER TO WRITE BOOK IN ABSENCE

Leave of absence for the second half-year has been granted to Mr. P. Tyler Kepner, head of the B. H. S. History Department. During this time his classes will be taken by Miss Bliss and Miss Nichols.

Leave of absence usually means to eachers a chance to travel, and rest from he cares of teaching. Mr. Kepner's absence, however, is for the sole purpose of devoting his time to a work for which everything else must be given up. n collaboration with Professor Harold J. Faulkner of Smith College, Mr. Kepner is planning to write a text-book to be used in the teaching of American Hisory. Professor Faulkner is the author of a college textbook in American Economic History. Recently, he contributed a volume to the "American Life Series," enitled "The Quest for Social Justice," which deals with the period between 898 and 1914.

The contents of the new collaborative book are to be based on the experimental work done in this school in the teaching of American History to non-college diisions. For the past six years the work in these classes has been divided, not into chronological periods, but into six topics each dealing with a different view f history. These topics, on which are to be based the divisions of the new book, re entitled: "America, a Part of the British Empire;" "The Growth of Democracy in America;" "The Industrialiation of America;" "Cultural and Social America;" "America as a World Power;" and "Today's Problems for Americans." In the book there will be frequent cross-references to indicate the onnection of one division with others.

The new plan of teaching history in its various aspects has already been approved by the pupils themselves. Last ear an unsigned questionnaire was submitted to students studying history in on-college divisions. They were asked whether they preferred topical method of teaching or the chronological, which they had had in courses in Modern European History. An overwhelming majority of more than ninety percent declared in avor of the new method.

It is hoped that the material in Mr. Kepner and Professor Faulkner's book will clarify and simplify the teaching of history in secondary schools. If the new work progresses according to schedule, Mr. Kepner expects to be back with us in time for the opening of school next September.

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FIRST AID COURSE

The first of a series of lessons in First Aid was given by Mr. Gordon Johnston in Shailer Hall, Thursday, February 4th. The unexpectedly large attendance necessitated the change from Room 38 to Shailer Hall.

Mr. Johnston showed that First Aid is not a substitute for a doctor but rather aid until the doctor arrives. In other words the purposes of First Aid are as follows:

I. To save life
  a. By stopping bleeding
  b. By starting breathing
II. To prevent further injury
  a. Get person to doctor for better treatment
  b. Keep back crowd
  c. Try to get an ambulance instead of rushing to hospital in an automoblie

Mr. Johnston gave instructions on how to help a person who has fainted, suffered a shock, or has been badly burned. Following this, Mr. Johnston demonstrated eight different kinds of bandages.

There are to be more lessons and at the end of that time both an oral and written examination will be given. Pupils over sixteen, or juniors in High School, who pass the examination will receive a Red Cross First Aid certificate.

Those taking the course are very enthusiastic about it

SPIRIT

The president of Brown University made an address during the past year in which he asserted that school spirit was all "bosh." Maybe he's right, but we hope that he isn't.

There may be fewer do-or-die enthusiasts in any group to-day than there were during the year we entered the war. If so, there's a reason. It may be beneficial, and it may not be.

Very few persons are fanatically loyal to any creed, faith, or idea. We leave well enough alone until someone puts the final straw on the back of the proverbial camel. Some people say that this is good since it allows people to think more for themselves, instead of letting a stereotyped catechism be their code. Others say it promotes loose thinking and false standards of conduct. A lot of us have taken codes and philosophies and abbreviated them for personal use.

We don't become too enthusiastic unless we are pushed; we need more initiative, more self-starters and fewer cranks.

BROOKLINE BEATEN BY PAWTUCKET

On Friday, February 26, the Brookline Swimming Team journeyed to Pawtucket to be beaten by these boys to the tune of 41—21. Brookline took but two firsts, the 200-yard free style and the 100-yard backstroke. In these events, Brookline's "Old Faithfuls," Bill Murray and Fred Wiggin, again showed their class above all competitors. In his event, Murray broke the pool record by four seconds. Here's one to remember: Fred Wiggin has yet to be defeated in the backstroke. He is already one of the best of the backstrokers in the country. He is also a sure bet in the Meehan meet. Murray and Wiggin have another year in high school competition. Both these boys will form the basis of next year's swimming team.

Logue, a freshman, did well to place second in the 50-yard free style. He shows promise and a good deal is to be expected of him next year. Wein and Bernhardt got two more seconds in the 100-yard free style and the 100-yard breaststroke, respectively. Rice picked up a third in the 200-yard free style, and Bob Malone, another in the Dive.

Thursday, March 10, Pawtucket will compete in a return meet at our pool.

ANSWER TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE OF LAST WEEK

Horizontal

1. den
4. intra
8. pod
11. alas
13. are
13. one
14. mode
15. ninny
17. Yenisei
19. spats
21 doles
23. irate
25. mar
27. mine
29. Allan
31. Pry
32. bag
33. staid
34. too
35. em
36. busts
37 rain
38. mal
39. Ethel
41. Halle
43. swan
45. Denmark
47. medal
49. only
50. III
52. Lima
53. E. S. Y.
54. jetty
55. Ned

Vertical

1. Dan
2. Elis
3. Nanking
5. no
6. try
7. reed
8. poser
9. odes
10. dei
12. snare
14. Milan
16. Y. T. A.
18. nomad
20. états
22. amber
24. elate
26. Lyons
28. iam
30. lists
31. roi
33. Lulla
34. Saladin
36. balmy
37. revel
38. manly
40. him
41. hens
42. Erie
44. name
45. doe
46. pit
48. lad
51. it

ASSEMBLY FEBRUARY 10

On February 10th, the two upper classes had the pleasure of being addressed by Mr. Charles A. Hawkes on "How a City Directory Helps" (provided you know how to use it). The speaker explained the organization of the contents of the directory under five different headings: First, the miscellaneous section, containing various lists of useful information; next, the street-and-number section, which consists of an alphabetical arrangement giving by number the location of residences, buildings and vacant lots of the streets; third (the main division) an alphabetical list of all residents; the classified business section—an arrangement of business concerns according to their respective natures; and the last division, the classified advertisements, similarly arranged. Throughout his address, Mr. Hawkes gave instances in which the directory has proved its value.

His somewhat Pickwickian manner and humorous stories made the assembly a spicy one.

GIRLS' LEAGUE NEWS

The freshman members of the Girls' League are planning to hold a play Friday, March 11, in the Girls' League room. Under the capable leadership of Norma Nasmyth, chairman, and Janet Dubinsky, sub-chairman, we are sure the play will be a success. The cast consists of Edith Levine, Charlotte Sherrill, Marie Clarke, Betty Power, Bernice Squires, and others. After the play there will be ping-pong and dancing.

There will be a membership drive during the week of March 7. ALL GIRLS NOT MEMBERS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO JOIN THE LEAGUE. See your homeroom representative.

If you intend staying at school after 1:30, why not play ping-pong in the League room? There are also other amusements.

MISS SCHOBER MARRIED

During the Christmas holidays Miss Schober was married. The place left vacant by her is being capably filled by Miss Kleinberg.

Miss Kleinberg is a native of Boston. She attended Girls' High and was graduated from that school. Afterwards she went to the College of Practical Arts at Boston University. She received her degree of A. B. and is now working for her M. A. at the same college.

Miss Kleinberg has always been interested in German. In college she was most active in the fields in which German played the largest part, (such as the German Clubs.) Miss Kleinberg states that the most agreeable part of her life was one which she spent in Germany. A lively enthusiasm for one's work, such as this, is what makes a good teacher. We wish the new member of our German Department all the success in the world.

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Tuesday from November to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2, office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. No copy accepted later than the Friday preceding the day of publication.

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VOL. XXXVIII MARCH 9, 1932 NUMBER 8

GIVE AND TAKE

Every time a man makes an utterance we judge his opinions; every time he opens his purse, we judge his character. I had the opportunity a few Sundays ago of taking a course in character — in reality, of going on a house-to-house campaign for a foreign charity which, for convenience, I shall call the Near East Relief. Because of the generally hard times, I decided to go only to the wealthier homes of the district, and started out in high hopes.

In my first attempt I was stopped short as I walked boidly up to the entrance of an inviting red brick home, by the sound of a noise coming from an elderly lady in the window of the second story, who demanded to know my errand. She could tell from my badge and little tin box that I hadn't come for a social chat.

"Would you be interested in contributing something to the Near East Relief?" I called back with as much confidence as I could muster in my Romeo-like position.

The lady didn't seem quite to understand. There ensued a few uncomfortable minutes of strained explanation. When, at last, I made myself clear, I was rewarded by a freezing look and a curt, "Sorry, I'm not interested." It didn't really disconcert me much. "She might have rheumatism," I reflected.

The next place was a chalet that looked as if it had been transplanted from a Swiss story book. By the time I reached the door my courage had returned. A fresh-faced little boy greeted me on this occasion — very heartening after my last encounter!

"May I speak to your Daddy, please?" I asked sweetly, having caught a glimpse of that august person, resplendent in a striped bath-robe, talking on the telephone.

"Tell her I'm not in!" was hurled out. I fled.

Philosophizing that the third time never fails, I picked out the most splendid home on the street. The owner was an easy-going, pleasant-looking fellow who impressed me favorably at first sight. There was something about him that encouraged me. I waxed eloquent and he listened, oh, so attentively! Finally, out of breath, I paused to wait for the response.

"Your cause is certainly a worthy one," he agreed, "but there are so many needy charities, especially in these times, that I've made it a rule to be impartial and give to none."

There was but one house left on that side of the street — a plain, New England, thrifty-looking place. By this time my spirits were rather low. Hoping this encounter wouldn't be much worse than the others, I went in.

At first, I thought they must have mistaken me for a long-lost relative by the way they pulled me in and most solicitously asked if I was cold. Shaken but still rallying, I managed to state my reason for the visit and the merits of the cause. The father of the family dug his hand into his pocket and brought forth a great fistful of change.

"Is this enough?" he asked pleasantly.

I was overcome. I could only smile.

SCHOOL SPIRIT

The discussion has arisen recently why, to state it frankly, the students of Brookline High School are lacking in what is known as "school spirit." That this fact is true has been repeatedly demonstrated in the numerous school activities. The students are continuously beset by teachers and other students to buy tickets and subscriptions to the various activities which many would not do of their own volition. To be more specific, speeches had to be given for the cause of THE SAGAMORE, Prize Speaking, football games, and now propaganda for "Dramatics" is being spread.

The question arises why such means of arousing school-spirit are necessary, that is, why the pupils do not support school projects of their own accord. There are many causes, perhaps the most important of which is the change the school itself has taken in regard to its importance in the minds of the pupils. The school and its activities are in many cases subordinated to the outside interests of the students. Two facts must be remembered, that the school is so large that a pupil can not be active in many school projects and that it is situated near a large city with its resulting interests. The extra-curricula activities of the school have keen competition with those of the city and are losing out to great degree.

A possible means of correcting the situation may be in the adoption and carrying out the slogan of Brown University, "A team for every man, and every man on a team." This would, at least, give the assurance that the various activities would be supported. Another suggestion is that any pupil taking four subjects can use a study period each day for his extra-curricula work. Perhaps if directed study-rooms could be given over to the use of worthy pupils for worth-while investigations and extra-curricula studies, the school as a whole might revert to its former position of importance in the minds of the students.

Many such suggestions could be made, but it is the duty of each student's parents to either see to it that a pupil has an active interest in the school beyond his regular studies or has a reasonable substitute for it.

A BOB SLED RIDE

A bob sled ride down the steep, icy mountain slide of Dreamland is dangerous in the extreme. After a long and almost level stretch of smooth, hard-packed snow, there comes a steep incline and your sled plunges head-first over the embankment and down to the next level--a drop of twenty feet. The mountain slope is only a giant's stairway in disguise. At the bottom of the slope is a lake.

Here is a description of a bob sled ride down a two mile mountain side:

The sled is moving. It is gathering speed every second. The driver is reaching the level run. The sled skids. Now it is under control. It drops to the next level. Then it rises. The driver lets go of the wheel, his arms threshing the air, acting as wings. The sled rises higher now, it is directly over the center of the lake, something happens to the driver. The wings collapse and the sled nears the surface of the lake, lights, and glides across the surface in wide sweeps. What a dream!

FRENCH CLUB

The fourth meeting of the French Club took place in the Girls' League room Tuesday afternoon, February sixteenth. The members and faculty advisors were treated with an excellent program. Along with a discussion of the life of Louis Pasteur, the beloved French scientist, presented by Carola Nasmyth, some picturesque slides were shown by Miss Gambrill. The story of President Laval's trip to America was told by Paul Rutledge, and an interesting biography of Thomas Edison, was presented by Hodee Waldstein. President Paul Rutledge then gave a short talk on the Children's Museum in Jamaica Plain, including a description of its newspaper, "Our Hobbies," which he serves as a staff member. After a short discourse on Chopin by Miriam Hurwitt, the guest artist of the day was introduced, who was our alumna, Elly Kassman. Miss Kassman gave a worthy exhibition of her musical talent in playing two Chopin masterpieces. The meeting then adjourned to the lunchroom for refreshments.

Save April 1st and 2nd
For Dramatics

BROOKLINE PLACED SECOND IN ANDOVER MEET

Greatly aided by the noble efforts f Alan Swartz and the famed Plotkin rothers, the Brookline High track squad ok a second place in the annual Anover track meet at Andover last Saturay garnering 19½ points in the competition against some of the leading high chool teams of the State. Boston Engsh High topped the Brookline total by meagre 2½ points to take first honors.

Alan Swartz was the Brookline high orer of the meet, gathering nine points one for the Brookline cause, while e redoubtable Plotkin brothers, Tod d Ralph added seven more points to e Hinesmen's total. Swartz easily won e high jump with a laep of five feet, ght inches, and then made a valient fort to establish a new mark of five et, eleven and one-half inches, a quarr of an inch higher than the existing cord. He got over the bar, but as he as coming down his trunks just brushed off, and the three valuable points he culd have gained for breaking a record ere lost. If he had made this jump, ookline would have won the meet by half a point.

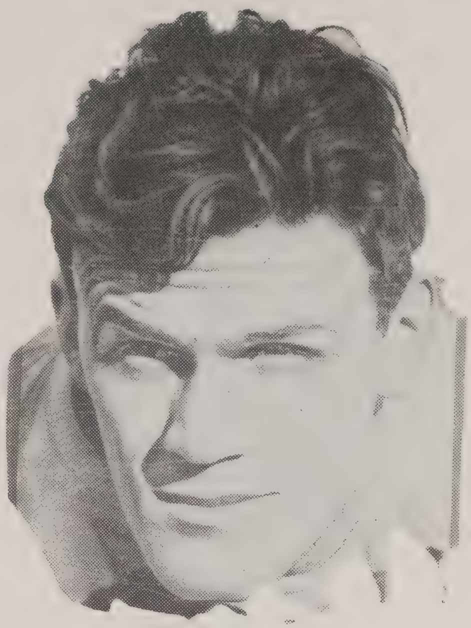
Even after this effort, Swartz was not rough for the day. In the shot-put ent, he heaved the twelve pound ball feet, 7½ inches to tie for first place ith Victor Galinis of English High, ding another four points to the Brooke score.

In the broad jump, Tod Plotkin, who a sophomore, defeated Stanley Johnson Newton, the outstanding favorite to n, with a leap of 10 feet, 7½ inches, ich, was good for first honors, relating the Garden City grasshopper to ond place. Ralph Plotkin was third the event with a bound of 9 feet, ⅞ inches.

The Brookline trackmen did not do well in the running events. Edmund e took a second place in his heat in "thousand" in 2 minutes, 32 4/5 onds, which time was good for fourth nors in the final reckoning. He ran the stance in only one-fifth of a second less an the third place man. Joe Enwright, hough he took second in his heat in six-hundred, failed to earn a point. the forty-yard dash, Stanley Cohen n his heat in 4 4/5 seconds, but in semi-final he tripped and did not get place, Milton Paisner also won his at in the forty-yard hurdles, but failed place in the semi-final.

Newton beat Brookline in the relay e, but the Brookline time, 2 minutes, 2/5 seconds, was good for sixth ace and gave 2½ more points to the oteges of Mr. Hines. The relay comation consisted of Cohen, Enwright, isner, and Hall.

JIM RYAN FORMER SCHOOL STAR CAPTAINS HOLY CROSS ELEVEN



JIM RYAN

Outstanding among the players of the 1931 college football season is one whom we all look upon with great admiration and respect—admiration for his athletic achievements and respect for his character. We all know "Jim" Ryan, captain-elect of the Holy Cross football team, and we are proud to have him as an alumnus of Brookline High School.

"Jim" began his athletic career while at Brookline High School. He played on the freshman team in 1924 and, from the first day he trod the gridiron, it was easily seen that he would "go places" in the football world. Spring of that year found "Jim" as regular back stop on the freshman nine.

In his sophomore and junior years at Brookline, "Jim" made rapid strides on the gridiron as well as on the diamond. In his senior year he was selected as All--Scholastic Tackle and was one of the outstanding school-boy linemen that season. He was also elected captain of the baseball nine. His team finished well in front for the Suburban League Championship.

Following his graduation, "Jim" entered St. John's Preparatory School in Danvers. It was at this institution that "Jim" showed his worth in football, for he not only won a regular berth on this strong eleven, but he actually starred on a team which rated first in the East. Spring at St. John's found "Jim" performing behind the plate as only a veteran could.

"Jim" entered Holy Cross in September, 1928, and continued to win honors on the gridiron as well as on the diamond. Last year he won a regular position at tackle on the varsity eleven. This year he held down the same position on one of the best elevens to represent Holy Cross in recent years. His all around work won him the praise of many prominent sport writers and it was really no surprise to his many Brookline admirers to have him selected as leader of the 1932 eleven.

We are all anxious to see the Holy Cross eleven perform under the leadership of "Jim" Ryan. Needless to say, Holy Cross will be supported by many of his friends, who will follow him to the last white line.

PEGGY WILDER NEW DIVING CHAMP

B. H. S. was recently honored in having "Peggy" Wilder, '33, crowned with the title of New England Junior Diving Champion. The contest was held in the Brookline Pool, February 5, by the B. W. S. A. There was keen competition in the comparatively small pool. The judge, who is "an old hand" at the job, said that he had difficulty in selecting the winner. Of the six girls who entered the contest, two were high school students. The other member of the school was Kathryn Fleming who also deserves considerable praise for her excellent work.

We congratulate the girls on their success.

DARTMOUTH FROSH DEFEAT NATATORS

The Brookline Swimming Team journeyed to Hanover, N. H., Saturday, February 13, to be beaten by the Green cubs to the tune of 49-12. Since this meet was Dartmouth's first seasonal encounter, the teams showed unusual power. Brookline took only one first place the backstroke. Here, the reliable Fred Wiggin continued his splendid performances, winning the event in 1 minute, 12 and 2/5 seconds. The other point winners were: Kaplan, second in the dive; Bernhardt, third in the 100-yard breaststroke; Logue, third in the 50-yard dash; Wein, third in the 100-yard dash; Rice, third in the 200-yard swim.

The summary:

50-yard dash: 1) Ley (D); 2) O'Brien (D); 3) Logue (B). Time: 26 2/5s

100-yard dash: 1) Crouse (D); 2) Orenstein (D); 3) Wein (B). Time: 58 3/5s.

200-yard free style: 1) Spedit (D); 2) Crane (D); Rice (B). Time 2m 20s.

100-yard breaststroke: 1) Atkinson; 2) Barnett (D); 3) Bernhardt (B). Time: 1m 15s.

100-yard backstroke: 1) Wiggin (B); 2) Feingold (D); 3) Specht (D). Time: 1m 22½s.

Diving: 1) Benolds (D); 2) Kaplan (B).

200-yard relay: Won by Dartmouth. Time: 1m 45 4/5 s.

GIRLS' SPORTS

A new plan for avoiding the monotony of playing captain ball all winter has been put into effect, and everyone concerned seems satisfied. For the rest of the year the girls will play volley ball under the leaders who were elected last Tuesday.

The following captains were elected: Jean McKillop, Betty Green, and La Reine Gardner.

The second meet of the Girls' Gym teams was held last Monday proving to be far more interesting than the last one because almost everyone could do the required work.

In the most difficult piece of apparatus, the horizontal ladder, Ellen Dowling's team scored highest with 164 points. The left flank vault was a tie between the teams of Mary Taylor and Anne Delano. These same girls also tied for the swing jump.

The team of Ellen Dowling won the day by securing a victory at the bandstands, thus adding 130 points to their score.

JUNIORS—REMEMBER

JUNIOR PROM—APRIL 30

BROOKLINE TAKES SECOND IN STATE TRACK MEET

(Continued from Page One)

took third with a bound of 9 feet, 9 inches.

Captain Joe Enwright ran a beautiful race in the 600 to capture third place in the event. In his heat, which was won by Joe Murphy of Medford, he stayed with the leaders in the first lap, then dropped behind and appeared out of the running entirely, only to uncork a sprint in the last lap which carried him past the rest of the field to second place. In the fifty-yard dash, Stanley Cohen won his heat in 5 7/10 seconds, and in the final trailed the flying Sloane of Newton by hardly a foot to take second in the event. Eddie Ray ran a fast, steady race in the 1,000 to capture another second for the Brookline cohorts, beating Tanner of English in a thrilling finish for the place.

In the relay, running against Malden and Lawrence, the Brookline quartet consisting of Cohen, Enwright, Paisner, and Hall, placed sixth adding 2½ points to the Brookline total, and finishing the day's activities with 22½ points

GOINGS ON

During the past weeks Brookline has had several representatives attending the various Education Conferences in Washington.

Mr. Caverly attended a meeting of the Department of Superintendents. Mr. Ringer, and Mr. Hall, principal of Lincoln school, attended the meeting of the Department of secondary school principals. Miss Sawyer and Miss Poland attended a meeting of Deans. Mr. Jewett was present at the meeting of Guidance Directors.

The weekly assembly of March 2 was opened in its usual way by Mr. Ringer, who conducted the devotional services and announced afterward that tickets for Dramatics would go on sale March third. Mr. Packard, whom Mr. Ringer then gave charge of the program, explained that the subject on which he was to speak had no titles but might be called "Browsing Around in The Library with An Eye on The Dean." His talk was illustrated by colorful and interesting lantern slides.

Mr. Packard demonstrated clearly by means of his steriopticon views that there are just as many queer and beautiful living things underneath the ocean waves as there are on land. We saw and heard described the vast expanse of ocean in the quiet of mid-day and its pounding fury in the throes of a great tornado. Gulls, fish, living sea oddities and aquatic flowers, curious and intricately formed shells of microscopic size,—all came into our vision, accompanied by Mr. Packard's entertaining comments and explanations. We followed the evolution of the whaling industry and of war and pleasure vessels. Kipling's "flying fishes" were shown in a striking view. After seeing those beautiful creations, one could easily understand how Kipling received his inspiration. We inspected some of the rooms on board one of the great trans-Atlantic liners. Illustrating the latest form of ocean travel, slides were also shown of America's hero, Colonel Lindbergh and his famous "Spirit of St. Louis" were glimpsed. In connection with aeronautics, we viewed also the first German zeppelin and the largest airplane in the world, the "DO-X." Heroism under the water in diving apparatus and submarines took its additional place in the program.

Mr. Packard offered some references for those interested in nature, the sea, and the air; some of those were: *Nature, Curious and Beautiful* by Carr, *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* by Jules Verne, *On the Bottom* by Eads, and some of Leland Stanford's and Temple Ernest's works.

The assembly, besides being beneficial, from an educational viewpoint was one of the most enjoyable of the school year.

GIRL'S LEAGUE SUPPER

A supper meeting was held by the Girls' League on Saturday evening, February 13, as a fitting climax for the 1931-1932 administration.

Supper was served promptly at six o'clock in the lunchroom. The food was most delectably served, and decorated with hatchets, cherry trees, and patriotic colors befitting the impending holiday. Madeline L'Engle, chairman of the affair, acted as toastmistress, presiding over the head table. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ringer, Mr. and Mrs. Gifford, Miss Miller, Miss Boland, Miss Sawyer, and Mrs. Potter. Mr. Ringer gave a short after-dinner speech, after which Mary Clark introduced the members of the head table to the League.

The guests then proceeded to the Girls' League room. Here the annual reports were given by the President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Chairmen of the various committees for the year. The announcements of the new officers, who were elected last week in the home rooms, were made and the new incumbents were greeted with much enthusiasm and applause. The new executive board is as follows: President, Jane McKnight; Vice-President, Barbara Logan; Secretary, Evelyn Lupton; and Treasurer, Eileen McElroy.

The great hit of the evening was the burlesque, operatic version of "Macbeth," entitled "The Three Witches" or "What Happened to Macbeth." The leading players were Miriam Hurwitt as Macbeth, Carol Adams as Lady Macbeth, Hodee Waldstein as Banquo, and Agnes Larkin as MacDuff. These were most ably supported by Carola Nasmyth, Zita MacDonald, Madeline L'Engle, and Mary Ellen Weer. The entire cast is to be commended for its fine spirit and acting.

Dorothy McClellan and Mona Matthews played for the dancing which lasted until half-past nine.

ALUMNI NOTES

Roger K. Smith of the class of '27 was married on February 11 to Miss Helen Evelyn Jochem of Englewood, New Jersey. The wedding took place at the Little Church Around the Corner in New York City.

Chandler S. Hagan-Burger, '29, was elected Business Manager of the Jack-o-Lantern, the Dartmouth publication. Hagen-Burger is a member of the varsity track team and is a member of Green Key, the Dartmouth Junior Honorary society and Psi Upsilon fraternity.

NEW STAFF OF SAGAMORE REPLACES FORMER BOARD

(Continued from Page One)

least a hundred more years of life. Yet the new Editors have not, the knowledge that comees of sixty-two years' experience. They need your help to make the sixty-third season as successful as all the rest, and the best way you can help them is by becoming active contributors to the paper. THE SAG box is still in the library THE SAG room, B1, is still open. The Editors will receive your efforts with joy and gratitude.

This issue of our paper introduces THE SAGAMORE'S new Editors to you.

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R Colyum

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Ex-Brooklinite Winnie Robart, '31, is nspired to big things by Mona Matthews nd vica versa.

Do you know that some of the girls e notice for the first time aren't new—e're just old ones with a new paint ob.

Connie Southgate sort of likes Doctor leason's profile as evidenced by the way he changed her seat in a certain Monay study. You'd better look to your aurels "Lib." If "Lib" reads this, to se that "Bernie" phrase "I'm only kidding."

There are some things seldom seen round School. One is James Keary, Jr., olling nonchalantly to school on a flat re.

Many handsome and personable lads ave been bitten by a bug which gives ese lads a disease called "girlitis." rt Soderberg is one of the above lads ho has not as yet shown symptoms of is lovely disease.

Mona Matthews, the girl with the onstance Bennet smile, seems to have ade a deep impression on Dick Holt. Vell . . . Is it a sin? . . . Is it a crime?

By the way, we wonder whom Betty eim honored at the Copley Plaza the ther evening? We know many B. H. oys that would like to be similarly onored.

'Tis rumored that George Ware, erstwhile swimmer, had what is known as ropsky of schoolbooksky in front of tation 16 the other day. We hope you ren't shocked to hear that he gave the fficers a few more words to add to heir vocabulary.

Mentioning books, a selected few were rivileged to see "Bob" Tilden on his nees in a crowded trolley catching eluive books and papers. A come down, ob!

"Howie" Gordan wishes you all to now that he also ran in the recent track eet. Maybe he is still running.

We are wondering if any Gables and arbos will be discovered in our forthoming Dramatics.

Originality is the spice of life. Right ow we want to say that Barbara Logan, isura Lee Horne and Betty Pierce sure re original. Notice their shoes—the atest style—just wear low shoes, buy xtra long laces, and tie them around our knees.

ALARM-CLOCK NONSENSE

Two things must be admitted for the purpose of an argument. First, that an alarm clock is necessary to arouse one from his slumbers; second, that in order to be able to shut an alarm off, it is quite obvious that one must possess such an apparatus.

My experience with this wicked instrument is that I have to set it to wake me early for some reason which I feel is worth the sacrifice of a few hours of sleep, or possibly, to get me awake in time to get to school the same day. Having set the time for its violent and sudden outburst, I convene with Morpheus for that very much too short time before I shall be so rudely interrupted. The clock "blows" too soon and with the suddenness of a factory whistle so near that I think the very devil himself has lefted me by the hair of my head. It goes seemingly without end, and finally runs down, ringing with that interminable monotone which is similar in its effect on my mind to the Chinese torture of placing a man where he hears the constant equi-spaced fall of drops of water on a drum. At last, even this stops, only when the evil spirit that controls this sinful invention has assured himself that his victim has fully awakened and is capable of returing to his once peaceful slumbers.

Numerous mechanisms have been tried by innumerable people to best control the alarm, but it must be conceded that few are those who have such stern constitutions that they can get up with a grin at the first clang (for an alarm clock cannot be said to ring, no matter what the resolution of the night before!) There is, of course, the age old trick of tying a string to the key which winds the alarm and the lever which shuts off the bedlam in such a way that the turning of the key tightens the string to the point that the lever prevents the clatter from continuing. My favorite procedure is to place said alarm (that is the English for a timepiece with an attached bell) on a slope, such a book cover, and, after simple experimentation with the angle of inclination, to determine the mean at which the movement of the balance wheel will not cause the clock to slip to the floor. For the schoolboy, a variation of this method, in such a manner that the cost of being notified can be cut, may be effected by causing the slide to end in mid-air since the clock has been suspended from some convenient point by a cord fastened to the shut-off lever.

To this date no perfect device has yet been invented whose sole purpose is to awaken a person gently. I yearn for the day when a pill will control the hour at which I must arise without feeling any discomfort. It is unnecessary to say that there is no doubt that the alarm clock is the scourge of mankind . . .

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LIBRARY LINES

On February 18, from 2 to 4 o'clock, the Library Staff gave a Valentine Party in the library. About 35 were present. Each member of the staff came accompanied by a friend. The staff had the honor of having for its guests Miss Cerrin, Mr. Downing, and his son, Everett. Each person present received one half a paper heart with a lover's name from some well-known book on it. The hearts were then matched. The game which supplied the most fun consisted of pinning small hearts onto a larger heart somewhat the same idea as pinning the tail on the donkey. Another game which was greatly enjoyed was hunting small hearts which were hidden everywhere in the library. These hearts were afterwards presented to Everett Downing, who seemed to enjoy them immensely.

Ice cream, cup cakes, candy, and cookies made by Miss Stack were then served.

On March 10th the library staff will visit the George Washington exhibit in the Boston Art Museum.

The works of Goethe and books about this great German author who died 100 years ago this month will be on display in the School Library this month.

The library has acquired two new book lists which have just been published. "Books for Youth" by the Brooklyn Library and "Vocations in Fiction" by the American Library Association. The latter is a new type of book list as it contains a tabulation of novels that involve the vocations of the world.

The promised exhibit from Little, Brown and Co. is on display in the library.

MISS EINSTEIN NEW REGISTRAR

Everyone seems to be wondering who all the new people in the office are and why there have been so many changes. The girls have been there temporarily to help out during Miss Linsky's absence. Miss Linsky has now returned from Florida, and we hope the office will settle into its routine again.

There has been one new appointment, however, which is permanent. The new appointee, Miss Selma Einstein, was born in Boston, and has lived there all her life. She attended the Boston public Schools, and was graduated from Brighton High School. From there she went to Simmons College and took a secretarial course. She obtained her B. S. degree last June, and took the civil service examination in September. She was appointed in the latter part of December, and started to work in the office after the Christmas vacation.

We are very glad to welcome Miss Einstein as a member of the school, and hope she will enjoy the work in her new position.

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CHESTER KEELER AND FRED MUIR HEROES

(Continued from Page One)

men on the shore pulled the rope that was attached to the end of the ladder and Mackey reached the shore without any trouble.

Just as the rescue was completed the fire department arrived. Officer Charles Davis of the Brookline police gave all the credit for the rescue to the two boys.

Brookline High School should be proud to have two boys such as Chester Keeler and Fred Muir attending the school. Their brave deed is a fine example of what is meant by courage.

DRAMATICS TO TAKE PLACE ON APRIL 1, 2

"Isabel" is a friend of the "Smith sisters, Lola and Christine," played by Hazel Armitige and Miriam Hurwitt respectively. Their little quarrels over "Lionel" will amuse you. You will also remember them for the easy way they go into ecstasies over anything.

With Miss Hannon to coach this cast, we belive Dramatics will be highly successful. The play is very enjoyable, combining mystery with comedy. For your own pleasure, come to see it.

BROOKLINE FINISHES SECOND IN MEET

(Continued from Page One)

THE SUMMARY

50-yard freestyle

won by Granberg (M. I. T.) 2nd. Loge (Brookline) 3rd Kevorkian M.I.T. Time .273

Dive

won by Paige (M. I. T.) 2nd. Farmer (M. I. T.) 3rd. Malone (Brookline)

200-yard freestyle

won by Murray (Brookline) 2nd. Gunther (M. I. T.) 3rd. Rice (Brookline) Time 2.30

100-yard backstroke

won by Wiggin (Brookline) 2nd Meehan (Brookline) 3rd. Finlayson (M. I. T.) Time 1.14

100-yard breaststroke

won by Bernhardt (Brookline) 2nd Paige (M. I. T.) 3rd Beede (M. I. T.) Time 1.22

100-yard freestyle

won by Wein (Brookline) 2nd DuRoss (M.I.T.) 3rd Charnley (M.I.T.)

Relay

won by M. I. T. Granberg — Gunther — Kevorkian — Du Ross Time 2.03

Second Brookline Dunnells — Meehan — Sulkis — Logue

FREE PUBLIC LECTURE

A free public lecture on Christian Science will be delivered Friday evening, March 18, at 8.00 o'clock, in Brookline High School, Greenough and Tappan Streets, Brookline, by A. Hervey-Bathurst, C. S. B., of London, England, a member of The Christian Science Board of Lectureship. The lecture will be given under the auspices of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVIII, No. 8 BROOKLINE, MASS., MARCH 23, 1932 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

RED RECORD STARS IN I. C. 4-A TRACK MEET

Harvard Captain In Championship Meet

When "Red" Record was elected track captain last year at Harvard, Brookline's outstanding athlete received the greatest honor which could be afforded him, and to climax this, his greatest achievement on the track was his IC4-A championship at New York this year.

Record was born in Arlington but is known as a Brookline boy, because it was here that he first shone in the sport world. Coach Tom Hines recalls an incident in Red's early days at Runkle Grammar School. There wasn't any track at the school, so Mr. Hines set up the barriers on the cinder sidewalks at Clinton Road. It was there that Record got his start as a hurdler.

While at school here Record was the holder of the interscholastic low hurdles record. When he graduated in 1928, he won a scholarship for Harvard as well as the much coveted Floyd Cup. In his freshman year at Harvard, Record was elected track captain, and in response to this, he took his track team down to Yale and defeated them, setting a good example by taking both the high and low hurdles.

Gene's junior and senior years were his best. In his junior year he was the first Harvard man in twenty-four years to capture the high and low hurdles, a double win. In the 1931 Intercollegiates Red beat George Clark to the tape by less than a foot. Gene knocked down the sixth hurdle, fought Clark at the tenth and had enough of that grit and determination of which he is so famous, to come from behind and win at the tape.

Mr. Hines states that Record is one of the most thoughtful boys he has ever chanced to meet. Mr. Hines continues by saying, "Gene is always looking out for the other fellow. His greatest quality is that of a leader."

At college Gene has been successful in other events besides track. He is on the Dean's list at Harvard, on the student council, a senior marshal, and, incidentally, a roommate of Barry Wood.

Gene leads his track team to the Olympics this year. Brookline wishes him and his track team all the success they can attain.

REMEMBER, OUR DRAMATICS

BROOKLINE BOWS TO PAWTUCKET

The High School Swimming Team lost its return meet with Pawtucket High of Rhode Island, Thursday, March 10, 32½–29½.

Wiggin, Murray, and Sulkis took firsts in the 100-yard backstroke, and 200 and 50-yard freestyles, respectively. Wiggin certainly gave a good accout of himself, being clocked at 1 minute, 11 3/5 seconds, his best time this year, and, incidentally, the best time of any schoolboy this year. Murray continued his fine efforts, and easily captured first in the 200-yard freestyle.

Sulkis was the big surprise of the meet. The work long hoped for from Sulkis was realized. Sulkis and his teammate, Logue, came down those last 25 yards side by side, but Sulkis had just a little more left to edge Logue by a nose.

The other scorers were: Rice, second in the 200-yard freestyle; Murray, second in the 100-yard freestyle; Bernhardt and Osgood, second and third in the 100-yard breastroke; Malone, third in the dives; and Friedman tied for third in the 100-yard backstroke.

THE SUMMARY

50-yard freestyle: 1) Sulkis (B), 2) Logue (B), 3) Hallworth (P) Time 28 4/5 seconds.

Dive: 1) Campbell (P), 2) Tweedly (P), 3) Malone (B) Winner's points 49.5.

200-yard freestyle: 1) Murray (B), 2) Rice (B), 3) Farwell (P). Time 2.31 seconds.

100-yard backstroke: 1) Wiggin (B), 2) Ferris (P), 3) tie between Friedman (B) and Maugeau (P). Time 1.11 3/5 seconds.

100-yard breaststroke: 1) Kyle (P), 2) Bernhardt (B), 3) Osgood (B). Time 1.24 seconds.

100-yard freestyle: 1) Ruiner (P), 2) Murray (B), 3) Hawley (P). Time 1.04 seconds.

Relay: Won by Pawtucket (Hollworth, Hawley, Ferris and Ruiner), second Brookline (Logue, Sulkis, Hartstone, Wiggen.)

AN OMISSION

By a regrettable oversight, the name of Mr. Jewett was left out of the list of editors and faculty advisers published in the last edition of THE SAGAMORE.

For the past ten years and more Mr. Jewett has served THE SAGAMORE as its financial and general business adviser.

ANNUAL DRAMATICS READY FOR PRODUCTION

TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL MEETING

A regular meeting of the Teacher-Student Council was held Tuesday, March 15, at 2:15 in Mr. Packard's room.

The business of the meeting was as follows:

First: Robert Hall reported that the Assembly Committee had taken care of all assemblies up to the first of April.

Second: Robert Hall reported that the study room in 27 from 1:30 to 2:00 has been conducted very well.

Third: Norma Marcus, a delegate, gave a report on the annual convention of the Associated Body of Teacher-Student Councils which was held at Springfield, Massachusetts.

Fourth: A committee of Miss Lewis, Robert Hall, and Barbara Logan was appointed to discuss the advisability of some changes in the present marshal system.

Fifth: The Council approved the list of reinforcements to the marshal force presented by Milton Paisner.

Sixth: A motion was made and carried that a bulletin be sent around to all the home rooms urging coöperation in certain matters with the Teacher-Student Council. A committee of Mr. Totman, Norma Marcus, and Milton Paisner was appointed to draw up this bulletin.

The meeting was adjourned at 3:15.

DRAMATICS ASSEMBLY

The assembly on Wednesday morning was entirely devoted to Dramatics, Milton Levy being chairman. Such a stirring appeal was made that we feel the student body will do its best to "put over" dramatics. Three excellent reasons for buying tickets were given by Mr. Downing who spoke on the business side. Max Andler, always on hand with a laugh, read a very fitting proclamation. Miss Parker spoke on the social side. This year the dancing will take place in the art room and according to the law of Massachusetts there will be no smoking in any part of the school. Miss Hannon, who has given unsparingly of her time, spoke in behalf of the cast who have worked hard every day for six weeks and will continue to do so for two weeks more. The most thrilling part of the assembly was a preview of a farce. We got just enough to make us want more. Mystery is in the air! ! !

FINE CAST ASSURES EXCELLENT PRESENTATION

MYSTERY PLAY PROMISES ENTERTAINING EVENING

When one week and three days have passed, Brookline High School will be excitedly and delightedly discussing Dramatics. Meanwhile, all must wait patiently and content themselves with the information they receive through THE SAG.

First of all, we wish you could see what Miss Hannon is doing. Besides coaching the fine cast she has chosen, she is managing the finances and the stage end of the performance. Each actor receives individual attention from her in addition to the regular rehearsals. We cannot say enough for her unceasing care and vitality.

Secondly, you have seen the "trailer" that was presented in assembly. If that does not arouse your desire to come, we fear you must need a physician's care. But what you saw there is only a small example of what is being offered. There is no end of fun in this play. You are going to howl with mirth.

This year, after the play is over, the dancing is going to be in the Art Rooms This means three large studios combined in one. If there is an overflow, it will be taken care of in the corridor outside the Art Rooms. It will interest you to learn that the dance floor is to be refinished so that it will resemble that of the Walker Memorial at Tech, or the one at the Winter Gardens in Boston. Besides, great pains have been taken to choose a good orchestra.

As you doubtless know by this time, tickets are on sale at the ticket office every day at 2:00 o'clock. This year there are but three prices: $.50, $.75, and $1.00. If you have not already bought yours, there is still time. The name of the play is "Philippa Gets There," but if you were to examine the names of the characters, you would find *no "Philippa" listed!* There's one for the imagination! Again, you could find no "Miss Clark," if you looked for such a name. Yet there is a "Miss Clark" in the play! There is only one way to solve these mysteries,—come, and come early! Make it about ten minutes before eight as the curtain rises at eight sharp.

GUIDANCE DEPARTMENT

Book List

AVAILABLE AT BOTH PUBLIC LIBRARY AND HIGH SCHOOL

Allen, F. J.	Law as a vocation, 1919
Arnold, H. H.	Air men and air craft, 1926
Bernays	Outline of careers, 1928
Briggs	School, college, and character, 1901
Cades, Hazel R.	Jobs for girls, 1930
Cooley, Robert L. and others	My life work, 1930. 4 vol.
	I. Building and metal trades
	II. Printing and servicing trades
	III. Office and store occupations
	IV. Representative industries
Ernst, C. H.	What shall I be? 1928
Ernst, C. H.	Opportunity ahead! 1929
Ferris and Moore	Girls who did, 1927
Fleishmann	Outline of careers for women, 1929
Gowin	Occupations, a textbook, 1923
Hatcher, O. L.	Occupations for women, 1927
Jackson, D. C.	Profession of engineering, 1929
Leuch	Fields of work for women, 1929
McNamara	Secretarial training, 1927
Marden	Success
Pyle	Men of iron
Rollins	What can a young man do?
Sandwick	How to study and what to study, 1925
Taft	Four aspects of civic duty, 1908

AVAILABLE AT PUBLIC LIBRARY

Babson, Roger W.	New ways to make money, 1930
Davis, James J.	You and your job, 1930
Davis, J. B.	Vocational and moral guidance
Dodd	Fiber and finish, 1925
Gulick	Mind and work
Hale	How to do it, 1916
Hyde	Self-measurement
Kilduff, E. J.	Private secretary, 1916
Kitson	How to find the right vocation, 1929
MacLaren	Homely virtues
Marden	Choosing a career
Marden	How they succeeded
Marden	Exceptional employee, 1913
Marden	Talks with great workers
Marden	Young man entering business
	Not in the curriculum
Patri	School and home
Richardson	Girl who earns her own living, 1909
Shaler	The Citizen, 1904
Tarbell	Business of being a woman, 1912
Ward	Social centre, 1912

AVAILABLE ONLY AT HIGH SCHOOL

Barker, L. F.	Young man and medicine
Deans of girls	Manners and conduct, 1922
Myers	Planning your future
Platt, R. H.	Book of opportunities, 1927
Proctor, W. M.	Vocations, 1929
Rodger, E. G.	Careers, 1928
Weaver	Profitable vocations for girls, 1915

AVAILABLE AT GUIDANCE OFFICE

Williams, F. E.	Adolescence
Brewer	Cases in the Administration of Guidance
Rosengarten	Choosing Your Life Work
Smith, J. R.	Commerce and Industry
Harris and Jackson	The Measurement of Man
Cooley, Rodgers and Belman	My Life Work—Printing and Servicing Trades
Cooley, Rodgers and Belman	My Life Work—Office and Store Occupations
Cooley, Rodgers and Belman	My Life Work—Representative Industries
Cooley, Rodgers and Belman	My Life Work—Building and Metal Trades
Allen and Kitson	Practice in Vocational Guidance
Allen and Brewer	Principals and Problems in Vocational Guidance
Swift, E. J.	The Psychology of Childhood
Cahill, B. H.	Pupil Guidance

MODERN LANGUAGES IN THE WORLD'S WORK

Several years ago a committee was appointed by the Executive Committee of the National Federation of Modern Language Teachers to attempt a survey of employment possiblities for high school or college students who are specializing or have specialized in Modern Languages. The results of the Investigations of the committee, composed of Professor William Leonard Schwartz of Stanford University, Mr. Lawrence A. Millenis of New York, and Mr. Arthur Borée of Chicago, were presented by the chairman, Professor Schwartz, at the Modern Language Conference of the National Education Association at Los Angeles in June, 1931. The Oct. number of the Modern Language Forum, a publication of the Modern Language Association of Southern California published the report under the title of "Vocational Opportunities for Linguists."

This article contains much that is of interest to teachers and to students of Modern Languages. Although space will not permit going very deeply into the details of the article, the list of vocations, in which language training is of importance, as given by Professor Schwartz, is as follows:

1. Advertising
2. Authorship (as the writing of criticism, history and books of travel)
3. Banking (in the handling of investments and loans)
4. Communication work (cable and telephone and telegraph)
5. Custom Service (some value but not much)
6. Education
7. Foreign Government Service
8. International relations
9. Journalism
10. Merchandising (buyers among art dealers, book sellers, in the dress and millinery business)
11. Merchant Marine
12. Ministry (missionaries)
13. Music
14. Nursery governesses
15. Social secretaries
16. Salesmanship
17. Scientific work
18. Settlement work
19. Travel Agencies
20. Tourist business
21. American Foreign Service (Diplomatic and consular service)
22. Library work

In the Consular service Prof. Schwartz cites Miss Farnces Willis, Stanford University graduate, now holding an appoinment as vice-consul; and he quotes Miss Hazel B. Timmerman of the American Library Association as saying that in a short time there will be a need felt for many high school librarians. In library work a knowledge of French and German is essential but Spanish, Italian, Dutch, Hebrew or Russian add greatly to the efficiency of the librarian. In research work a knowledge of French and German is a necessity.

Of course there are greater opportunities in some lives than in others, also often greater pay. It is interesting to learn that before the depression efficient secretaries with a knowledge of foreign languages earned from $10.00 to $20.00 a week over the wage scales of New York and that since the depression started poor secretaries have been retained because of their language skill. Interpreters, translators, and publishers are perhaps the most poorly paid for their knowledge of languages.

While few Americans have the language qualifications to act as lawyers in international courts, there is opportunity for a linguist to build up a clientele in foreign countries and with the help of foreign lawyers, to build up an international law business. The Army and Navy, the Postal and Immigration Services of the United States do not place as high a value on a knowledge of languages as they might well do.

In regard to the business world, Professor Schwartz quotes from several interesting persons, well qualified to speak upon the advantages of language skill. Mr. F. Donnell Courtney, Secretary to the Board of Directors of the American Exporters and Importers Association, says in part. "Languages are a stepping stone in foreign trade but are not nearly as essential as a good business training. . . I personally do not consider a language one of the first assets in foreign trade because I can call to mind several of our largest houses which do not require a foreign language. On the other hand, a language is almost indispensable if a man is traveling abroad for his firm." The Standard Oil Company of New York states that at present it cannot always secure acceptable employees with an adequate knowledge of Spanish. Dr. Chauncey Snow, assistant to the President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America, speaks emphatically about the ability to use the languages in conversation. "Ability to read the language and to translate from foreign languages into English is undoubtedly of high importance in the course of these growing international business relationships. Of even higher importance, however to my mind is ability to use the language in conversation. I know something of the difficulties of carrying on language instruction in our schools to the point where the student has really sound pronunciation and some measure of ease and freedom in conversation. I think we are far short of that proficiency at present, and that the reason for it is that we have not pointed our class-room instruction that way.

—Louise Gambrill.

Save April 1 and 2 for Dramatics!

Read This

organ of the sophomore class

notice that many columnists have off the straight and narrow path. O'Hara has gone off à la Ripley, ıllow our contemporaries and give on of this column to sensical sub- and the rest will remain nonsensi- We are able to do this, since paper aper nowadays.

* * * *

RELIEVE IT OR NOT

ophrastus von Hohenheim, who so called Paracelsus, was at one member of the Diet of Worms . . . Henry, the Virginian orator, was s as a lawyer. Once, while plead- case he made a mistake, and made thy oration in the behalf of his ent. After he was told of this he answered everyone of the ar- ts that he had made, and rewon se. . . .

* * * *

GOSSIP

minine member of the staff of our is the authoress of every bit of in this column. Although we some of this stuff to be fabulous, nt it. For apologies, consult her. girls are prone to exaggerate, any- The prettier, the more prone. At te, this one is a natural born liar. your gossip.

* * * *

e Mildred Friedman has just her (?) birthday and she requests ne still be called "Mickey." Tsk, e youth in these old women! . . . Dembicer has been so quiet lately, r there may be something up his Many a hot coal lies in a dying

* * * *

And who was the little lady you l home with, Loring? It's not the rule to pick on somebody wn size, pliss. . . Rose Goldfarv's is in the pickle business. Ten fare to Cambridge and a recom- tion from Rose and you get a free. What day could be sweeter . . Recently Gawge Hadsen took Howard and Bob Salk to lunch movie. Yessir, big-hearted George!

* * * *

eems as though Spears and Silver- nissed their calling. Better take matics, folks, in a few years you'll ing the price of a Sunday bat to em at the Copley.

'T FORGET YOUR
YEAR BOOK

LIBRARY LINES

The Library is displaying three groups of books that concern current affairs. There is a case with stories of the ocean in connection with Mr. Packard's talk, books on China and Japan, and one group of Irish stories and poems.

FREE VERSE — TAKE ONE

This is to tell
About the dumbbell
Who came into the library
To get a book about baseball
And who went away
With the second volume
Of the encyclopædia
Because it was marked on the back
ATA-BOY.

(Printed from the January *Massachusetts Library Bulletin.*)

The Library Staff's Secretary-Treasurer it has been announced, is Mildred Freedman. The former holder of this office, Laura Rivera, is now attending Belmont High School.

The circulation for February of this year is 1,206 books and 453 pictures, an increase of 227 books and 317 pictures over last February.

The new books will be in the Library shortly and if they are as interesting as the covers you could not ask for more.

Russell Gordon Corter, the author of the favorite of many, "The Kings Spurs," returns and brings another success with a modern novel, "His Own Star."

John Claire Minot's "Best Bird Stories I Know," "Best Dog Stories I Know," and "Best College Stories I Know," are three more popular books.

The boys will enjoy two stories of the bleak frozen countries; "A Tenderfoot With Peary," and "Igloo," a story of Byrd's dog.

There are two books on the father of our country, "Boy's Life of Washington" by Helen Nicolay and "George Washington" by Paul Leicester Lord.

Then there are three books by May Lembertson Becker, who writes for the Scholastic: "Golden Tales," of New England, of the Old South and of Our America.

Two books you will enjoy reading are Washington Irving's "Voyages of Columbus" and "Nancy Stair" a romance of the days of Robert Burns.

Three more recent novels are "Calico Bush" by Rachel Field, "The Old Wives' Tale" by Arnold Bennett and "The Scarlet Cockerel."

ALUMNI NOTES

Three Brookline High School graduates, John V. Jewett, Jr., Thomas W. Regan, and I. A. Summer, have obtained fame at Technology. Jewett has recently been elected as captain of the track team, and member-at-large of the athletic association. Regan has become captain of the hockey team, while Summer is business manager of the combined musical.

FIRST AID COURSE

The course in First Aid which is held on Thursday afternoon from 1:30 to 3:00 o'clock is being received most enthusiastically by all that are taking the course. The classes are most interesting and instructive, and are given in a manner that is far from boring.

Arteries, their bleeding, and the process of stopping the bleeding, was the subject of the lesson two weeks ago. There are various points on the body, that when pressed, stop the bleeding from the head, arms, and feet. Tourniquets, both emergency ones and prepared, were demonstrated. Last week, the subject matter consisted of cuts. A punctured wound is the most dangerous, when there is no bleeding, and the germs are sealed tight down into the wound. The least dangerous is the clean cut, where the blood flows freely. It was somewhat of a surprise to know that water should not be used on cuts. It tends to increase the number of germs.

The lesson this week on suffocation was one of the most interesting we have ever had. Drowning, electric shocks and choking are all causes of suffocation. The first thing to do, in that case is artificial respiration.

One sure, positive sign of death is the stiffening of the body. Although breathing has stopped, and the pulse is so weak and feeble that one can hardly bear it, there is still hope if this stiffening has not set in. Toward the end of the period, the class withdrew to the emergency room where artificial respiration was practiced.

B. H. S.'s FIRST RADIO PROGRAM

Heigh-ho everybody, this is Bing Colombo, the Camel minstrel, presented for your pleasure and entertainment by the makers of Certified Red Cross mattresses, the only mattress in the world finished, and kept under glass for your protection. Now let us board our bullet-proof magic carpet and get back to Chicago where our beloved keyhole and speakeasy listener-iner (inner), Walter Chinwell, is waiting to think up some slam about his pal, (heh, heh!) Rudy Berne, the old Groucho.

And now Russ Crosby, the Listerine Gargola, opens with his theme song, Carolina Moon, and while you are listening, try a bottle of histerine and discover what real drinking enjoyment can be . . . That, ladies and gentlemen was Russ Crosby. Have you got halitosis?

Our next feature will be one unique in radio entertainment, we will remain silent from 7 to 7:15 p. m. during the marriage of Mert and Marge to Amos and Andy so that our tuner-inners may get fifteen minutes of undisturbed study before we sign off.

Gratis

Hello, everybody! We present to you a colyum that supplies food for thought, news for the parents, fun for the kiddies. And it's *Gratis!* ....

We learn that hot air rises. It's a mystery to us how Lebowich can stay down . . . Our censor, Mr. Harbour, tells of one of those beautiful young things who thought an exciseman was a former ice merchant. . . . We hear that the people who will present the school play are rarin' to go, at least that's what we hear . . . And then there's the bird who thinks that the Great Dean is a Danish breed of hound. Maybe he's right, as all columnists are dogs . . . Only about fourteen more weeks of school remain . . . We notice that peace is still raging in China . . . Instead of the quality of motor vehicles that journey to and fro we holler for quantity—and yet there are empty running baords . . . Ain't it a shame? . . . Soon we shall see the first successful social affair that will be financially sound — Dramatics. We want to see the parade of haughty ladies, humble lads, delectable damsels and grizzled grads. Ahoy—Dramatics! . . . We are announcinng an illustrated issue of this illustrious colyum. . . Next week . . . order your copy early from your dealer . . .

LET'S TALK IT OVER

Musings from our penthouse (Mr. Gifford's office)—Wonder what would happen if several of our distinguished (heh! heh!) bretheren, had to walk *all* the way to school from now on because of lack of parking space . . . and just think of all the frozen toesies on some of our fair (?) damsels . . . Departing from precedent, it seems that most of our stewds, are going to Dramatics Saturday eve . . . If you want to show off that new gown, girlies, make the B. F. take you there . . . Best's and Slattery's have had great demand for . . . something simple in an evening gown, about $12.50 . . . we wonder whyfore . . . there is great suspense while we wait for the library group to announce a trip to Franklin Park . . . from observation, several students seem to think that desks are to be used as drawing boards . . . Such art . . . Hold the line Mr. Winchell . . . I'll be right with you.

ALUMNI NOTES

Willard R. Ward, '29, at Amherst Col-
Massachusetts State College, and will
serve in that position until the end of
ing editor of the *Massachusetts Col-
legian,* the student newspaper of the
lege, has succeeded W. Stuart as manag-
the 1933 winter term.

Anitra Friedman, '31, at Smith College, obtained the highest mark of any freshman applying for a scholarship.

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Tuesday from November to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2, office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. No copy accepted later than the Friday preceding the day of publication.

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VOL. XXXVIII MARCH 23, 1932 NUMBER 9

Is Youth So Bad?

Every generation in the world's history has looked upon the succeeding generation as a very hopeless case. After they have read one newspaper article which tells of a boy committing an offense against law and order, they retire to their quiet sanctuaries. surround themselves with foolscap, quill and ink, and proceed to date accurately the end of civilization as the time when youth takes the helm of the ship of state. What do such critics know about the millions of young men and women who are struggling against overwhelming odds to secure an education? What do they know about that huge group of students who plug along with dogged determination, preparing each lesson faithfully, laying the stones for a great future? These critics resemble very closely the blind man, who upon feeling of the huge side of an elephant, judged that only elephants resembled a wall.

It is becoming increasingly common, to read in the various current magazines books and even newspapers, violent criticisms of the modern youth. Every man who has any literary talent whatsoever however, infinitesimal it may be, seems to derive the most diabolical pleasure in launching vehement attacks upon the most "hopeless, dissipated, listless, wild, etc.," coming generation. Were an artist to depict us as these gentlemen would have us appear, it would be necessary for him to descend among the darkest shades to find a suitable model.

Give us a chance. Neither Rome nor a man can be built in a day It requires long years of study in the cruel school of experience, to develop a man in the highest sense of the word.

When before, in the world's history, have the colleges been so crowded with youth, eager for an education?

Let these ill-boden prophets come out from their mouldy studies, let them examine youth as it is, and then let them tell the world that the coming generation is not a band of profligates but rather an army of heroes.

"WAITING"

A good observer of business has said that many people have been "waiting." They have been waiting for "the return of confidence," "for the tide to turn." When it was a question of painting or repairing their houses, of replacing their old cars — they decided to wait. "Waiting" is often necessary. But you must know what you are "waiting" for.

Many of the people who "waited" during the closing months of 1931 were without any clear idea of what they were "waiting" for, or how long they were going to "wait." They talked about "waiting" for the return of confidence in other people, when it was their own confidence which was feeble. Meanwhile the golden hours have gone. It is now the time more than ever to stir ourselves. If every one "waits" for every one else, then all will "wait" forever.—"Let's go!" Buy tickets for Dramatics! Don't wait! Buy now! ! Now is the time to seize the best opportunity of the year. *Go to Dramatics.*

STUDY PERIOD

Five long rows of wooden desks, but what a wealth of human nature is behind them!

We are immediately cognizant of the freshmen because of that young "what-is-it-all-about" expression on their countenances. Three of them keep up a lively conversation which is interrupted only when the teacher looks up from her traditional chair. Their other classmates are so absorbed in the declension of *hic haec hoc,* that they forget to notice how much nearer the clock hands point to 1:30 than they did ten minutes ago.

Several sophomore confreres are trying to find out what home lesson was assigned. One is sure the teacher said read the first six pages of the *Ancient Mariner,* while two others declare she said the first eight. They argue it out the Army nor the Navy, but it does often lead to the most interesting assignments with various signs and ejaculations. Two girls are discussing a party they attended the night before by passing notes and suppressing inclinations to giggle. The remaing sophs are either digging away at Cæsar or nonchalantly applying lipstick.

As for the juniors, they work hard for twenty minutes, primp for ten, and either dream away the last ten or draw pictures indifferently, eyes traveling clockwards frequently.

But when it comes to the seniors, being one myself, incidentally, I am honor bound not to give them away too readily. I admit that we are wiser than our underclassmates, for we do our dreaming with open books before us (such as *Magruder's American Government* or *Cook's Chemistry)* and wrinkle not be interrupted by a conscientious teacher. It is a good trick, but I advise the freshmen not to try it for Study Period.

At the pitch of the general expectation the bell rings, and thirty-five pent up energies are let loose with joyful buzzing.

—I. N. K.

THE RED CROSS FUND

The U. S. Naval Hospital of Chelsea is doubly grateful to the pupils who contributed to the Junior Red Cross fund this Christmas. Usually the money is spent on gifts for the veterans, but this year it was used to make the active service men of the Navy happy.

These men are far away from home, friends, and shipmates, and are inclined to feel hurt when they are passed by during the distribution of gifts.

The gift was an assortment of toilet articles, attractively wrapped in holiday paper with a card of greeting attached from the "Members of the Junior Red Cross, Boston." Twelve students representing several high schools distributed the gifts to the individual patients and the pleasure and joy of the Navy men, to whom this was a complete surprise,

A STUDY IN WHITE

Let us start, with snowshoes, on a trip through the Parkway immediately after a heavy snowstorm. The park, with its beautiful scenery, invites us to investigate its newly found glory. As yet there is not a single track to mar the virgin beauty of its wide expanses. As we proceed, the trees become more noticeable in their white garments, stretching their arms heavenward. One tree in particular holds our attention with its beautiful color scheme. This sturdy tree must have hung tenaciously to its summer finery last fall, because through its cloak of snow the tint of brown leaves is discerned which harmonizes beautifully with the surroundings. A group of pines which come into view next are bent almost double with the excess weight, and thatched with white, thereby giving the illusion of grand old age. A group of shrubs then draw our attention and, with a feeling of awe, we investigate the filmy lace, with which it is covered. The raiment of these lowly shrubs rivals the most beautiful garments of queens and princesses. As the sun breaks through the clouds, it is suddenly seen that the massive white blanket is studded with millions of glittering, sparkling jewels. An open spring not far distant resembles a large, clear green jewel, mounted in a brooch on the lily white bosom of mother earth. Each tall bush we pass is a new revelation to us in its delicate and fanciful architecture. The bushes are covered with a solid roof of white, merging into delicate cornices we sigh for a pair of skiis, we reach the top and look down at a beautiful little pond, not as yet frozen over and surrounded by a mass of hills. The landscape in a general view looks like a huge white china bowl with a little liquid left in the bottom. This locality resembles nature's banquet table after a feast, because, as we arch the top of the hill, three more mammoth white bowls come into view which are all empty of "food."

Walking, falling, and slipping down the side of the further slope, we find ourselves near the edge of a large pond. The pond, as we discover, is inhabited by a group of eight graceful white swans that swim toward us in their stately manner, looking for some tidbits to eat. Farther out on the pond, the brilliantly colored drakes lead their families around in an ever-widening circle so that the group soon reaches into the distance. A number of sea gulls mix freely with the ducks and apparently are on friendly terms with them.

Author: "I think I'll write a novel and make a movie out of it."

His Wife: "Why don't you write a joke and make a talkie out of it?"

JUNIOR PROM

A meeting of the committee for the unior Prom was held on March fourth; t consists of Roger Bernhardt, Norma Marcus, Eileen McElroy, Warren Fox, Marion Phillips, Fred Wiggin, Doris einer, and Joe Malone, with Mrs. Namyth as faculty adviser.

It was decided that it would take place April thirtieth from eight p. m. until welve, in Devotion Hall, and be strictly NFORMAL.

Various committees were appointed. That of entertainment, with Norma Marus as chairman, the orchestra headed by oe Malone, and Marion Phillips as head of the patrons and patronnesses.

The entrance fee will be the payment of the class dues. Having done this, ach person will receive a ticket which will admit one couple. Juniors pay your dues immediately and look forward to good time!

GARDENS

By George F. Hawley

Some people like roses, others like iolets, some sunflowers, and again there re those who like tulips. But everyody likes gardens.

Everyone likes to wander in a garden, ither vegetable, flower or fruit; there s something in the air, some vibrating, mystical essence in the air, emitted by he lucious blossoms of nature's labors. The energizing, invigorating something makes one want to throw his arms to eaven and scream for joy, joy that one s alive.

But I have a garden no one has ever een, and I doubt if anyone but myself will ever tread the sanded paths, pick he flowers and fruits, and inhale their ndescribably lucious odors, their glorious cents which set the air atremor with waves of splendid aroma will always be leasing only to myself. A high wall urronds my garden, a barrier so high hat the tallest may not peep over it. The wall has but one entrance, no exit. Here in its seclusion, it is open to all weather, storm and wind, the sun and ain. The massive trees shelter it from he wind and wicked rain but allow the lessed sunlight to filter through to the waying flowers.

The garden of which I speak is my mind. I alone am allowed to wander mongst its splendors. I alone have rown its flowers and I alone can pick hem. There is no exit from this garen and what goes in must stay and aid he development of flowers, blossoms and uds. The garden of my mind is watered y the sun-showers of my imagination. The lantern of my love hangs in the arden of my mind and I glory in its plendors.

THE SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

SPIDER'S WEB

By Norman E. Hunt

Rain fell gently on the city. Gas lights sent out timid beams into dark canyons between towers of steel and stone. Things were altogether too peaceful in the old cobblestone street, hidden away in a quiet corner of the city. Airplanes winging out into the darkness, trains rumbling over stone bridges, fog horns out in the harbors—all joined in the distant, subdued roar of a great city. It was a lonesome sound in the silent street as Jim Allen walked its wet length to the old cathedral.

He came there every week with his father to clean and repair. He had explored all the old staircases and forgotten corners. He had gazed at the awesome stained glass windows and the magnificent pipe organ. He knew every corner of the church and that was why Tierney, burly chief of detectives, wanted to use him for bait in luring the Spider into the cathedral.

"If we can once get Spider into that building, boy," the old sleuth had said, "we'll shut up all the exits, and he'll soon be under lock and key. Walk in like you was goin' to work, leave the gate swingin', and climb to the tower and wait. Spider will be after those tapestries we've advertised so well. Tierney will do the rest."

Jim was proud of his mission. It gave him a feeling of responsibility. But now, late at night, with the rain falling, he had a strange feeling that persistently lurked near the pit of his stomach. He was conscious of the fact that at this very moment the Spider, who was described as a tall man in a blue overcoat, was walking these same, wet streets, still a free and dangerous man.

The cathedral clock rang out the eleventh hour. People in their snug homes across the river heard the sound; night-watchmen high up in office buildings heard it; lonely lighthouse keepers down the coast heard it as it rang out on the night air. Jim would have been glad to change places with any of them.

As he turned the corner of the building he saw a silent figure waiting in the shadows.

"O'Brien?" whispered Jim.

"Right," hoarsely. The key grated in the lock. The gate swung open, Jim stepped in.

"I'm comin', too," hoarse whisper.

"Leave the gate open. Tierney told me to climb to the tower and wait until they nail him. Jim pierced the darkness with a flashlight. They were standing at one end of a long corridor; a long flight of stairs rose from the other end.

"Go on up," growled O'Brien, "I'll stay here by the door."

The boy walked the length of the corridor, his steps ringing out in the silence of the great building. He began to mount the stairs.

He had reached the landing before he realized that each stair creaked behind him with startling regularity. Just as he looked over his shoulder, he felt a small, cold circle pressed against his neck.

"Keep right on climbing," said a voice as hard as steel.

It took a great effort to climb those stairs with all the strength gone from his legs, his heart pounding like a trip-hammer and cold sweat on his forehead. But his brain worked faster than his legs. So the guard was a traitor; he would spoil their plans; he must be the real Spider.

Jim stood now at the foot of the tower stairs and waited for orders. The voice spoke again.

"Into the tower."

There was another flight to climb, with darkness above, death in the chamber of that pistol and bats in the tower. He was at the top of the second flight. The tower room was damp. Again the voice.

"Stay where you are."

But Jim's mind was fascinated with a new idea. Did the butt of that gun pressed against his neck feel just a bit slippery? Could it possibly be the neck of a botttle and not really a pistol. He fancied he heard a faint clink of glass. Jim's mind was fully made up. He drew his breath and whirled about. There was a sudden crash and then . . . silence.

The stone floor was hard. That was Jim's first thought. He raised himself painfully on one elbow. His head felt heavy; there was a lump on the top of it. Pieces of glass lay about him on the floor.

Jim felt distinctly that he was alone in the room. He wondered how long he had been lying there. He stood up, holding his head with both hands and walked slowly toward the door. It took him a few seconds to realize that the door was locked and he was a prisoner in the room. He sat down again, tears of disappointment welling up in his eyes. So this was the way their plans had ended! The Spider had outwitted them all.

A few rickety steps led up to a door that opened onto the roof of the tower. This door had been left unlocked and Jim staggered through it onto the roof.

The lighted city lay spread out before him. Traffic in a score of busy squares where men were all unconscious of what was going on high up in the tower. Falling rain cooled his burning skin and soaked his tousled hair. The air was so much fresher here than in the tower room that it cleared his brain.

Tierney's gang must have surrounded all exits by this time and the Spider was trapped in the same building with him. Why had Spider locked him in the tower?

Jim stood for a long time in silent thought. He buttoned his overcoat up around his neck. His head must have been cut for there was, he noticed, a red stain on the blue coat — the blue coat —

"Of course, of course! Why didn't I think of that sooner?" Jim spoke aloud as he climbed back into the tower room and sat down on the bottom step as if to wait.

After a long interval a key rattled in the lock.

"I'm glad you've come, sir," Jim spoke as the door swung open.

"Jim Allen!" Tierney's electric torch flashed full on the face of the boy in a far corner of the room. "How did you get here?"

"Your man at the gate had his orders mixed—he must be ignorant—and took me for the Spider. Nearly killed me with a bottle, sir. Then he locked me up in here. You see I made the vital mistake of wearing a blue overcoat.

"Boy, your head! It's *broken*— You're —"

"It's nothing, sir. But we've missed the Spider. He must have been scared off for tonight."

"No, we've been spared the trouble of trapping Spider. His body was brought to the morgue about ten tonight. One of his underworld pals has apparently settled an old score."

"And all this horror might have been spared," said Jim, his voice suddenly very tired.

"I knew something was wrong when O'Brien told me that he had the Spider in his power. 'O'Brien,' said I, 'you've made another of your fool mistakes. Spider's dead.' "

"O'Brien, who gave you orders to follow Spider inside?" The poor fellow was standing sheepishly behind his chief.

"But I thought—'

"You have no business to think. It doesn't come natural to you. Come downstairs, boy. You must have first-aid and something hot to drink."

Jim leaned on the big detective's arm. Slowly they went down the two long flights of stairs.

"Tell me, Sherlock Holmes, how did you know it was O'Brien and not Spider that laid you low?"

"When I came to, sir, and found it was really a bottle and not a gun, it didn't seem like a very professional job. Spider, I thought, would have a gun, and even if he didn't want to shoot, he might have used the other end of the pistol.

(Continued on Page Seven)

Vox Ludi

At last, gentle readers, we have the pleasure of presenting a column run solely in the interests of the people, by the people, and for the people. . . And just to show you that we're not just another "colyum," we offer to our followers, on receipt of a stamped self-addressed envelope, a copy of all the jokes discarded from our rival columns by the lynx-eyed censor.

* * * *

George "Bugs" Ware just can't keep out of the columns. Ye Scout found him playing (?) bridge with some fair damsels enroute to a Dartmouth swimming meet, recently. We suggest a Levy-Ware bridge marathon.

* * * *

The management of this column will offer a reward for the capture of the culprit who has been causing various articles to disappear from Room 9 during the class which meets between the second and fourth periods daily.

* * * *

Here is the past time of Johnny Heard. At 4:15 P. M. on a certain day he will call up radio station WBSO, and will request a song to be played by the popular pianist. When it is announced over the ether, along with his name, he will proudly remark, "Such is fame."

* * * *

Now for a dispatch from the Orient. It has been learned that the berths in Japanese sleeping cars measure five feet, eight and one-half inches in length . . . We wonder how Loring Bailey would like travelling in Japan.

* * * *

It has been reported that the great mind of Robert Kitsis has been growing. We hope that he will grow just a little more mentally than he has physically.

* * * *

Results of the depression: We have learned that one of our rivals is now printing gossip . . . But fear not, dear readers, we solemnly vow to print the truth and nothing but the truth in the manner you like it.

* * * *

Wanted: 36 pledged electors to back George Rittenberg for the presidency on the policy of "What America needs is a good five-cent cigar." Ask him about it.

* * * *

Shailer Hall has its radio station now. The great "Cream-puff" now runs off his own programs talking to himself every fourth period in the great study hall.

* * * *

Bookstall Clerk (after fifteen minutes): Would you like to buy that book, madam?"

Lady (absently): "Oh, no, thanks. I've almost finished it."

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Paul Whiteman says, "Jazz demands that a player be able to extract a tune from anything that produces a sound." The Bard of Band leaders doesn't say what type of sound, so we have "blue" songs.

The average cost of a moving picture kiss is $53.70. Such extravagance!

The *Pathfinder* remarked in 1929: "They are putting Wilson's portrait on the new $1,000.00 bill — where only Republicans will see it." For the sight of one of those bills, some of us would be Republicans.

The Washington and Jefferson College has turned out eight senators and 95 congressmen since it was established.

The Tarahumane Indians of Chihuahua, Mexico are very fleet runners. In this tribe all the courting is done by the women, the enamoured maiden makes known her preference by dancing and singing before the bashful object of her desire. As the courtship progresses, she tosses small pebbles at him. If he ignores these tender missiles it is a sign that he has spurned her heart. But if he tosses back the pebbles, it means that she is accepted. Usually he does this. There is little chance of escape for the boys as the Tarahumane girls can run as fast as their brothers. Pretty soft, if you ask us. Some girls must be able to heave a hefty pebble.

THE WEEKLY ASSEMBLY

By MARJORIE FRANK

The weekly assembly on Wednesday, March 9, was opened by Mr. Ringer. He introduced the speaker of the morning, Mr. Leavitt, who spoke on "Motives." Mr. Leavitt cited a dilemna, and asked us what we would do in a similar situation.

He brought out that when we feel discouraged, "down and out," and ready to give up, we should remember our standards. We should remember that any poor piece of humanity can give up; it takes a person with courage to live until the end, to play the game through.

Mr. Leavitt's speech was not only interesting and entertaining but also inspiring.

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R Colyum

Here it is, it won't be long before one of the younger set endeavors to replace these remarks with a *good colyum.* We wish them luck and hope they give the censors less work than we did.

* * * *

THE SAG gave a tea recently, but nary a columnist was in sight juggling teacups on his knee and passing the time of the day with the school "Biggies". That last word *n'est pas original.*

* * * *

Ah! The boy is clever; he knows French. French teachers note!

* * * *

That Argentine boy is also clever. He has sox appeal, and on the side he delivers papers and autos, not to mention the fact that he is the best sleeper in the class room since Leon Feffer was a Freshie.

* * * *

Just to rest your weary eyes read a piece of alleged poetry:

Most of us have cares and troubles
  But treat them just like bubbles
And if they make a gloomy day
  Start now and chase them away
Just be as happy as the dickens
  Spend an hour at Mrs. Higgins.

* * * *

Some people say that cliques make the world go round, but that is a lot of hooey when the members of the clique don't clique. A word to the wise is sufficient.

* * * *

There is a current expression that has reached great popularity, "Beautiful but dumb." We really believe in this phrase after hearing this bit of dialogue between one of the better-looking members of the fair sex and a local Math teacher. Read it and make your own guess.

Teacher: "What is a locus?"

Fair Sex: "A locus is a bug found in the summer in hay fields."

* * * *

Billy Lebowich, illustrious playboy, has turned columnist. We wish him luck BUT we do anxiously await the publishing of his first brainstorm.

* * * *

"Fight for the right," is the slogan of Betty Heim and Jack Matthews. Some of you wondered what it was all about. Probably Betty is the only one who knows and like the *Daisies,* she won't tell.

* * * *

Have you heard about John Gilbert's latest passion for French? Anybody interested in seeing the illustrious star in person just drop in on Miss O'Brien's third period French class. You'll have to look closely because he's become a man "aux cheveux blonds" and has affected a rather Southern drawl. These artists who travel incognito!

Jokes

Five-year-old Joan, out to tea, was uzzled when she saw the family bow eir heads for grace. "What are you oing?" she asked.

"Giving thanks for our daily bread," e was told.

"Don't you give thanks at home, oan?"

"No," said Joan, "we pay for our read."

* * * *

Bobby (broke but resourceful): Peggy do you know the difference beween riding in a street car and a taxi?"

Peggy: "I'm afraid I don't."

Bobby: "Then we may as well take e street car."

* * * *

Magnate: "The man who marries my aughter will want a lot of money."

Suitor (hopefully): "Well sir, nobody ants it more than I do."

* * * *

One of the members of an exceptionlly brilliant English class during the eading of a play decided to read because o one was assigned to read the part Omnes!"

* * * *

They laughed when I walked to the iano, but their laughter turned to asonishment when I carried it out," remarked the installment collector.

* * * *

After five years, Joe Axelrod admits he has another idea. But in history he still wonders when the panic of 1876 took place. Just another idea eeking expression.

Barbara Logan is really pleased 'cause we have nothing on her—Too bad if we're slipping.

* * * *

"Look here, Waiter, I just found a ollar button in my soup."

Waiter: "Oh, thank you sir I have een looking all over for it."

* * * *

"Has your baby learned to talk yet?"

"Oh my yes, we're teaching him to eep quiet now."

* * * *

Freddie had been the guest of honor he day before of a party to which his ittle chum, George, had not been invited. George said:

"Have a good time, Freddie?"

"Did I?" answered Freddie. "Why, I'm not hungry yet."

* * * *

The Beak: "And you really carried out this theft by yourself?"

The Sneak: "Yes your honor, nowadays there is no one left whom we can really trust."

* * * *

Tom: "How much are the puppies?"

Harry: "All 75 cents except this white one; he is 85, because I used 10 cents worth of soap to get him clean.

(Continued from Page Two)

Brewer	The Vocational Guidance Movement
Ziegler and Jaquette	Choosing an Occupation
Proctor	Vocations
Jones and Bertshi	General Business Science
Edmonson	Occupations Through Problems
Boorman	Personality in its Teens
Kitson	I Find My Vocation
Mersereau	Materials of Industry
Myers, Little and Robinson	Planning Your Future
Pear	The Art of Study
Cohen and Flinn	You and Your Work
Institute of Research	Careers
Woodring and Flemming	Directing Study of High School Pupils
Stuart and Morgan	Guidance at Work
Terry	Supervising Extra-Curricular Activities

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Bliss	Your school and you
Cabot	Ethics for children
Century	Mr. Nobody, 1927
Child, R. W.	Man in the shadow
Cornwell	New day, 1904
Dewey	Lesson on morals
Fitch	College course and preparation for life, 1917
Fornush	Be square
Francke, M.	Opportunities for women in domestic science, 1916
Grenfell	A man's helpers
Guest	What my religion means to me
Hodson	How to become a nurse, 1911
Toland	Choosing a right career, 1926
Vocation Bureau	Department stores, 1912
Wanger	What girls can do, 1926
Waterman	Girl wanted
Weaver	Medicine as a profession, 1917
Woodbridge	That something

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FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY

March 10, 1932

The freshman-sophomore assembly on March 10, was very instructive in a scientific way. Miss Lewis, health directoress of Brookline, gave a short talk on health, and then introduced Mr Harris, a former graduate of Brookline High school (1923), who is now an instructor in the research department of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Mr. Harris's lecture was extremely educational, and his subject one of interest to the many people concerned with science. The talk was mainly on vitamins. After naming the various classes of vitamines and telling of their values, Mr. Harris took from a box two live white rats. His audience uttered many exclamations; some of surprise, some of amazement, and some (from the girls) of dismay and disgust. An experiment had been performed on the rats. One had been fed a diet deficient in vitamins. The other's diet had been perfectly natural. The one whose food was deficient had a hard time standing because of rickets. The other one was fat and robust, and ran over Mr. Harris's hand as he talked. Further experiments had been made on chickens, dogs, and mice, and these illustrations were shown on the screen with Mr. Harris explaining each one.

TENNIS SCHEDULE

While most of us have been watching the progress of the track team, Coach Barnes, Manager Abbott Rosenberg, and Captain Bob Hall have been planning for the tennis team. There will be an elimination tournament to select a team. Those that survive the tournament will have the following schedule:

April 29—Revere at Brookline
May 2 and 4—Open
6—Memorial at Brookline
9—Country Day at Country Day
11—Lynn at Brookline
16—Winchester at Brookline
20—Newton at Newton
23—Boston Latin at Brookline
27—Arlington at Brookline

SPIDER'S WEB

(Continued from Page Five)

"If Spider had found himself trapped in the building he would have used me as a hostage. Instead I was locked in there.

"It took me quite a while to realize that because I came sneaking in here with a blue coat on my back, someone had blundered; someone had taken me for the Spider."

"O'Brien," said Tierney solemnly.

"Yes, sir."

"This young fellow knows more about detective work than you ever will."

"Yes, sir."

THE CAST

(Continued from Page One)

Philip Carter	ROGER BERNHARDT
Dora Brandon	FRANCES FORD
Ira Brandon	ELIOT SILVERMAN
Lionel Brandon	GEORGE HAWLEY
Isabel Brandon	BETTY MACKENZIE
Bernice Brownell	MARTHA TURNER
Endicott Byng	CALHOUN ANCRUM
Count Armand de Choufleur	PAUL RUTLEDGE
Helge	HODEE WALDSTEIN
Lola Smith	HAZEL ARMITAGE
Christine Smith	MIRIAM HURWITT

Extra

RICHARD SPEARS
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THE JUNIOR PARTY

A Mother's and Daughter's Tea, given by the junior girls, was held on Thursday afternoon, March 17, in the Girls' League Room. The purpose of this tea was to make the mothers and teachers of this class better acquainted.

Jane McKnight, president of the Girls' League, gave a short welcome speech and then introduced Marion Philips, the chairman of tea. Miss Philips introduced Mr. Ringer and Miss Sawyer who said a few words of welcome.

Mr. Caverley, the guest speaker of the afternoon, gave a very interesting talk on Budgeting Life. Under this topic he emphasized particularly, vacation, avocation, and recreation.

Refreshments were served to the mothers and teachers after the program by the junior girls who were the hostesses of the afternoon.

Much thanks is due to Miss Miller, the faculty adviser, who generously gave her time, and we deeply regret that she was not able to be present at the tea.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

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)UTDOOR TRACK PROSPECTS FOR 1932 ENCOURAGING

'oach Hines Hopeful For Coming Season

With one of the most successful inoor seasons in years behind them, the Brookline tracksters are looking forward) a record breaking session on the cinters this spring. Coach Hines' proteges id themselves proud in the indoors, takng second places in both the Andover nd State meets, and missing a first in he latter by a scant half-point.

Captain Joe Enwright will lead his eam in the two longest track events, he 880 and the mile, while Eddie Rae, star in his own right, will be his running mate in both distances. Enwright who showed his heels to a large group f competitors last year in these events, ow has a very good chance for a State itle in one of them. Abraham Aronson, sophomore, is also a likely prospect or the 880. The honors in the 440 will be divided among Paisner, Ford, Perkins and Traynor.

The sprinters, all veterans, will be tanley Cohen, who took second in the tate meet this year, James Johnson, and am Levine, who has just recuperated rom an attack of pneumonia. These hree will take care of the 220, while Cohen and Johnson will combine in he 100-yard race. Milton Paisner, Buster Gutman, and David Aronson will loat over the hurdles for Brookline, while Paisner and Cohen will participate n the running broad jump.

Alan Swartz, who has run rough-shod ver all opposition heretofore, will again ut the shot and high jump. In the hot put his running mates will be Bob Hall and Sam Lourie. The Plotkin rothers, Tod and Ralph, both of whom laced first and third respectfully in the Andover and State meets in the standing road jump, coupled with Bob Hall, will vie with Swartz for honors in the igh jump.

The track team this year, made up of easoned veterans of two and three years' tanding, is strong in every event, and will make a very good bid for championhip laurels on the cinder path this pring.

LAST WEEK FOR YEAR BOOK SUBSCIPTIONS

BASEBALL SEASON OPENS APRIL 20

Boston Latin at Brookline

The Brookline High baseball team gets under way as the season opens April 20, with Boston Latin School at Brookline. The squad will have but two weeks of practice, and Coach Fitzgerald has many holes to fill in the outfield as well as the battery, made through graduations last year.

However, Mr. Fitzgerald has a veteran infield to rely on. With Captain George Kaplan at short stop, a good hitter as well as a brilliant defensive player, we have "Lefty" Cahill at first, Paul DeBrueil at second, and "Maxie" Van Dam at third. To support this cast, Lee, Prior, Leventhal, Adams, Fisher, and MacDowner are from the second team and first-string substitutes.

For the battery, Mr. Fitzgerald is somewhat dubious. As pitchers, he has Joe Sullivan, a freshman in school this year, and Chris Larkin, a junior, who was ineligible last year due to his studies. Although "Doc" Gleason is still in school, he will not play this year due to the five-year rule. Another Sullivan, Jim, who pitched last year for the freshmen, is a possible candidate.

Laurie and Flanagan, who caught for last year's second team, is out for the backstopping job. In regard to the outfield, Coach Fitzgerald is doing a lot of puzzling. The whole outfield is vacant through graduation. Broadhurst, Malone, Gallagher and Howard are out to give all other competition "a run for their money."

With the first game but two weeks away, the squad is in for long, hard practice drills.

CAST PRESENTS THRILLER "PHILIPPA GETS THERE"

HONORARY SOCIETY INITIATES NEW MEMBERS

Impressive Assembly Marks Event

Mr. Ringer opened the assembly of Wednesday, March 23, which was given to initiate new members into the Honorary Society. He began by thanking us for our coöperation on the previous Thursday, and then turned the program over to Robert Hall, the president, who called on the secretary, Carola Nasmyth, to read the list of the new members. Following this, he asked Mr. Ringer to make presentation of the keys.

The names of the seniors and their respective numbers of points are; Albert Rosenberg, 10⅛ points; Phylis Jacobs, 13⅞ points; Davida Liberman, 10 7/16 points; and Martha Henderson, 11⅝ points. The juniors are Roger Bernhardt, 14 15/16 points; Ann Geoghan, 8¾ points; Elizabeth Howard, 15 3/16 points; and Norma Marcus, 12 13/16 points.

The awards having been made, Robert Hall introduced Professor Leech of Harvard Law School, who was a founder of the society.

Underlying the jocular levity of his talk was the idea that all who join the society must have an all-around personality

Last on the program was Mrs. James Donovan, a former member of Alpha Pi. Her message was that the members of Alpha Pi must not only do splendid work to attain this honor, but also ought to carry on the same spirit through life.

Mr. Ringer congratulated the new members and, in his closing remarks, stressed the value of an objective.

1932 SUBURBAN LEAGUE BASEBALL SCHEDULE

Date		Place	Game
Wednesday	April 20	Boston Latin	at Brookline
Friday	April 29	Revere	at Brookline
Tuesday	May 3	Rindge	at Rindge
Friday	May 6	Revere	at Revere
Tuesday	May 10	Camb. Latin	at Brookline
Friday	May 13	Somerville	at Somerville
Tuesday	May 17	Newton	at Brookline
Friday	May 20	Rindge	at Brookline
Wednesday	May 25	B. C. High	at Brookline
Friday	May 27	Cambridge	at Cambridge
Tuesday	May 31	Somerville	at Brookline
Friday	June 3	Newton	at Newton

Draws Large Audiences Both Nights

Dramatics was a brilliant success! A talented cast of fifteen under the expert guidance of Miss Louise Hannon presented the thrilling mystery play, *Philippa Gets There*, last Friday and Saturday evenings. Prolonged applause and laughter from an extremely appreciative audience greeted the splendid acting of the entire group. The set represented the magnificent living room of a country home. Panelled oak, oil portraits, rich draperies, and flowers, exquisitely arranged gave the scene an air of dignified luxury.

Roger Bernhardt was superb in the rôle of Philip Carter, a dashing young actor who poses as his sister to foil the plans of a clever blackmailer. Playing opposite him was charming Frances Ford, who took the part of Dora Brandon, in love with Phil and playing with him in the company of *As You Like It*.

Calhoun Amcrum played in a distinctive fashion the blasé gentleman crook, Endicott Byng. In league with Byng to capture a valuable painting which has been added to the Brandon collection recently, was Bernice Brownell, skillfully interpreted by Martha Turner. The part of Ira Brandon, dignified, gray-haired six-foot father of Dora Brandon, and owner of the famous picture, was taken by Eliot Silverman. Hodee Waldstein as Helge, the awkward Swedish maid at the Brandon home, who proved to be a New York detective, was extremely natural and amusing. The rôle of Count Armand de Choufleur, an unscrupulous blackmailer who poses as a French nobleman, was acted by Paul Rutledge. George Hawley portrayed Lionel Brandon, Ira's son, and kept the performance sparkling with natural humor and good fun. Lola Smith with her "sweet lisp" and her sister, Christine, who "simply adored" everything mentioned, were played by Hazel Armitage and Miriam Hurwitt respectively. Little Betty McKenzie was delightful in the character of Isabel Brandon, Dora's younger sister and self-labelled "a darn nuisance."

SO WHAT'S THE USE?

By Donald Graham

> *"Men are mad so unavoidably that not to be mad would constitute one a madman of another order of madness."*
>
> —*Pascal*

Man is the greatest contradiction on the earth. He is good, he is bad; he is false; he is happy, he is miserable; he strives for the right, he lives for the wrong; he is an optimist, he is a pessimist; he knows everything, he knows nothing. Such is the conundrum, man, who "first walks on four legs, then walks on two legs, then on three legs."

What difference does it make if the square on the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equivalent to the sum of the squares on the other two sides? Who cares whether Ambrose Bierce was an atheist or not? Why should the fact that the Gauls were conquered by the Romans before 44 B. C. affect anyone now? These facts are of vital importance; they are worthless.

The inconsistency of man is general, and is not, as many would have us believe, confined to the "better half" of the race. As an example of this, I shall cite the incident of the college board examination in mathematics, of which, when it was completed, mimeographed copies were sent to teachers and professors all over the United States to be marked. The paper which was selected was regarded as passing by those who originally corrected it. When the different ratings were returned, they included marks from zero to ninety percent!

Man lives to die; man dies to live. To live is to die; to die is . . . but who knows? No one has the right to say; everyone has the right to conjecture. It seems that any point of view may be argued pro and con; and the start turns out to be the finish—so what's the use?

THE UNCONSCIOUS LISTENER

At a serving of tea recently, we had the opportunity to see in action our friend, Mr. Hartstone, the answer to a maiden's nightmare. A lady was telling a story that Aesop started about 3,000 years ago.

She said, "Once upon a time there lived a man who had two wives, one old and the other young. He also had a beard of which he was justly vain. But the older wife pulled out all the black hairs in the beard, because it made him look youthful. The younger wife, in turn, extracted all her husband's grey beard as it made him look too old. Needless to say, the poor man soon was minus his beard."

"What do you think of the fable, dear?" asked George's mother, after this story.

The child was silent, and then remarked, "The poor fella should have grown a red beard."

Which goes to show that even a junior may be witty, even if he can't be intelligent.

"12 'TILL 4"

By Ray Rich

From a distance one can make out the dim outlines of three huddled buildings, out of which rises a tall, staunch tower, and an upper deck, from which a white shaft is trying to pierce the thick snow.

The crystals and prisms of the light gleam, and the interior of the great lamp is bright with polished brass and silver. This immense vessel of glass and metals revolves slowly on a bed of mercury: silently, brightly, to the dull ticking of the clockwork and the slow and painstaking descent of the lead weight, far below the lantern deck.

The wind whines and makes the great panes of glass seem alive with tiny particles of snow dashing against them. Occasionally a soft thud will spell the end of some poor gull or sea bird, driven by the high winds and attracted by the bright light to its death. After we wind up the great weight to the lantern deck, we go below; far down the cold iron stairway, clanking down to the base of the tower to wait for the lead ball to come down again.

Now we are in the open plot of land on the station. The snow, piles into huge drifts mixed with sand from the tall wind-beaten cliffs. We cross to the fog-signal house, where it is decided that the horn will be immediately sounded, due to the heavy snowfall. A hurried trip to the oil house for gas, and back to the station horn, a few feet away. The sound of the dynamo warming and the flash of the electric lights (the only ones on the station). Suddenly from a great gray cone comes a soft but piercing moan. Louder it comes, and louder, shrieking its advice to the unwary seaman to steer clear of the treacherous Cape Coast, of the terrific surf and dangerous sandbars along these shores.

Three-quarters of an hour later we light a dim, yellow, lantern, take our pipes, and proceed to climb the iron stairs, while weird shadows are cast on the white tower walls. We wind the great weight up to the lantern deck again, and time the light. Then, down the stairs to another keeper's house. We enter. At the foot of the stairway we call, "Watch ho! Mac." An unsatisfied, "umph" is the answer; we laugh and walk through the snow to our own home.

If I stood on my head all the blood would rush to it, wouldn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then why is it that when I'm standing on my feet it doesn't rush down to them?"

"Because your feet aren't empty."

* * * *

Jonah: "Does you boy-friend play the piano?"

Gussie: "He surely does—Why, he's got the most wonderful touch!

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN SUBURBAN SANTIAGO DE CHILE

This article is the first of a series to be written about South America.

Let us glimpse into one of the suburban homes in Nunoa, a place which is about as far from Santiago as Weston is from Brookline. It is the day before New Year's and the people in this *quinta* seem to be very busy. The *mayor-domo* of the place says that there is to be a party in the evening and that everybody is preparing things for the feast that will be held at midnight.

A little girl comes rushing up to him and tells him to be sure to cut plenty of flowers for the dining-room, salon, and terrace. She seems very excited and the *mayor-domo* soon explains the reason for this by saying that the children receive presents at midnight on the eve of New Year's, instead of receiving them at Christmas, as do the children in this country.

We are now looking into the dining-room. Here we see baskets full of great luscious Queen Anne cherries, peaches just off the trees, plump golden apricots, bursting with ripeness, great crescent-shaped bananas with black pencil marks lightly drawn through their Spanish yellow; there are olives and alligator pears, which have been grown in the nearby orchards, piled high in glass dishes.

The little girl we saw before invites us to stay until midnight and runs off, saying that she has to take a *siesta* in order to keep awake for her presents.

It is ten minutes before twelve and we all gather at the gate of the *quinta*, noticing that the *mayor-domo* and his family (about 20 in all) make their appearance at a respectful distance.

The *dueno* of the house brings out some sky-rockets. Twelve o'clock is now striking. Millions of bells ring out their welcome to the New Year; the *dueno* sets off the sky-rockets and in the distance a loud boom is heard.

Simultaneously they all embrace each other which also seems to be a New Year's custom.

GIRLS' SPORTS

March 16, the Brookline High School Girls' Varsity Swimming team had an informal playday with Pawtucket High School. This playday was run by Brookline's captain and manager. It was the most successful playday ever held.

There were four teams; green, yellow, blue, and red, comprised of both Brookline and Pawtucket girls.

The events were a 25-yard freestyle, a 50-yard freestyle, 50-yard backstroke, diving, 50-yard breaststroke, medley and team relays. The green team was victorious with a score of nineteen points; the yellow team second with a score of 18; the blue team third with 12 points, and the red team last with 10 points.

Instead of the usual competition between schools, the competition was between teams to encourage a friendly feeling between the Brookline and Pawtucket girls. Refreshments were served afterward for the swimmers.

The girls on the varsity team are: Gladys Norris, captain; Peggy Wilder, manager; Katherine Flemming, Alma Gould, Florence Kattersley, Zita McDonald, Elinor Lydon, Jane Wagoner, Christine Adams, Ellin Dowling, Beatrice Guiness, Jeanette Silverstein, Barbara Wilder, Mary Dolbeare, Libby Jacobs, and Naomi Blake.

MEEHAN TROPHY WON BY GARDENER

Sixteen Brookline swimmers started for Gardener early last Saturday morning and rode for about two hours before stopping for lunch at Fitchburg, twelve miles out of Gardener.

The meet started at about 3:00 o'clock and lasted until 5:30. Brookline placed two men; Fred Wiggin in the backstroke, and Bill Murray in the two hundred-yard swim. Both took second places. Wiggin was beaten by Kyle of Charlestown, who slightly outclassed him in the event. It was the former's first defeat this season, but he is expected to come back strong next year. Murray fought his hardest, but lost by a small margin to Marcinkus of Gardener. Both boys received silver medals, and though the Meehan Trophy is lost for this year, the team is hoping for next year's success.

It was the third time that Brookline had lost the trophy during the last fourteen years and it will probably be one of the last.

SUMMARY

200-yard relay: won by Gardener; second Boston Latin; third, Boston Trade.

Low board diving: won by Heywood of Gardener; second, Glinsky of Gardener; third, Campbell of Pawtucket; fourth, De Goutis of Boston Trade.

50-yard freestyle: won by Adams of Gardener; second, Higgins of Providence; third, Strong of Worcester fourth, Pacocha of Gardener.

100-yard backstroke: won by Kyle of Charlestown; second, Wiggin, Brookline; third, Ferri of Pawtucket; fourth, McGreeney of Boston Latin.

100-yard freestyle: won by Burns of Gardener; second, Heywood of Gardener; third, Bryan of Pawtucket.

Breaststroke: won by Higgins of Providence; second, Dell of Gardener; third Lauzonis of Brighton; fourth, DeFillipo of Boston English.

200-yard freestyle: won by Marcinkus of Gardener; second, Murray of Brookline; third, Schultz of Boston English.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

Noticed a lot of strange girls at Dramatics . . . bet a lot of local girls stayed home . . . Wonder if the downtown theatres have anything to do with the no-school signal . . . I don't hear them complaining when we have a day off . . . The absence of a free list to Dramatics was quite a blow to a lot of rising young musicians and stage hands . . . After all, this humorist business is not so promising . . . *Judge,* the oldest humor magazine in the country folded up a short while ago . . . Some of the girls in this school have individuality plus . . . I noticed 16 (sixteen) of the same type of sweaters in Shailer in one period . . . I wonder why columnists always say "we" nstead of "I" . . . Maybe they mean themselves and their informers . . . Now hat "T." Dean is on the Class Song Committee, we are bound to have a masterpiece . . . If necessary, he will write one himself . . . I will bet that Maxie Andler spends all his spare time helping he Governor write his Proclamations . . He's so skilled in writing them. Notice hat Huntington also had Senior Dance trouble . . . must be that the effects of depression are felt elsewhere, too . . . Scheduled to go a year or two ago, it is still hanging on . . . Hats off to all those who helped to put Dramatics over in a big way . . . It was one of the most pleasant saturday evenings we have spent for many a moon . . . yes, I said WE . . I wish the lending libraries would not use such vivid hued jackets on their books . . . teachers spot them a mile away . . . Several pedagogues were mislead when they seized books covered with old Ballyhoo covers only to find they were Latin, French, and Shakespeare . . . The office of class orator is being hotly contested . . . Why not place a girl in the running? . . . It's a woman's privilege to talk . . . Don't hold your breath waiting for a fire drill during Math . . . for Mr. Severance to be around when you lose your locker key . . . for this column to go in uncensored . . . for that sound of sounds, music to the ears of storm-fettered youth, *the no-school signal!*

GIRLS' LEAGUE PARTY

On Thursday, April 14th, the Girls' League and the Home Life Committee of the Brookline Teachers' Club are sponsoring a party for the eighth grade and high school girls and their mothers. Because formal invitations will not be issued to the high school mothers this year, we are depending upon each girl to make the party known to her mother. The program will consist of music by the orchestra, a one-act play given by the freshmen, and a short talk. Refreshments will be served in the Girls' League room. There will be dancing afterward in the corridor outside the lunchroom.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY

After Mr. Gifford had given a brief notice about the impending dramatics, Mr. Joslin took charge of the program, which consisted entirely of music by the school orchestra. The first selection was an overture, "White Queen," by Mettra, which was followed with "A Reverie" by Arthur.

The next two numbers were solos by Bernard Valkenier on the French horn, an instrument not very familiar to the public, but of extreme importance in every large symphony orchestra. The first of these was "Romance" by Saint-Saens, and the second, Schubert's famous "Serenade."

A selection from Bizet's "Carmen," by the entire orchestra, was followed by vocal duets, featuring Carol and Christine Adams (well known for their lovely voices) who sang "At Dawning" and "Copper Moon," a negro love song in spiritual style. The orchestra afterwards played "The Coronation March," from Meyerbeer's "Prophet."

Another solo, of an unusual type, was given by Irving Blume—a special arrangement for the saxophone called "Saxophobia."

Mr. Joslin asserted at the first that it
very evident.
that. The enjoyment of the student was
marks of one, and a very good one a'
was not a concert, but it bore all the ear-

FIRST AID LECTURE

The subject of the lesson in First Aid last Thursday, was *Burns and Scars.* Burns are usually caused by dry fumes, and scars are caused by moist heat. In burns and scars of the first degree, the skin is usually reddened, accompanied by a burning sensation. In second degree, burns and scars the skin is blistered and should immediately be covered up. In the third degree burn, which is the worst, the skin is charred. In the third degree scar, the skin is absolutely cooked, and has a greyish appearance.

The treatment is usually an oil, grease, or paste. The clothing should not be torn off the wounds but cut around, and air must be excluded from the affected parts. Oils such as lime oil, linseed oil, and castor oil are good. Greases such as vaseline, boric acid, and soda serve the purpose as well, as may unsalted butter and a paste of flour and water. For chemical burns, water should never be used. Baking soda, soap, or washing soda are good first-aid applications.

Sunstroke, heat prostration, frost bite, and freezing were the next subjects discussed. A person who is a victim of sunstroke is very red and hot. A lot of cold water should be applied externally. Heat prostration is just the opposite. The person is white, cold and clammy, and should be treated with hot stimulants. For frost bite, cold water or snow should be applied, but in the case of freezing, the person should be removed to a warm room and treated with hot stimulants.

DRAMATICS

(Continued from Page One)

Silent parts had just as professional interpretation as the others. Warren Fox and Richard Spears were burglars; Leigh Dimond and Spears were ambulance men; Edward Stone and Dimond were truckmen.

Ira Brandon, opposed to young actors as "fools," discovers Philip Carter making love to his daughter and orders him to leave the home. Before leaving Phil receives a telegram announcing the arrival of his sister, Philippa, who is threatened by a count with whom she had fallen in love while abroad.

Brandon finds solace in the company of Endicott Byng, apparently a gentleman of leisure. Byng has recommended to Brandon as secretary, Miss Bernice Brownell, who is in the plot to steal the new picture. Miss Brownell arrives, is introduced to the family, and finding herself alone with Byng makes final plans.

When Philippa comes, she is revealed as a masculine sort with a husky voice. As the group go in to dinner, Philippa, bringing up the rear with Lionel, spins him around with one hand and announces himself as Phil Carter.

The next evening, after a party at the Brandon home, Ira is found making love to Bernice Brownell, the new secretary. Philippa does her best to keep the two apart, and so apparently does poor Helge, who must leave to visit her mother, sick in the hospital.

Byng seizes this opportunity to have the picture stolen that night and cast suspicion on Helge.

Meanwhile the Count is announced and is promised by Philippa that he will receive the money next day.

After the family has retired, Bernice steals down-stairs to let the burglars in. A thunderstorm is raging and under cover of darkness Byng and two others enter and take the picture from its frame. Philippa, however, surprises them at their work and tackles two, bringing them to earth. The third, Byng, makes his getaway and Bernice is discovered by the family, chloroformed on the couch.

The next morning, Philippa and Lionel, who are suspicious of Byng, do all they can to get evidence against him.

Armand arrives, is secluded with Philippa in the library, and is soon borne away, half-conscious, on a stretcher.

Brandon discovers Phil's identity by a telegram from the real Philippa. But Phil Carter has saved the painting, and when Helge has brought about the arrest of Byng and Bernice whom Brandon was about to marry, "the stern father" is reconciled and Phil and Dora are reunited.

The constant rehearsing of past weeks, and the tireless work of Miss Hannon were surely awarded by the success of the final performance.

THE ORIGIN OF OUR SLANGUAGE

A THESIS

It is interesting to note that many of our popular phrases that are condemned as "slang" have had classic sources.

In his biography of Alexander, Plutarch says that the great conqueror did not fancy the Persian women because they were "eyesores."

Some people believe that Luther Burbank was the originator of the O. K. mark. However, I have heard a far more fanciful story of how this "O. K." came into existence. It seems that although Andrew Jackson was a great soldier and statesman, he wasn't much of a scholar. If he approved of a legal document, he would write on the paper his mark of approval, "All Correct," spelling it "Oll Korrect." After he became president (at least the story says so) he abbreviated this to "O. K."

According to *Pathfinder*, a corrupt politician originated the term "racket." The story tells of a ring of politicians who obtained municipal control of the City of New York, some time before the Tweed Era. They became prosperous by means of graft, crime, corruption, etc. One member of the gang solililiquized, "This isn't a noise—it's a racket!"

ANNIVERSAY OF DEATH OF GOETHE CELEBRATED BY GERMAN CLUB PARTY

On March 21, many German students met in the Girls' League Room to commemorate the death of Germany's greatest poet, Goethe. Miss Kleinberg, who presided, opened the meeting with a reading of the *Erl König.* Ruth Friedman delivered an address on the life of Goethe, and Eliot Silverman spoke of his greatest work, the drama *Faust.* After several quotations had been read, a dance was given by Julie Gorman, Caroline Reich, Doris Reimer, and Frieda Stevenson. German songs were sung, and refreshments were served. These were the gift of Miss Kleinberg, who contributed much to the success of the afternoon.

The official business of the meeting was conducted by Ruth Friedman. It was decided to reorganize the club, call it Die Deutsche Gesellschaft. Dues are to be twenty-five cents for the half year.

The musical program provided by the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Joslin was a splendid feature of the performance.

The dance was also a brilliant affair. The art studios had been transformed into a perfect ballroom where a number of the faculty served as patronesses, and Charlie Richardson's orchestra furnished the music.

The undertaking was also a financial success, thanks to all who shared in the work.

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Tuesday from November to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

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FASHIONS

It has often been said that Dame Fashion rules the world with an iron sceptre, and it seems to us that this maxim is not only sound philosophy but has been proved by the countless centuries of the world's history. Otherwise how can the ladies of 1932 justify the wearing of little, one-sided coverings for the head? Or can we explain the fact that men's clothing has changed from the loose tunic; closely resembling a tablecloth, to the modern sensible suit? It is not because men suddenly became aware of the fact that their appearance on the streets of Rome created a sensation similar to a brig under full sail, that their apparel has undergone such an amazing revolution. It is merely because Fashion; the relentless tyrant of the civilized world, decided that tunics were getting a bit boring and a change would not be amiss.

Let genuine school spirit be in fashion and the Brookline High School will reach new heights .

Onward With More Power

Every year it is our pleasure to line Beacon Street and watch the marathon runners pass by. What a heterogeneous conglomeration of humans such a race presents, and also what a flood of philosophical reflections well up in the mind, as we find ourselves comparing the stages of that contest to the various stages and periods of the school year.

As the runners crouch on the mark at the start, everyone is tense, from the greenest youngster to the veteran campaigner. The gun! The race is on! A hundred minds with a single purpose, a hundred hearts with a single goal. Yet ere the first quarter has been passed, ere the race is hardly begun, the ranks begin to thin. Weak muscles conquer stout hearts, yet the veteran plugs steadily on, his steady pace eating up the miles, his steely eye glued on the goal.

Again at the halfway mark, more weaklings lose heart and the long line is marked with yawning holes which are soon filled as the race continues. Thus as the golden goal appears with its welcoming throngs, only he who has trained well, who has plodded on steadily, who has run wisely, will receive the plaudits

We stand at the three-quarter mark; three-quarters of the race is over; one quarter lies ahead. Behind us lie mistakes surely, failures perhaps. Before us lies the open road and the goal. What has gone before is valuable only to such a degree as it enables us to point with greater accuracy for the mark to tread with greater success the steps which lie ahead. Those of us who have committed errors still have time to redeem them, those who have failed still can achieve the victory. As we face the last half of the year, let us meet its responsibilities with a strong determination and as conquerors, cross the finish line.

TRAVEL

By VIRGINIA PENFIELD

"I should like to rise and go."

Yes, I would, but where would I go first? There are many places I have read about and heard my friends tell about. They say carnival time in Venice is about the gayest event in Italy. The saddest spectacle is a Russian Military funeral in Moscow, when the Russian band is playing Chopin's Funeral March. The funniest sight is to see the mourners in Palestine, who are paid to weep for the dead. They go along the streets of Palestine howling like sick cats.

Then there is the thrill of riding along the desert until you come to the Sphinx, one of the seven wonders of the world. When you look at it, it brings to mind the history behind it. If you know any Ancient History, you will remember the story of the Pharaoh who had his slaves build the Sphinx for himself. In America we have no Sphinx, but we have something with the same idea behind it. Every citizen wanted to show their gratitude to this man who freed the slaves from the possibility of ever building a Sphinx in America. We built Lincoln's Memorial instead.

If I ever had the chance to tour through Europe, I should like to stay for a period of time in different countries. I want to see the way the people live in these countries, to compare them with our ways of living. I'm quite sure they live in a different world. Every boy and girl would like to travel. Some would like to go to the Far East; others down into the depths of Africa. If I were a boy, I would get a job on a traveling steamer and see the world, but instead, I am one of those girls that has to finish her education and go into the business world. Probably that will be the only adventure I shall have for the next ten years, but I don't intend to live and die in the same community even if I am a girl.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

You are important members of THE SAGAMORE Staff, when you coöperate. Often we receive masterpieces of the literary art, but we cannot use them. Why? Frequently your "great American short story" is written illegibly. Hereafter, please follow these simple directions:

1. Write on clean composition paper.
2. Write on *one* side of the paper.
3. Write on every other line. If you use a typewriter use double spacing. When you use a typewriter you may use clean white bond typewriter paper.
4. Write as *neatly* as possible.
5. Please count the words in your contribution, and write the number in the upper right hand corner of the first page.
6. Do not sign your contribution if it is a news article, but give it to the assignment editor and she will give you all the credit that's due.

(Continued on Page Seven)

THE SAGAMORE'S ROVING REPORTER

Greetings to Brookline High School! Something new; we hope you'll like it. This is the third SAGAMORE column, ladies and gentlemen and all, run by a sophomore.

This week the Rover visits the lunch-room. What a vast improvement over a year ago! The floor is no longer strewn with papers and food. There are more chairs placed around the shining new tables. Seldom now does the Rover see a tug-of-war over a disputed stool or hear a crash—a disheartening crash—of some unfortunate's laden tray.

Marshals patrol the aisles keeping everything in order (?). The head-master and sub-master also stand guard over the lunch-room.

Six rows being served at once at the counter! How efficient those attendants have to be. Let's give them a hand!

"Jimmy!"

"Yeah?"

"Let me in line?"

"I will not!"

"That's all right. I get in front of you—then you get in front of me."

Twelve or fifteen other simps standing behind Jim have to let some more into line without doing a thing about it!

"Let me use your fork on this milk cap."

"No fork. Forks all gone."

"Spoon then."

"Nope. I used one end for soup and the other for ice cream. It was the last spoon, too."

"Bill, what kind of a sandwich is that?"

"Peanut butter, I think."

"You think?"

"Yeah. Someone rubbed a knife over the bread. And I'm not sure but I think the knife had peanut butter on it before it was washed last time."

This is one of the largest, lightest, most modern, and best equipped cafeterias in New England. We should be appreciative enough of it to keep it always in good order.

Next week the Rover will take up the High School Library. Send in other suggestions as fast as you can. (Please send no wrapped-up bombs to the SAG room as the Rover doesn't open the mail.)

(We copied this from an old SAG*)*

You wouldn't let a harmless scamp
Burn late at night the study lamp
Or, restless, toss on pillows damp,
Couldja?

You wouldn't want a kid to flunk
Because he couldn't translate junk,
(When most of it is quite the bunk)
Wouldja?

Then whydja take a speach as flat,
And write it down in Roman chat;
You shouldn' have done a thing like that
Shouldja?

Read This

THE SPIRIT OF '34

Editorial

(The organ of the sophomore class)

We wish to comment on the type of column that has been apeparing in yon SAGAMORE. Last week we enjoyed "R Colyum," tolerated "Gratis," sympathized with "Spirit of '34," but we couldn't stomach the "Vox Ludi." This isn't professional jealousy," it's something that we can't hold in.

* * * *

Think of It!

Both Gratis and R. Colyum will soon celebrate their sixth birthdays . . . Incidentally, there is yet to be an issue of the aforementioned columns in which nothing has been censored . . . '34 has set a record in that there are eight sophomores on a staff of sixteen on the SAGAMORE . . . In the issue of "Standards of Brookline High School," which was published in 1930, there appeared this request "Do not rush to the lunch room. Walk slowly and quietly."

* * * *

STATISTIX

We estimate that: 89.7% of '34 will become successful. The others? They'll either get married early or become vice-presidents. . . . The number of sophomore students who commute by automobile has decreased at least 60% since this new "Prohibition of Parking" edict has appeared. Good for 'em! The walk will do them good. . .

* * * *

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO

Allow us to present to you the new sophomore exchange editor of THE SAGAMORE, Bertram Litman, another sophomore who's made good. He is a distant relative to the Chester Litman who was someone up at B. H. S. last year. But we are interested in the lion of the hour. He stands about 5 feet, 8 inches in his stocking feet, and weights somewhere between 145 and 185 pounds. His chief interests are the violin, his school, and his future. Like many other great guys, he hates candy. *

* * * *

As a very young child, Einstein asked his father what algebra was. His father replied, "It's a lazy man's arithmetic. You don't know a number so you call it X, and leave it go at that."

We suspect that Al received his common sense from the paternal side of his family.

---

*This inaugurates our new whispering campaign.

THE SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

THE MURDERED MIND

By NORMAN E. HUNT

A huge crowd had gathered at Park Square. The air was continually rent with staccato shouts and terrified shrieks that rose above the muffled undertone. The wail of a siren heralded the lightning approach of a police ambulance, Behind this glided an official car with three brusque fellows in blue and white.

The police made their way through the sea of moving men to a silent figure lying crumpled in the middle of the street. From a distance his appearance was no more alarming than the white faces of two women who had seen his broken body more closely. But in 15 minutes the press had roared out the story of one of the most gruesome murders ever known in Boston. Sir Abbot Fawcett had been struck down as he left the shadow of the Statler Hotel.

Who had struck him down? A tall man in a black cloak, said a score of terror-stricken men and women. There was something strange and brutal about his attack. He had stood for one awful moment, they said, gazing down at his victim and had then fled down the nearest alley, lost to the world. Everyone had stood quite still, fascinated by the sight. Life was literally suspended in the square, and when someone at last gave chase he was gone.

The strangest thing was that no one had seen him from that moment. Police honey-combed the entire district, searching every building, asking questions of any who might have seen the murderer in his flight.

All Boston was agog. Radio sent the message into millions of homes everywhere. Scores of police patrolled the square and all arteries in its fatal vicinity. The very air was charged, it seemed, with electric current. For an English nobleman was dead, and a fiend who had broken his neck was still at large somewhere . . . somewhere . . .

Behind a handsome mahogany desk at headquarters sat the chief of detectives. The room was full of June sunlight. It fell across the corner of his desk and shone full on the reds of a Persian rug. The room was efficient and orderly, from the nicely catalogued steel file to the dictaphone stationed in the second drawer of the desk.

The man himself gave every appearance of efficiency, too. His closely cropped moustache, careful grooming, and tailored clothes expressed the more subtle orderliness of his mind.

Across the shining expanse of mahogany stood an older gentleman. Gray beard and ruffled gray hair stood out in sharp contrast to a swarthy complexion. He wore his clothes indifferently and

(Continued on Page Seven)

TRICKED

By WESTAWAY WELLNER

It was three o'clock and as yet he had found no way out of this horrible predicament. The ghastliness of his position had overcome his previous calm and had thrown him into the depths of despair. Here he was with a dead man—the man he had planned to murder!

The blue-faced corpse stared across at him from the pale shadows, pointing a finger of guilt at him, mocking and jeering at an innocent man. What was he to do? This thought kept whirling madly through his confused mind and he could find no answer. He had tried all possible exits only to find himself blocked at every turn. It was maddening. The pale light from the full moon shone through the iron-barred window and revealed the twisted body of the dead man in a crumpled heap on the floor. One by one, he smoked the dead man's cigarettes until only a pile of burned-out stubs lay on the soft rug.

He walked over to the window, carefully avoiding the prone figure, and sat gazing across the cold, barren countryside—waiting; that was all he could do. The clock in the hallway outside the heavy door boomed out the hours in deep resonant tones. Only a few hours and then . . .

A half-frozen sparrow fluttered up to the window ledge, nearly dead with the cold. It stiffened and rolled below.

Dawn broke and still he waited, waited to be discovered! But he would never let the police get him and then have to wait for the ponderous wheels of justice to turn slowly and snuff out his miserable existence.

He rose quickly from his seat, moved silently across the room, and began to search for some weapon to effect an exit,—forever!

His efforts were not in vain for he found a bottle of poison and calmly swallowed the deadly potion. At that moment he heard footsteps in the hallway and the heavy door swung slowly open. But it was not a servant who entered. It was the supposedly murdered man. He had been tricked.

The man stood in the open doorway gazing at his shrinking victim, an ironical smile covering his face. Satisfied with the result of his little dupe, he turned to his valet and said in a curt tone, "Lutz, call the police and tell them there has been an attempt on my life."

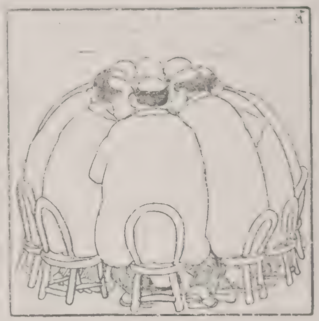
Lutz turned and walked down the hallway, the noise of his leather shoes resounded in the spacious house. Halfway to the 'phone he was stopped by the harsh voice of his master.

"Lutz, Call the coroner also. He's killed himself."

Vox Ludi

EXCLUSIVE! EXCLUSIVE!

Back again, friends, with a new line of gag, and what's more Vox Ludi crashes through with an exclusive illustrated column. Our rivals most likely will follow but it gives us no greater pleasure as the column of, for, and by the people, than to present to our followers the first series of cartoons in many a year.



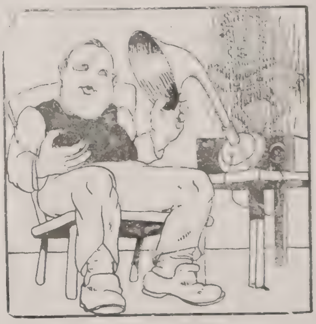
We can think of a no more suitable way off than to show you the men behind the product thinking of (?) some new gags.

* * *

Napoleon, oh, excuse us, it's another great little guy we mean. "Hank" Urrows, column magnate, now claims to control 4/5 of THE SAG'S columns. In doing so he argues monopoly is better (? ? ?) than panic. . .

* * *

We regret that we could not have had this picture in our last column. Can you guess who it is? Why it's no other



than the noted S—— and his Shailer radio programs. Isn't it a remarkable likeness of the great T——?

* * * *

A result of the depression: A certain Boston daily was stuck with an empty column on hand. They figured in filling it up with our annual "riot."

* * * *

How the lines fly! Another column ended. Watch for more pictures next issue.

Advertisement

AFTER HIGH SCHOOL, WHAT?

Each year, high school seniors are confronted with the serious and sometimes perplexing question, "After High School, What?" Those who choose to enter college, soon find themselves facing a similar question—"After College, What?"

For many years the Bryant & Stratton Commercial School of Boston has been helping both high school and college graduates to answer these questions in a satisfactory manner, enabling them to capitalize the training already acquired, but which, too often, has not fitted them to enter positions that will immediately give saisfactory returns, or furnish desirable entrance to worthy careers.

To those who choose to enter business, Bryant & Stratton affords unsurpassed facilities for securing a training that will lead to successful careers in the business world.

Young men, as a rule, find it to their advantage to secure the training of the Business Administration Course, which because of its comprehensive scope has largely supplanted the General Business Course, so popular in former years. It is well worth the short extra time necessary for its completion, as it includes training in both executive and accounting subjects. The young man who shows signs of leadership and has an aptitude for Shorthand and Typing will find such ability a valuable asset, enabling him to meet the increasing demand on the part of business executives for young men, who, beginning their business careers as secretaries, may develop the ability to assume the more important obligations of executive positions.

Capable young women, who in addition to a thorough high school education acquire such training as Bryant & Stratton affords in the Secretarial Course, multiply their value and their opportunities, both with regard to the more desirable positions and larger salaries.

Graduates of the Brookline High School are not required to take entrance examinations: and will be enabled to advance as rapidly as individual ability and the standards of the school permit. Those who have had commercial training will be permitted to enter advanced finishing courses.

We suggest that students interested in a business career write to Principal L. O. White, at 334 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., who will be pleased to supply full information.

MATERIAL INFLUENCES ON MENTAL CONCENTRATION

How often do we hear the words: "But it's the intelligence, the will, the study, and not material things that effect our mental work." These words on the surface appear to be true. They are true for a basis to elaborate upon, but as far as their complete truth goes, they are negligible. Let us look at the simpler conveniences affecting studies. An arm chair, a rest for your book, and a large writing table. Some students sink down in any chair, dropping the book into the lap. Consider the result of such carelessness on the eyes. Do you know that 60% of your energy is used directly or indirectly by the eyes? I know of no condition that is more propitious towards effective concentration than the feeling, "this is my room, and I am the only one who is going to leave his things in here, or rearrange the order of books."

We can hardly lay too much stress on the potency of this factor. It is even more important for young students who have not yet acquired the ability to isolate themselves at will from the surrounding conditions.

How many pupils in this school can say that they are thoroughly acquainted with the books in their own homes, even as far as the titles and authors are concerned? I agree with you mine were all very neatly placed in a locked bookcase three rooms away from my study before I got to work and brought several sets into my room; now I am beginning to become familiar with many classics.

Some of us say we like music while we study, and we are told that it hinders complete concentration. One need not agree entirely with this viewpoint. My own experience is that I can turn on the radio so that it drowns out a host of irritating sounds; this is especially true when certain soothing numbers are played.

I find it much easier to put myself into a mood auspicious to study in the evening than in the daytime. Perhaps one reason for this is that I have the shades down and a lamp lighted conveniently near me. I believe that the "atmosphere" of the room under such conditions tends towards a feeling of isolation in the person and makes him oblivious to minor outside disturbances.

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CONEY ISLAND AND MOB PSYCHOLOGY

It is seven-thirty in the morning and the sun is shining in the window of a great hotel on Fifth Avenue. It shines on the face of a sleeping figure and wakes him, he stirs, and sleepily stretches himself. That person is I, myself, and at that time I am barely eight years old, but even now the recollection of that momentous day often returns to my memory.

I learned at breakfast that I was to go with four of my cousins to Coney Island, and you can imagine the feelings of an eight-year-old boy, for the first time, going to that haven of pleasure seekers.

We set out about ten o'clock dressed up as though going to court—that is the king's court. In due time we arrived at Luna Park. We entered the gate and at once entered enthusiastically into the prevalent atmosphere of hilarity and fun—at least I did. The "fun-house," containing all sorts of amusement, left us all in a state of rank disorder. The slides destroyed clothing, the twisting barrels, through which one walks, did likewise, and the revolving wheel, upon which one sits, finished the job. Then after experiencing at least two barrow rides through the dark, with ghosts and spectres continually popping out at us, we approached the roller-coaster. I shall always remember that ride. We were in the front seats, and, after slowly climbing a long, steep ascent, during which I expressed my sincere contempt for people afraid of roller coasters, we reached the top. We balanced momentarily on the peak and then we started to move, slowly at first, then faster, until at length we were attaining the speed of an express train. Then something happened — something dark fell to the ground—and immediately, as if by magic, a crowd collected. The rest of the ride was a daze to me. I struggled vainly to understand what had taken place but only vague, morbid thoughts came to my mind. When we returned to the starting station, and got out, I elbowed my way to the center of the crowd, and there I saw the man—as a man it turned out to be—had fallen in some way and had escaped with a few cuts and bruises.

Since then I have returned many times to Coney Island and have now developed a sense of keen distaste for its sensational amusements. It was once said by the great circus king, Mr. Barnum, "Once a *sucker,* always a *sucker.*" But I hardly believe that this is true in my case. Nevertheless, a peculiar sensation steals over me at times, and, as though impelled by some force stronger than myself, I return once more to watch the feelings and reactions of the people who are experiencing the thrills and dangers of a roller coaster slide.

THE MURDERED MIND

(Continued from Page Five)

: foot. But the detective looked at
n with marked admiration.

'You're only too welcome, Dr. Cur-
.," said the sleuth, "if you have any
ory about this strange criminal. For
:e months I have labored over this
e. So have fingerprint experts, de-
:ives, psychologists—you've read our
ry, sir. What's your idea?"

'I went over the whole crime by my-
. Sir Abbot had no personal enemy;
one would benefit by the death of a
or, retired nobleman. He was on no
sion of importance; he carried no val-
le or incriminating documents. In
: Sir Abbot would have been the last
n on earth for whose life I would
r." Curtiss cleared his throat.

'But I have more valuable evidence
n that. On the same day, as you
ow, about ten minutes before the
ne, a service man on Charles Street
out of his filling station to attend
ustomer who had driven up to the
b. As he left the garage a human
nt stepped in his way and seized
by the throat. The customer ran
his assistance, calling loudly for help."

Yes, and the attacker sprinted down
street and out of sight." The de-
ive's voice was weary.

And this fellow answered the de-
ption of Sir Abbot's murderer except
the cloak. Which leads me to be-
e that in each case the victim was
ulted for no personal reason but
ely because he chanced to be in the
ssin's path."

Sounds like a maniac."

Exactly. And yet no one has recently
ped from an asylum nor has any
lman been reported at large since
time."

So I figured he must be dead."

(Continued in the next issue)

EXCHANGES

Artisan—Mechanics High School,
oston, Massachusetts. You have an
xcellent school paper. News Items
nd sports are interestingly written
p.

Beacon—Chelsea High School, Chel-
a, Massachusetts. Too many articles,
nd not enough news of the school.
orts section might be larger.

Colby Echo—Colby College, Water-
lle, Maine. Too much fraternity
atter on front page. The History
d Legend of Colby College is very
od idea.

Sooner Cub—University High
hool, Norman, Oklahoma. "Cub
runts" is very interesting. We don't
ink that any high school paper is
mplete without a sporting section.

fee Hilltop—Durfee High School,
all River, Massachusetts. Editorial
age is best we have ever seen. Car-
oning is quite clever. A very good
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LIBRARY LINES

The freshmen honor classes in library lessons are: all A's—IV-A Miss Allen, IV-F Miss Henderson; only one B—IV-C Mr. Downing; IV-P Miss Sears; two B's IV-A1 Mr. Harbour.

Here are a few extracts from the glossary of publishing, from the Princeton University Press Almanac for March.

Appendix—Material too dull to be included in the book.

Author—Plagiarist who is confident that many more of his books would have been sold if the publisher knew his business.

Bookseller—Human spider who sits quietly in his parlor and hates publishers for not giving him all their profits.

Critic—Person who finds it easy to say smart things about other people's hard work.

Foreword—Notice to reader to expect the worst.

Preface—In which the author murmers an apology he doesn't mean.

Two students from Simmons College who were observing the Library said that they were impressed by the number of students who make use of it.

Have you ever been to the Reading Circle? If you haven't you would enjoy coming the 6th period on Friday and listen to new books being read.

The Book Club meets on Tuesday 1:30–2:00. They have had many interesting meetings and discussions on Goethe, Ibsen, and reading *Lady Gregory's Workhouse Ward.*

A cordial invitation is extended to all to come on this period and join in these meetings.

There are many new books coming to the Library. The boys will enjoy reading Commander Edward Ellsberg's new book, *Pigboats.* There are two stories of Robert Burns; *The Life of Robert Burns* by Catherine Corswell and *The Immortal Lover* by John Stewart.

You will also enjoy *Snakes of the World* by the famous Raymond Ditmars.

Other books are: *Everybody's Pepys,* illustrated by Shephart; *How They Carried The Mail,* Joseph Walker; *Dream Days,* Kenneth Grakame; *The Seven Ages of Washington,* Owen Wister; *Eminent Asians,* Josef Hall; *The Best Animal Stories I Know,* John Claire Minot; and *Heroes of Civilization,* Joseph Cottler and Haym Joffe.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

(Continued from Page Four)

7. Always give your copy to either the Revision Editor, the Feature Editor, or the Assignment Editors. Never hand it directly to the faculty advisors, since it complicates the work of the Assignment Editor.

8. Remember that all contributions are welcomed, and if your first pen work is accepted, contribute again, If it isn't, try again.

—H. H. U.

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PLAYING NURSEMAID

I was sitting in the most comfortable chair in my aunt's living room enjoying a book when the quiet of the house was broken by howls which came from the baby's room. I ran into the nursery and saw my little cousin Judith standing up in her crib. She wanted her mama. What was I to do? I knew that my aunt would be home in two hours but meanwhile I had to quiet the crying child.

I said, "Now Judy darling, your mama will be home in a little while. She went to the store to buy some candy for you." This wasn't effective and Judy continued her wailing. Finally I remembered that I shouldn't have said the same thing to two-year-old Judy that I would have told to my four-year-old cousin. I tried again, this time I said, "Honey, mother will be right home and she's going to bring her little Judy a teddy-bear." This quieted Judy at once and I was able to make her lie down and she fell asleep with a happy smile on her face and I went back to my book.

"Oh dear, Johnny, have you been fighting again?"

"No, miss, we moved yesterday, and I moved the cat."

* * * *

Father: "I'm surprised that you should become infatuated with that girl. Why, you should have been able to read her like a book."

Son: "Well, you see, dad, the light was rather low."

* * * *

"Have you ever heard the one about the neighbors warning her daughter to be careful when crossing streets?"

"The girl urged mother not to worry because she always waited for empty space to come by."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVIII BROOKLINE, MASS., MAY 3, 1932 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

Senior--Junior Prom Will Mark Final Event of the Social Season

ASSEMBLY ON APRIL 13 STIMULATES ENTHUSIASM

Mr. Ringer Urges Support of Affair

The assembly was opened in the usual anner by Mr. Ringer, who then turned : over to the upper class presidents. obert Hall spoke first on the subject f the Junior-Senior Social, which is to ake place on Saturday, May seventh, at ight o'clock. Because the Senior Social as not altogether a success, and because f the great financial distress of the enior treasury, it had been decided that e affair would be a joint one. Mr. all closed his speech by saying that the enior class must either raise money in at way or else by more dues, and added at he was expecting the loyalty and co-peration of all. Roger Bernhardt, presi-ent of the junior class, spoke on the ame subject but applied his talk to the nior class, particularly. He said that, s promised, members of the junior class ould be admitted just for class dues, ut that dues must be paid whether or ot the member in question could attend e social. He added that, since the niors were joining with the seniors, nancial conditions would admit having ese especially good performers entertain; otherwise there would have been nly local entertainers. Mr. Joslin and e orchestra then favored the assembly ith an excellently rendered selection. r. Ringer took over the assembly and

(Continued on Page Eight)

YEAR BOOK NOW IN PUBLICATION

Paul Rutledge, Student Chairman

By the time this SAGAMORE has gone press, material for the 1932 Year ook will have been sent to the printer d engraver. This year's edition omises to be a splendid achievement. will furnish more of interest to the tire school than any previous chronicle the senior class.

It is to be regretted that more have t subscribed since the opportunity was st given. The seniors alone cannot d should not bear the entire financial rden of such an enterprise. If this ok is to be of interest to the entire hool, then all four classes should help its maintenance. The cost of publi-tion is too much for one class, but ch member of the school can more

(Continued on Page Three)

Brookline Racquet Men Conquer Revere Team

SUCCEED IN EVERY MATCH BUT ONE

Slashing their way thru practically all opposition, the Brookline tennis team won its first match of the season with an overwhelminb five to one victory over the Revere High School squad at the Dean Road Courts last Friday. The team, led by its hard driving captain, Bob Hall, carried off every engagement but one, and, with this exception, the Revere raqueteers were completely outclassed by the inspired Brookline aggregation.

Captain Hall led off with a smashing 6–2, 6–0 victory over Barry of the visitors, literally driving his opponent off the court. He used his stinging forehand drive to great advantage, and was very easily master of proceedings from the beginning. Lanky Bill Leighbowitch took Larkin handily 6–2, 7–5 in a rather closely-contested match, his lobs and slices proving to be too much for the Revere representative, while player-manager Abbott Rosenberg, transferred his activities from the gridiron to the tennis court, dusted off Hagopian in breezy style at 7–5, 6–2. In the fourth singles Bill Ittman, tall, blond sophomore, playing in his initial court compe-

(Continued on Page Eight)

B. H. S. BASEBALL NINE SUBDUES REVERE TEAM

LARKIN, RILEY STAR, WHILE TEAM ROMPS TO VICTORY

Behind the air-tight pitching of Chris Larkin, and the steady fielding of the whole team, the Brookline High School baseball nine defeated Revere High School, last Friday afternoon, to the tune of 6–3.

Brookline scored its runs in the first, second, eighth, and ninth innings, and collected six hits.

Chris Larkin struck out five, while Grassi and Coran struck out eight.

With one out in the first inning, Grassi, the Revere hurler, walked Koplar, who stole second on the next pitch. Van Dam grounded out, George going to third on the play. Then "Hank" Riley, who turned out to be the star of the game, walloped the pellet into left field, and when the ball got by Strasnick, went all the way to third, scoring Kaplan.

In the second chukker, Cahill started things with a long single. Fisher bunted, and went all the way to third on two

(Continued on Page Seven)

TRIBUTE TO MR. TAYLOR RECEIVED

Copied from paper of Edward Little High School:

"On March 2, 1931, a little more than a year ago, Mr. Taylor, our principal, came to Edward Little High School to fill the post left vacant by the death of Mr. Moulton.

"Mr. Taylor had his work 'cut out' for him, as the colloquial saying is; for many it seemed that no one could ever do as much for the school as the well-beloved 'Prof.' Moulton who had been at the helm of Edward Little's ship for 23 years, but C. Herbert (pardon the familiarity has become the stanch supporter of all good school activities and, last but not least, has earned the sincere good will of his student friends. He is one of us, we like him."

MISS PARKER NEW ART DEPT. HEAD

Replaces Miss Thurston

Miss Parker, well known faculty member has been recently appointed head of the Art Department. This change was due to the fact that last year Miss Thurston, who was then the director, was given leave of absence. Since that time, Miss Parker has been the acting head of this department. We now have some real good news from the School Committee, which informs us that this worthy instructor has been officially appointed director of the department.

Miss Parker, in addition to being a most capable teacher, has shown a great interest in the social activities of the school.

(Continued on Page Three)

M. I. T. CLUBS, TECHTONIANS TO PROVIDE ENTERTAINMENT

Will Take Place On Saturday Eve., May 7

Once again the grim portals of the Brookline High School are to be swung open for an evening of entertainment and pleasure. Once again the long, solemn, dismal, halls of the B. H. S. will ring with peals of applause or move in solemn time to the time of an alluring fox-trot. On May 7, Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock, the senior and junior classes will present to the school a program of music by the Instrumental, Glee, and Banjo clubs of the ancient and honorable Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Do not desert us gentle reader, for after a program of æsthetic enjoyment and intellectual betterment. The Techtonians, the most famous dance orchestra west of Vladivostock will play their alluring strains for some hours of dancing. Nor is that all—the best is yet to come. The price is to be $.50 per ticket, and ticket to admit one person to aforesaid program.

The question may arise in the head of some sophomore as to the merits or demerits of this heterogeneous conglomeration of musical talent. Rest assured—Mr. Roger Bernhardt, Mr. Robert Hall, Norma Marcus, Miss Marie Eck, Miss O'Brien and an escort attended a performance given by these same musicians at Technology, Friday night, April 8. At this party Miss Marcus was one of the prominent younger set "enjoying the Virginia reel and she assures us that these Tech Boys are the real thing.

The juniors are to receive their tickets to this performance on payment of their class dues, but the others have only to spare a few packages of gum, thus improve their personalities and thereby en-

(Continued on Page Three)

NEW BUILDING TO BE COMPLETED IN FALL

A subject which has caused a great deal of discussion among the high school students and teachers is the prospects for the new "wing" of the school. This addition will be occupied in the fall. The second floor of this building is to be devoted entirely to science; there will be eight new laboratories: two physics, two general science, two chemistry, and two biology. There will be a sun parlor

(Continued on Page Three)

THE SPIRIT OF '34

[*The organ of the sophomore class*]

Editorial

Whom shall I set so great a man to face
Or whom oppose? Who's equal to
the place? — Aeschylus

This encourages speculation. What sophomores will fill the seats which are now being warmed by capable seniors and juniors? What promise for the future has '34?

As yet a Bernhardt or a Hall haven't definitely appeared, but there is promise. Look at our Gardener, our Silverman. Where is a Rutledge or a Holt. They're found in Messrs. Moss and Grandfield. We might go on forever, comparing athletes, students, social lions, fair maidens, leaders, and all, but THE SAGAMORE is only an eight-page publication.

'34 has no need for worry, at least as far as material is concerned. Let's improve the raw material—and soon find the finished product.

CHATTER

There have been many apparent signs of spring floating around . . . the Captain of the Marshals ripping the Revision Editor's skirt . . . and many other signs, but if we mention them, there'll be one less columnist alive . . .They say that Bob Beckhard has spring fever all year round . . . the one remedy is good candy. It's good for what ails you, and what you haven't got it'll give you . . . what are yu goin' to get get your mother for Mother's Day . . . Way Wich wrights now . . . Norman Hunt is the infamous 'Raving Reporter' that they've been complaining about . . . Paul Rutledge said on the day before Prize Speaking, "There are too many good sophomores and not enough good juniors." Which shows that we must be good . . . Auf Wiedersehen!

EXCHANGES

The Tradesman—Commerce High School, Boston, Massachusetts. The cartoons and pictures are very good. The editorial section is excellent.

The Record—North High School, Worcester, Massachusetts. You might have a joke column to liven up your paper. *What to Read* is a good idea.

The River's Current—River's School, Brookline, Massachusetts. You have too many articles and not enough news of the school. *Day by Day* is very interesting.

The Clarion—Jamaica Plain High School Boston, Massachusetts. We think that the advertisements should be kept in one section of the book, not mixed with sports.

The Argus—Classical High School, Worcester, Massachusetts. Your paper covers more school activities than any other school paper we have ever seen.

GUIDANCE DEPARTMENT

Advertising as a Profession

PRESENTED BY

ALFRED W. BRENNINGER, *Dean*
Boston Institute of Advertising

Mr. Brenninger speaks with the authority of remarkable training and wide range of valuable experience.

Mr. Brenninger was born in England, educated at Eton and Oxford Law, and among 690 applicants stood ninth on the list in the Bar Examinations in England. Coming to America, Mr. Brenninger was for ten years connected with N. W. Ayer & Sons of Philadelphia, was Production Director of M. P. Gould Company, New York City, and later with Walter B. Snow & Staff of Boston, one of New England's most successful agencies.

Information from a man with this background is well worthy of serious consideration. Mr. Brenninger writes: "The young man or woman who is due to graduate from high school this year has a partcularly perplexing problem to solve in trying to select a trade or profession that is uncrowded and offers real opportunity for advancement and worthwhile compensation. This problem in fact is always perplexing, but owing to business conditions that have prevailed during the past two years or more, the task this year is a particularly difficult one

"It is not my purpose, in fact it would be entirely out of place, for me to draw comparison between the advertising profession and other fields that often engage the attention of the graduating student, such as law, accountancy, medicine, art, secretarial and engineering. But in the interests of truth and unbiased vocational guidance I must state that the ranks in the advertising business are wide open, and owing to the very business conditions that have existed since the fall of 1929 I am convinced that Advertising will see it biggest growth during the next 10 years, and, if this conviction proves correct — and it is shared by many of our national business authorities — then the tremendous strides which Advertising must take during the next decade will create widespread opportunities for young men and women who equip themselves for the work now.

"Let us see what solid facts there are to warrant such a conviction. I need hardly tell SAGAMORE readers that business the world over has been suffering the worst and most sustained shock in history. That the pendulum is about to swing the other way, not so violently of course, but it seems to be clearly in sight.

"Now, how will an upswing in business, generally, offset Advertising? You must realize that Advertising goes to the very heart — is the life blood, so to speak — of almost every business, since it is the most powerful motive that creates sales. Advertising is nothing more or less than mass selling and in the scramble for lost stores and other retail interests, will undoubtedly use that powerful weapon, Advertising, more and more in the years immediately ahead of us. Isn't this the

(Continued on Page Six)

GIRLS' SPORTS

Spring sports, which begin April 4, once more welcome girls to the gym. Every girl should go out for at least two sports. The well arranged program is as follows:

Monday

Track Miss Haskell and Mrs. Doherty
Riding Miss Brwoer

Tuesday

Advanced Tennis Mrs. Wightman (at Dean Road)
Archery Miss Kelley and Miss Griffith
Freshman and sophomore
Beginners and advanced
Baseball Miss Haskell
Beginners' Tennis Mrs. Doherty (at Miss May's)

Wednesday

Intermediate Tennis Miss Johns (at Miss May's)
Archery
Junior and senior
Beginners and advanced Miss Pierce
Riding Miss Kelley and Miss Griffith

Thursday

Class Day Activities
Miss Kelley, Miss Haskell, Miss Johns
Tennis Tournaments
Supervised by Miss Johns, Miss Kelley and Miss Haskell

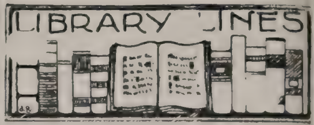
Friday

Practice Tennis by appointment at Miss May's Courts and at Dean.

Tennis practice without Instructor by appointment:

Monday Dean and Miss May's Courts
Wednesday Dean Courts
Thursday Miss May's Courts
Friday Dean and Miss May's Courts

Monday, April 4, the Girls' Track Team had its first meeting in the small gym. They practiced high jumping, running, and broad jumping. The following captains were elected: Ann Delano, Jean McKillop, La Reine Gardner, and Betty Green.



The librarians would like to know if you would like to have a summer booklist this year. What kinds of books would you suggest to have on this list, do you think that last year's plan was satisfactory or would you recommend a change? They would consider it a favor on your part if you would write to *Library Lines* and give your suggestions.

And now let us introduce another contest. It is conducted by the Stokes company and it is open to students sixteen years or under. The prizes are given for the best booklist made on ten given subjects. If you are interested speak to the librarian.

Rhyme of the Reference Room

The Reference Room is where you'll find
Most things you want to know,
To prove or disprove anything
It's just the place to go.

If patrons want the Scarlet Ship,
The book they had last week,
Of course we know right then and there
The Rubaiyat they seek.

We read with ease all modern tongues
"Arma Viranque" too,
Translates "un libro español"
Or "langue française pour vous."

We understudy Sherlock Holmes,
M. D.'s and lawyers, too,
To put it mild, *We Know it All,*—
At least, it's "sposed" we do.

These extracts were taken from the *Wilson Bulletin* for March.

The following are some "boners made by persons doing Library Lessons."

"Please may I have the Congregational Directory?"

(In a very confidential tone): "Miss Stacer—who was I bid?"

"This book belongs to the usual information class." (Meaning Useful Arts?)

"May I take the Col. Talkways Andrews?" (book) (Meaning "Colonial Folkways" by Andrews.)

Well we're glad we all grow wise as the days roll on.

After vacation those who are planning to go to college will appreciate the collection of books on college life. There are also catalogs from the leading colleges which students may take out overnight or consult in the Library. Even if you are not in your senior year you will be enabled to learn what subjects are required in most colleges.

At the meeting of the Library Staff on April 8th arrangements were made for a May Party and for a picnic supper later.

This March in spite of two days on which school was closed—Good Friday and one stormy day—the Library circulated 333 books more than last March: 1,787 books in all, and 119 pictures.

R Colyum

Greetings friends, relatives, also ye aters of the truth.

The above all accounts for the fact that ıy column is censored so clean that the east little speck of dust looks like a big unk of mud in comparison.

Judging by the recent report cards ıe spring fever has started to permeate ıe atmosphere. Oh—Well our parents nderstand?

Here is a smart saying from a wise igh school child in an English class hen it had to use a well known word ı a sentence.

The word "pagoda."

The sentence: "When ma does the ishes, she looks around for pa and says: Where the —— did pa go da!"

Well, it was funny when I heard it.

e Hear That:

Lammie Kerins is going into the egg ısiness.

Dick Holt adores the next to the last w in the Met.

Jackie Clark is getting used to the untry (Chestnut Hill to youse guys).

Dapper Tom Ainsworth is in town oking around.

"Chucky," "Wucky," "Ducky" Polina pelt five different ways) likes the ighborhood in the vicinity of Strathore Road.

Helen Johnston just burns up when r name is mentioned in a column.

ISS PARKER HEADS ART DEPARTMENT

(Continued from Page One)

Turning to our progressive Art Dertment, we find that Miss Parker has en a great factor in its gradual imovement. Due to her untiring efforts d those of her able assistants, Miss ale and Miss Horne, this division of school has been raised to a position ıich is admired by the most prominent ıools of the state.

THE SAGAMORE joins the school in a ıcere wish for continued success.

SENIOR—JUNIOR DANCE

on Saturday, May 7

(Continued from Page One)

e them to relieve the temporary deession existing in the two class asuries by purchasing several "billets" this circus.

Do we need to take a text and preach sermon as the straw-haired president the senior class might do, on school rit? Or do we merely have to say at a "good time will be had by all?" hether you belong to either class of men, come out in force Saturday, May at 8 o'clock, and give a stamp, clap, d whistle for the doughty boys of the titute.

LEIGHBOWITCH WINS SCHOOL TOURNAMENT

Defeats Gutman, Warshaw, Ittman

In the first Brookline High School tennis tournament ever to be completed in its entirety, the long and lanky Billy Leighbowitch most emphatically a dark horse, spread-eagled the whole field to the great surprise of all concerned and carried off first honors. Bowling over all opposition, he conquored all comers in his own inimitable way to finally reach the finals, there to defeat the other cloudily-tainted quadruped of the tournament one William Ittman, a member of the sophomore class, in two bitterly contested sets, 7–5, 6–3. Ittman, in his half of the competition, likewise took all challengers in his stride, defeating Paul Silbert, a veteran of last year's campaigns, 6–3, 6–4 in the semi-finals, after beating **Louis Lappin, also a veteran,** in the quarter finals, 9–7, 5–7, 7–5, in one of the hardest-fought engagements of the tourney. Leighbowitch also had his troubles in reaching the finals, defeating Warshaw, 10–8, 6–2 in the quarter finals, and Gutman, 6–3, 6–3, in the semi-finals.

Fifty-six aspirants to tennis fame and glory, the highest number to go out for that sport in Brookline athletic history, turned out to try their luck in the tournament play.

The competition was staged at the Dean road courts during vacation week,

(Continued f -- Page

ALUMNI NOTES

Harold Levenson of the class of 1931 gained recognition for his Alma Mater and his present school, Northeastern University, at the Horse Show of March 30 which was held at the Arena. A special half-mile race of students from Boston University and Northeastern was held at 9:45 P. M. Levinson got off to a very poor start but gradually obtained the lead, gaining the pole near the very end.

Barbara Frank, '31, was fifth highest of the freshman class at Smith College in the midyear exams.

Mark J. Mackey, a student at Dart- He was one of the students whose names mouth, received an average of 4.0 in his first semester's work. This mark means that he had a perfect record of five A's. appeared in the book, *Men of Distinctive Scholastic Accomplishment.*

The following students of the University of Pennsylvania received exceptionally good marks: Paul Goldman, A. C. Isenburg, and Harry Levi, Junior, '31.

Arthur Horn, '29, is one of the mainstays of B. U. rifle team. Even as a freshman he showed that he was good. To improve he built a range in his cellar and it is there where he perfected himself. However, his hobby is not shooting, but building model airplanes. He has won two New England aircraft championships.

GERMAN CLUB TO PRESENT PLAY

Wie man's macht in Amerika is a short comedy which is to be presented at the next German Club Meeting. The characters are as follows:

Herr Mettler	GORDAN MCALEER
Frau Mettler	MARION PHILLIPA
Betty Mettler	RUTH WOLF
Frank Maurer	SHERMAN ROSE
Herr Stahlman	PAUL H. SILBERT
Minna, *the Mettler's maid*	MARJORIE FRANK

Betty Mettler has invited Frank Maurer, the son of an old acquaintance of the Mettlers, to her home for the evening. Mrs. Mettler is vexed at first, because she thinks that this boy has been visiting her daughter a little too often. However, this soon wears off. It happens that Herr Stahlmann, another admirer of Betty, also visits that evening. To be sure, Frank is pure American and attempts to show Betty how to make love. Betty thinks that he ought to ask her parents first whether he might marry her, but Frank thinks differently. Later, Herr Stahlmann, desiring to ask Betty's parents if he may marry her (an old German custom!), asks Betty and Frank to leave the room. Of course she is overjoyed, since she can be alone with Frank (! !). The Mettlers consent to Herr Stahlmann's proposition and believe he will make a fine husband. Soon an argument arises between Frank and Stahlmann, because Stahlmann makes fun of California, Frank's native state. After this passes, Frank starts to relate an encounter of his with a bear, and Stahlmann grows uncomfortable from his imitations of the bear. Stahlmann becomes indignant and changes his mind about the marriage.

In the end the young American wins out and he takes Betty as his wife back to America.

THE NEW BUILDING

(Continued from Page One)

Other features of the second floor are: a new device to show the amount of electricity used on that floor; a device on the ceiling for indicating direction of the wind. A series of display cases showing objects of scientific interest are planned for exhibit the length of the corridor. Visual instruction will be afforded by means of a moving picture machine.

The laboratories are so arranged that the pupils will be seated in front of the room, and the experiment tables are to be in the rear. The new wing will be ventilated by the Unit System which means that each room has its own electric fan drawing in fresh air from the window. The chemistry laboratories will have fans on the ceilings.

The first floor will be occupied by class rooms, with lockers in the corridors. In the basement will be a large room for the faculty.

THE VACUUM CLEANER

This column is for the benefit of the dear readers (?) of THE SAGAMORE who have been annoyed by so many other would-be columns and such. Now you can read one column and save time, or if you want to save still some more time, don't read this one either.

* * * *

"That tickles me," said Sammy, Jr., pointing to his red flannels hanging on the line.

* * *

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

Little flunks in Latin
Little flunks in French
Keep the baseball heroes
Sitting on the bench.

* * * *

SEEN ON THE BOARD IN ROOM 24

Please give money to send a Red to Washington.

* * * *

It always makes me laugh,
So wonderful a treat,
To see an athlete run a mile
And only move two feet.

* * * *

"I'm being played for a sucker," said the vacuum cleaner as it was pushed over the carpet. . . No, Jerry, a peppermint is not a place where they coin peppers. . George Kaplan tells us that he didn't want such a short haircut, but that he washed it and it shrunk . . . "The spring is here," cried the poet as he took the back off his Ingersoll.

The whole front of the upper floor of the old building, now occupied by the science departments, will be given up to the domestic science department. It is expected that the room occupied by Miss Pease (Biology) will be given to Miss Taft for Civics and Commercial Geography. The lecture room, 33A, will become an apparatus and conference room for Miss Taft.

The next proposition is to make Shailer Hall a library with many conveniences, and a much larger proposition is to add a physical education building to complete the square. Mr. Jewett's Guidance Department will be moved in the Library when it is vacated.

Some of the authorities with the best interests of the school at heart, are dreaming of a time when the quadrangle will be developed into a park with a fountain in it.

YEAR BOOK

(Continued from Page One)

easily share the burden by paying a dollar and a half or two dollars.

In this year of distress you have generously answered the appeal to support THE SAGAMORE and Scholarship Dramatics. It is our sincere belief that you will respond in the same generous way to this unofficial appeal on behalf of the Year Book.

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Tuesday from November to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2, office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. No copy accepted later than the Friday preceding the day of publication.

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VOL. XXXVIII MAY 3, 1932 No. 11

"SLIDING HOME"

"Sliding home" that simple phrase holds to vastly different and important meanings. The less serious of the two is frequently brought to us at this time of year in relation to baseball. After a rumor has circled the bases and is heading for home plate, he is often obliged to slide home to avoid being tagged out. This form of sliding is highly desirable inasmuch as it helps to accomplish the objective of the game.

But there is another form of sliding home, also prominent at this time of year and practiced extensively by students, but not on the ball field. It is in force in the class-room. After several months of more or less serious endeavor, most students are inclined to rest on their laurels and slide for the rest of the year. It is now that a person's strength of mind comes to the fore. Their ability to keep going at fullest mental speed till the end of the year is a true test of character.

People must not be content to get a good start and then slide until their force of momentum leaves them standing short of their goal. We must keep going till the end.

As you look about, you see multitudes of people; some happy, some unhappy, some content, others discontent. You will notice that those who are unhappy and discontent are the people who do not do a full day's work. They are the cynics, the parasites, that ever present group who always criticize but do not offer remedies, who are willing to take the credit and reward for work done, but unwilling to do the actual work after some small effort. They are sliding home. But they never quite reach home, they stop sliding too soon, and invariably are tagged out.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR

The last quarter is here. The three-quarter year sleepers are awakening. The prospects of a year's failure stares them in the face, almost too late. This situation is now apparent, and is a yearly occurrence to most of us. Is it not possible for us to plan now to avoid a repetition of this next year, by giving more thought to our program, more study at the beginning of the year, and more effort to improve our monthly marks? Why wait for the eleventh hour?

The Poet's Corner

MYSTERY

High Sky—Deep Blue
What lies beyond
This infinite hue?
The High-Priest chants
To ward off (by chance)
The everlasting prance
Of the Devil's dance.

The Fakir—he prays
Disciples are in a daze
Watching his pious craze
Listening to what he says.

The clairvoyant—he gazes
At the crystal's many mazes.
At the sky's perennial phases
And Hell's eternal blazes.

The Atheist—he sneers
And asserts with knowing leers
There is no God he fears.
How can Man have any peers?

Each will tell you what he knows
Yet the rain still rains and the snow still snows
The sun still shines, the moon still glows
Connaisons-nous quelque chose?

High Sky—Deep Blue
What lies beyond
This infinite hue?

Waves

Waves from the Ocean,
Up from the ocean,
Up from the dark, green sea;
With a lilting motion,
With Nature's emotion,
With gestures, wild and free.
CHORUS
The rollicking waves, the frolicking waves,
The rippling, sparkling, dancing waves
Up from the dark, green sea.

From Neptune's caverns,
From damp, dark caverns,
Out from the murky caves;
Black like the raven,
Often as craven,
Whenever the tempest raves.
CHORUS
With showering spray,
At aquatic play,
Crested with curdling cream;
The sea-serpents' prey
Goes seaward to stay,
Covered by mirrored moonbeam
CHORUS
Lapping the grey beach,
Transforming all the shore;
Slapping the grey beach,
Helping the rocks to bleach,
Stretching their damp reach,
They rise forevermore!
FINAL CHORUS
The capering waves, the tapering waves,
The billowing, foaming, splashing waves,
Up from the dark, green sea.
Up, up, up from the sea. . . .

STUDENT GOVERNMENT IN THE HIGH SCHOOL

One of the features of this school and one of which it is very proud is its system of student self-government. This government is composed of several branches, the Teacher-Student Council, the Court of Justice, and the marshals. Many times self-government in a school does not work out so idealistically as is hoped for by its sponsors, and the situation in this school seems to be no exception.

The Teacher-Student Council, composed of members of the student body and faculty, chosen in various ways, meets at times to discuss and pass forms of legislation to govern the school which are seldom made public to the common student and are still more seldom carried into effect.

The Court of Justice, completely composed of students, meets whenever necessary to try wrong-doers and other students of criminal intent who have somehow broken the law. After attending this institution for three years, I have not as yet ever heard of such trials and have never met any other students who have been tried by that august body. These trials, if they do exist, also are never made public and are held completely in secrecy either because of lack of accomplishment or of the frightening horror of the crimes committed.

When I first entered this school, I was taught that to be a marshal was one of the greatest honors available to a student. It was supposed to be a highly desired honor to be a dummy-policeman, directing traffic in the corridors and keeping order in the class-room when the teacher had absented himself. Now it is only another word to place beneath one's beaming portrait in the Year Book. It is almost a punishment to be stationed on duty in the lunch-room. One who has the good fortune to be a marshal may depart from an unprepared lesson more than five minutes before the closing bell and may enter a recitation a corresponding time after the start of the period. If questioned, by announcing the magic word "marshal," a person tardy to a class is admitted cheerfully.

t is a poor situation in such a respon-ible force as the marshals that in very ecent years, the captain, one of the most onorable positions given to a student ad to be removed from failure to pass is studies.

Student government is supposed to be mportant at Brookline High School. Yet ow many students can readily tell who ompose the Court of Justice, and what t has accomplished, who compose the Teacher-Student Council, and what the urpose of that organization is; or why narshals have such special privileges?

Jokes

Little Jane, who had been left to vatch the soup, cried out, "Oh, mother, ome quick—the soup is getting bigger han the pot."

* * * *

Boss: "Want a job, eh? Well there's ot enough doing around here to keep a nan busy for an hour a day."

Applicant: "Just the kind of a place m looking for, mister."

* * * *

He: "How long did it take you to arn to skate?"

She: "Oh. about a dozen sittings."

* * * *

The June bride was in tears again, is morning; it seems Wilbur set the offee pot down on one of her waffles, inking it was an asbestos pad.

* * * *

John: "Have you ever lost your temper efore your wife?"

Jones: "No, she always beats me to it."

* * * *

"Come here, my son; I'm going to ve you something."

"I'm afraid, Pa, that you are going to ve until it hurts."

* * * *

Boy: "That man over there brought e up from a baby."

John: "Oh, your guardian?"

[illegible]: "No, apartment elevator opera-
r."

* * * *

The steamer was just leaving the pier nen a man rushed up and shouted, Hold on a minute, captain. There's a rty of fifty coming aboard."

The steamer backed in again, and the an walked on board and sat down.

After five minutes the captain went ross to him and asked if the party ould be much longer.

"What party?" asked the man.

"The party of fifty you spoke about."

"Oh, I'm the party. I'm fifty today."

Sagamore Short Stories

"THE FOX AND THE CHICKEN"

By Felice Kornfeld

As the Canadian Pacific was about to pull out of the Montreal Station, I made a wild dash and caught it. Icicles cracked off the metal steps as I boarded the train, but Montreal had become too hot for me. I was a confidence man who had lost not only his confidence but most of his gold bricks. Naturally, I was disappointed to find that my car contained only two other passengers. It was three days before Christmas, and I thought traffic would be heavy. America may be dry, but I thought people would be full enough of holiday spirits to be going back to the States. One of the other passengers, a young man, sat right in front of me, and farther down the aisle I glimpsed a sweet looking profile, and a Greta Garbo curl. I mentally gave this pair about five minutes before his "Slickem" and her curls would be on one seat. Four minutes passed, the first call for supper had sounded, when my prophecy about my train companions came true. His method wasn't new, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and how she fell for the "old baloney." My years of living by my wits had sharpended my ears at least. The heart may be tough, but soon I was in a terrible state, because that city slicker was sure putting over a slick trick by cajoling that sweet little thing into wearing a gorgous silver fox of his across the border, and into claiming it was hers, thus avoiding the duty. It was a slick game, of course. I'd thought of it myself—but that is neither here nor there Miss Curley Locks, as I call her for lack of any other name, proudly wore those queenly furs into dinner. From a nearby table I noticed she was getting a square meal, at least for her services to him.

By nine o'clock the inspectors had been through our car, all our things had passed the test. Curley Locks had sure put the trick over for the boy friend. I must have dozed off for a while, but when a sudden stop of the train jolted me awake, I was some surprised to find that the conversation between Romeo and Juliet was no longer a lot of applesauce, but had developed into a hot argument. Curley Locks had sure sprung a surprise on Slickem as well as me, for she was arguing that she had declared to the Custom Agents that the furs were hers, and hers they should remain. Well she had the goods on him, and they were on her too, if you get what I mean. Poor Romeo had sure struck a snag. What with the porter, the conductor, and such constantly walking through, and Curley Locks preparing to get off at the next stop, plus the neckpiece; even if Slickem had tried force on the "Frail," he couldn't have gotten

(Continued on Page Seven)

THE MURDERED MIND

By Norman E. Hunt

INSTALLMENT II

The detective had said, "So I figured he must be dead."

"Yes, dead; or else—"

"Or else what, doctor?"

"Young man I want you to follow me back over twenty years to Leipzig University in Germany. Only a graphic and detailed accout of certain events in my knowledge can make my theory sound sensible to your ears." The medical man sank into a chair facing his listening friend.

"Dr. Sottlein," said Curtiss, "was years ahead of his time in scientific theory. He had a splendid laboratory at Leipzig where he worked on the physical functions of the human brain He had there several human brains preserved in alcohol. He never told us how he procured them, and certainly no one dared ask him. for the whole student body held him in awe."

"He taught classes during the day and some of his more brilliant pupils helped him in his research. Paul Steinert and I were the most advanced of all and were much in contact with the great scientist.

"One evening Paul and I were poring over Gottlein's recent notes when we came across this statement, heavily underlined: 'By constant repetition of a given stimulus, we can effect a permanent anatomical change in our brain stuff which will add a specific cerebral function to that place which it could not have had spontaneously.' "

"I wonder what the old fellow meant by that?" I chuckled.

"Don't you understand it?" asked Paul.

"Not very well."

"Well, it's not entirely clear to me, but this is partly the idea. If I practiced applying my mind very intently, say, during the early morning hours, for a long period of time, I would afterwards find it more difficult to reverse this process and work late at night. For a very definite habit would have been formed in my brain and would consequently exert itself on my manner of living."

"Couldn't you give me a more tangible example?"

"Yes—I—that is, I don't know whether I ought to tell you my own idea on this subject or not, friend."

"Paul, you know I can be as silent as the grave."

"Well then, it's this. When I first saw this remark of Gottlein's, the idea came to me. If there were only some concentrated extraction, or powder, or something from the brain of a dumb beast injected into a human, would that human be, for a time, like the beast? And when the effect wore off, if this process were repeated and repeated again, would the human turn beast—mentally, I mean? Wolfgang, do you realize that would be the proof of evolution?" He stood there with his eyes shining and his hands clenched.

I was frankly disturbed by this horrible suggestion. I knew Paul was perfectly sane and the idea came from an extremely scientific mind. But I was upset with his wild enthusiasm and sat silent, not knowing what to say.

"What do you think of it?"

I was the impassioned one now.

"I think, Paul Steinert, you would do well to forget the whole, damned idea!"

"Why?"

"Why! Because it's no fit subject for a fellow of our age to consider. It's horrible, gruesome, insane!"

He didn't seem to resent my reply but rather pitied my "childish" fears. He folded the papers and put them in his cloak. We were both rather serious as we left the laboratory and Paul took one direction and I another.

That was the last time we were alone. A few days later Paul was closeted all day with Gottlein and then he left the University, never to return. I was sorry for Paul and I had been good friends and I felt lonely now. When I asked Gottlein where Paul had gone, he made some non-committal remark, and I could find out nothing more.

That was about Christmas time. After the holidays I figured my work hard. I had chosen an extra subject and there was no Paul to help me with my chemistry.

One evening in early May after a long day of nerve-wracking dissection and vivisection, I shouldered my gun and tramped out into the country. It had been a warm, muggy day. The night was coming on with a low, moaning wind. The trees stood out against the fading light like great, black giants with a million out-spread arms. Nature was in one of her moods. I felt lonelier than at any time since Paul's departure.

I leave the cart-path I have been following and climb a fence at one end of a long field. At the other end is a boulder. Standing on it is a man. He looks familiar in the distance.

As I draw nearer, I see who it is and raise a joyful shout.

"Paul!" I cry. He makes no answer. Strange. It must be Paul.

"Paul, old fellow, how came you here? Paul—"

The figure turns toward me. I see his face clearly. He utters a horrid snarl and bounds down over the hill and into the woods, lost to sight.

And why do I fall to the ground and cover my face with my hands. Because I have seen his face—it is—.—

(Continued in the next issue)

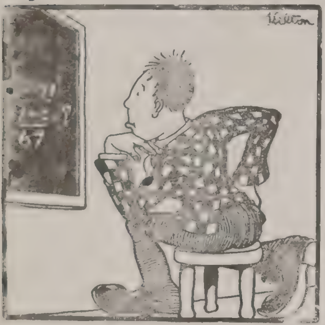
VOX LUDI

(The column for the people who think)

Just think, only eight more weeks of school and then . . . How did you enjoy the vacation? . . . We did too. Note the fact that many of our rival columns have shrunk about 50 percent. Is it the depression or the censor? And now to start the column in behalf of those without an imagination and who can't read.

* * * *

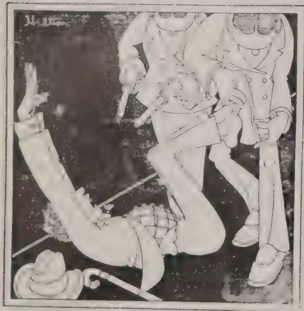
Hail the great Cohen! We mean Jordan Cohen, noted mathematician, who had the nerve to show Lebowich where he got off. As a result Billy thought he was going to have a spot on his eye.



Here is the hero at the age of eight, perplexed by his favorite pastime.

* * * *

Vox Ludi bows to its contempory, *Winchell-izing,* which reports that Carl Landers was held up by armed bandits.



This is how our artist pictured the robbery. We never knew that Carl carried his bankroll in his shoe. Who are those gunmen? Could one be Bernstein?

* * * *

Warning: Get fresh with "Fill" Goldenberg and you will get filled with gas.

* * * *

Our next picture, which we will print in our next edition so as not to cause a riot this week, is a a girl named—— well, you'll find out anyway in the coming episode of this work of journalistic art.

"I need hardly add that advertising is probably the highest paid of our professions today. It is a highly specialized business, of course, and calls for special, concentrated training — preferably at a Day School, where advertising is taught exclusively.

"Yes, advertising is a very fascinating subject to study. Because of the variety of the work, it appeals to the young mind. Today you are writing about travel, tomorrow about foodstuffs, the next day textiles, and so on. The business never becomes monotonous. Just glance through those alluring pages in our weekly and monthly magazines and you will appreciate this fact. I trust the above will at least induce many SAGAMORE readers to seriously consider the field of Advertising this year. I am sure they will find their efforts well repaid and learn many interesting facts."

kind of business, then — a profession — that should at least be looked into by you.

BROOKLINE BOWS TO LATIN IN OPENER

Visitors Score Shutout

Brookline High School's baseball season officially opened on Monday, April 25, by a defeat at the hands of the Boston Latin nine to the tune of 12–0. The visitors sewed up the game in the sixth inning by scoring six runs by four hits and four Brookline errors. Coach Fitzgerald's team was able to check the invaders somewhat, with a revised team in the remaining three innings, allowing but three runs. The Red and Blue were unable to collect but three hits from Davis, the opponent's pitcher, who pitched a fine ball game, striking out ten men.

Gordon and Lee were the home team moundsment for the day, while Rae was outstanding in the field at bat. As a result of this diamond battle Coach Fitzgerald had his first opportunity to see the team in action.

BIA

NOW
Now Is The Time To
Enroll In This School

Notwithstanding the fact that we are expanding our school quarters very substantially this year, there is strong, tangible evidence that we shall have more students than our limited capacity can accommodate.

We therefore urge all Brookline Seniors — both young men and women — who desire to enter this (the only) All-Advertising college, or desire to give it serious consideration, to call and discuss the matter with the Dean or any member of the Faculty as soon as possible.

Mr. Brenninger will be glad to arrange appointments for students upon request — why not see him NOW on this matter? He will also be glad to give you a copy of our new school catalog.

A. W. BRENNINGER, *Dean*

BOSTON INSTITUTE OF ADVERTISING
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WINCHELL-IZING

Hello, B. H S., this is a new column about to start in THE SAG. I hope you'll like it! This is my first attempt as a colyumnist, and it is my earnest endeavor to have it enthusiastically received by the student body and teachers.

* * * *

I extend my heart-felt sympathy to Carl Landers concerning his recent bereavement, a most unfortunate one in these times of dire necessity, Carl was personally relieved of fifty cents at gunpoint in a public market. . . . Poor Carl! . . . The almost daily debates between the soph class wizard, E. Silverman and the class poet, N. Hunt, in the English IIIA division have reached a sizzling point: Mrs. Barnes is an eager spectator and referee. . . Poor Hunt! . . . Frank Gardner since his election last year as president of the soph class has seemingly dropped into oblivion; speak up, Frank, let's hear from you! . . .

* * * *

SPECIAL NOTICE

WILL THE BOY WHO USES THE REAR OF THE SCHOOL AS A PARKING GROUND FOR HIS LIGHT, BROWN PACKARD KINDLY CALL FOR ME AT THE SAG ROOM AND I WON'T TELL THAT IT'S THERE. . . . THANKS, PAL. . . Also dear students, this colyumn is absolutely anti-Ware (of the Brookline Wares). He certainly has some queer antics. We offer Russell Theise a job, at the salary of twenty lunch checks a week, as a quarry worker because they tell me (oh! don't think this is a gossip colyum, by all means, no) but I have heard that he is a marvelous chiseler. My dear chap, you had better stop chiseling before any more of your mis-adventures are reported to this colyumn. . . . They tell me Dave Fernandez has house-maid's knee (of course I don't want this colyumn sued for slander and defamation of character before it gains a reputation other than the one it retains at present), Kentucky papers please copy.

LAUGH OFF THAT NIGHT BEFORE

Mr. Dollar, his wife and daughter were greatly mortified one evening before the social set in Boston. Arriving at the palatial residence of their host, Mr. Dollar said to the butler:

"Please announce Mr. and Mrs. Dollar and daughter." Pompously, the butler entered the room and in a distinct voice announced, "Three bucks."

I am yours while,

WINCHELL-IZING.

P. S. Come clean cried the gangster as he put carbona on the spot.

"Ach, Sandy, the baby's swallowed a penny!"

"Well, let him have it—tomorrow's his birthday."

LET'S TALK IT OVER

Now's the time of year that our
ıoughts start turning towards — that
our-year holiday known as college . . .
hiffle hair cuts . . . sport shoes . . .
pen roadsters . . . Brighams . . .
anoeing . . . and I guess our Stonewall
ackson's will be back with the robins to
ecorate our front wall . . . some of our
erpetual stewds can remember when the
ıp used to run in trees . . . now it
ıns in roadsters . . . our supers speech
oout chew gummers express my senti-
ents exactly . . . and now for a stray
t of philosophy from Confucius . . "I
ıte those that make secrets known, and
ıink they are straighforward."—said
ords were quoted years and years ago,
. . *fogive* me folks, *fogive* me . . .
e theme song of the dance after Dra-
atics should have been *Tripping on*
e Threshold . . . and while everyone
as all dolled up in soup and fish, I
w some stewd with a sweater . . .
rdon the sartorial discrepancy . . .
ıst of been a lot of fun for a lot of
turday nighters to change their tires
th stiff-bosom shirts . . .

'Twas after Dramatics in a restaurant
they met,
His name Romeo, hers Juliet,
He sat and talked, she sat and et,
Then Rome'-od for what Juli'-et—

ıe barring of five-year men from senior
ss positions lets a lot of good men
t . . too bad . . . they're simply slow
t sure . . . I heard someone practicing
Wedding March on the school organ
t week . . . what is this school coming
. . . conversation between a couple of
z singers after a quarrel . . . Hm . . .
ı blue again, thinking of you, you've
everything, I'm dancing on the ceil-
, head over heels in love, can't we talk
over? . . Her . . Was that the human
ng to do? You rascal you! You try
nebody else! Betty co-ed, Minnie the
ucher! Can't we be friends, just
ends? I'm sorry dear . . . Him . . .
urrender dear! I'll get along, crying
self to sleep, Dreaming of you, Un-
neath the Wabash moon . . . After
ding several recent novels, the only
erence between them and the . . .
ctly . . . .

* * * *

'What was George Washington noted
?"

'His memory."

'What makes you think his memory
so great?"

They erected a monument to it."

* * * *

ommander: "Now, suppose you are
your post one dark night. Suddenly
erson appears from behind and wraps
strong arms around you so that you
't use your rifle. What will you
then?"

adet: "Let go, dear."

* * * *

raternity man's motto:
If the shoe fits—borrow it!

BROOKLINE 6 — REVERE 3

(Continued from Page One)

wild throws, while Cahill scored. McDonough grounded out and Fisher scored on the throw to first.

In the fourth inning, Foley of Revere in an attempt to score, knocked "Hank," the Brookline catcher, on his back, but "Hank" had already tagged him, and held onto the ball.

With two out in the eighth stanza, Riley, Brookline's batting bambino, singled to center, and Rae, on a short hit down the third base line, got one base, sending Riley to third. And then that worthy, with two out and two strikes, stole home with the winning run.

The Red and Blue got two more runs in the ninth on a flock of wild pegs by Revere.

The team has put in hours of work with Coach Fitzgerald, and they're working in mid-season form. The team which won the game for Brookline today will probably carry on for Brookline throughout the schedule.

ART CORRIDOR EXHIBITION

The Brookline High School Art Department takes pleasure in exhibiting a collection of paintings, pastels, and linoleum prints by Ralph D. Ayer of Woburn, Massachusetts.

Mr. Ayer's work has previously been shown at the Massachusetts School of Art at the Woburn Public Library. In 1930, at graduation from the Art school, he received the Medal, the highest honor awarded for painting.

Quoting Mr. Philpott of the *Boston Globe:* "Mr. Ayer's work shows a peculiar sensitiveness to the New England landscape." This quality is as apparent in the strongly painted "Old Bridge at Exeter" as in the more delicate pastel. The portrait of the Rev. Robert Munson Gray deserves commendation both for its restraint in handling and its likeness to the sitter. The one water color, "Colonial Dreams," shows qualities seldom found in a modern painter, simplicity, sincerity, a profound respect for the past, and the linoleum prints disprove the belief that such simplicity and sincerity need be weak and ineffective.

FORMER B. H. S. STUDENT CAPTAINS YALE '35 NINE

Preston L. Woodlock of Brookline High School, '29, son of Mr. Frederick L. Woodlock, faculty member, was recently elected captain of the freshman baseball team at Yale University. He was also captain of the Andover nine during the 1931 baseball season.

"THE FOX AND THE CHICKEN"

(Continued from Page Five)

away with it, that was plain. Maybe it was loyalty among men or something, but I found myself taking the seat beside them, and with hardly an "Excuse me for butting in," I began telling Curley Locks how I'd overheard all the talk, and that she should remember that two wrongs never made a right. I reminded that young lady of her honor, her reputation in her home town, for all that was sweet and honest. By the time I'd wrung her conscience she was wringing her handkerchief and sobbing as how I'd shown her the right path. She cast them furs off her young neck as though ridding herself of the devil. My own eyes were dim as I helped her off the train at the station. I saw to it that Slicker never left my side, however, as a bird in the car is worth two in some wayside station.

"Now, sir, when do you intend to hand me over to justice?" says Slickem, as the train pulled out, trying to act sad and gentle. "Can the sob stuff, son." says I, "And let's get down to business. Here's my card, I'm known as the "Deacon," and unless I miss my guess we might as well team up for a while. It's plain you can't work your racket alone; mine froze up in Montreal and I'm sure in need of a new one."

DANCING PARTY

On Wednesday, the girls' dancing class had its final meeting in the form of a party. This class has been under the supervision of Miss Haskell and Miss Johns during the winter. The girls gave an excellent demonstration of tap and acrobatic dancing. After these dances the girls showed their guests their manner of popular dancing. Then refreshments were served and the girls received their letters and stripes for their work.

OUTING CLUB

The Outing Club celebrated its best meeting by having a party in the Girls' League Room. The girls played "Ping-Pong" for a while and then refreshments were served. The meeting was adjourned at three-thirty. The positions left vacant by Anne Geoghegan, President, and Francis Driscoll, Treasurer, are at the disposal of future members.

ALUMNI NOTES

Ralph Spector, freshman at Bentley, maintains a 92% average; Thomas Larkin has a 94% average to his credit; Joseph P. Murray of '28 boasts slightly less than 90% and John F. Ahearn holds an 88%.

The following former Brookline High School students at the Bentley School of Accounting are doing excellent work: Thomas Larkin, '30, John Ahearn, '30, and Joseph Murray, '28.

Charles Nayor, '31. was elected secretary of the freshman class at Dartmouth.

Miss Janet Alexander, '31, was admitted to Alpha Society, an honorary society at the Junior College of Pasadena, California.

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BROOKLINE BEATS REVERE

(Continued from Page One)

tition for Brookline, easily defeated Crivell 6–1, 6–2, thereby making Brookline's singles record four straight-set victories.

Ittman also paired up with Hall in the doubles as this combination outplayed the Revere pair, Barry and Gibbs, to completely eclipse them at 6–1, 6–1. In the other doubles match Buster Gutman and Dave Summer suffered the only Brookline defeat, succumbing to Hagopian and Larkin in the longest and hardest fought tourney of the day, 9–7, 6–3.

As a whole, in this first competition of the year and with the support of three letter-men, Coach Barns's proteges showed a remarkable improvement over their last year's performances. With Billy Leighbowitch, who ran off with first laurels in the school tournament, but who did not even go out for tennis last year, and Ittman, the sophomoric runner-up, coupled with the veterans of the previous season, the squad looks to be of very nearly championship calibre, and will undoubtedly score a quantity of victories over the many teams in the hard and long schedule which lies before it.

LEBOWICH WINS SCHOOL TOURNEY

(Continued from Page Three)

with the final matches being played on Monday of the following week, under the supervision of Coach Barns of the tennis team and Manager Abbott Rosenberg. In addition to the players unearthed in the tournament rounds, there are four letter men, Captain Bob Hall, Abbott Rosenberg, David Summer, and Robert Warren, and also a few members of the last year's squad who did not quite earn their letters.

April 29	Revere at Brookline
May 2	Malden at Brookline
May 6	Rox. Memorial at Brookline
May 9	Country Day at Country Day
May 11	Lynn Classical at Brookline
May 16	Winchester at Brookline
May 20	Newton at Newton
May 23	Boston Latin at Brookline
May 27	Arlington at Brookline

ASSEMBLY, APRIL 13

(Continued from Page One)

added to the speeches made by the class presidents. He said that he had gone through many crises since he has been with us and, because a fine school spirit has always been exhibited, he realizes the importance of having the two upper classes take up a project and make it a success. Mr. Ringer then spoke of college applications and the two types of official records from the high school; one, a rating of scholarship, and the other a character estimate. He asks us to remember that we are daily adding to our records, and that anyone plodding along and just managing to get by, must not expect an entrance to college served on a golden platter. To determine whether a person is trustworthy, dependable, and of a high moral standard, only one question must be asked. "Is he always on the job?" If he is, that is sufficient.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

Vol. XXXVIII BROOKLINE, MASS., MAY 18, 1932 Subscription, One Dollar

SENIOR — JUNIOR PROM DRAWS LARGE CROWD

M. I. T. Clubs Offer Novel Program

DANCING MUSIC RENDERED BY TECHTONIANS

At last the coffers of the upper classmen are full! On the evening of May 'th the combined musical clubs of the Massachuetts Institute of Technology entertained an audience that filled our large auditorium. Later there was dancing to the rythmic strains of the Techtonians. The financial triumph paralleled the social success for although expenses had been met before the auditorium doors were opened, a great many tickets were sold to late-comers.

The curtain swung back at 8:15 disclosing eight young men in evening garb — the banjo club. They played "Dark Eyes," "Mountain Laurel Waltz," and "Here they Come," each selection was greeted by a round of applause. This was followed by three selections played on the xylophone by Merton Neill accompanied by Harold Traver at the piano. The glee club appeared for the third number, singing "Wake Miss Lindy," "Plantation," and "Song of the Jolly Roger."

Warren H. Pease and Arthur Conn, known by a previous appearance at the High School, were greeted at once with hearty applause. These two banjo players entertained with a group of popular numbers.

The instrumental club, a large and well-balanced orchestra, played Schubert's famous "March Militaire, No. 1," "La Czarine," "Spring, Beautiful Spring," and "A Stein Song" brought hearty ap-

Edward Donahue was especially popular in his "Piano Idiosyncracies." Under the glare of the spotlight he sat for ten minutes, playing improvisations. He was called back for two encores.

(Continued on Page Three)

FRED WIGGIN ELECTED SWIMMING CAPTAIN

At a formal meeting of the lettermen of the Brookline High School Swimming Team, Fred Wiggin, star backstroke, was elected to lead the 1933 swimming forces. Fred was the outstanding swimmer for Brookline this season. He was never headed in any of the six dual meets in which he participated and captured a second in the backstroke at the Meehan meet. Fred has his backstroking down to perfection. When those powerful legs and arms get into action, there's no stopping him. Fred got his first start under "J. Mac." Ever since then Fred has made steady progress being now one of the leading schoolboy backstrokes in the ranks.

Native Baseball Squad Overcomes Cambridge Club

Gordan Fans 10 Men

With the battering Jim Sullivan leading the Brookline offensive while poling two lofty triples and a single to score two and drive in the other three local runs, the clan Fitzgerald won its second Suburban League baseball encounter by a score of 5 to 3 over the Cambridge Latin squad last Tuesday at Brookline Field. Howie Gordon pitched the entire distance for the native club, allowing two scanty hits, striking out ten and passing five. Coupled with this practically air-tight hurling, the Brookline batsmen bashed out eight hits, which, combined with three convenient Cambridge errors, brought in the five tallies. The whole team showed up well in the pinches, although the fielding was not all that could be desired.

Brookline started things off with no loss of time in the very first canto, as Hartigan singled cleanly to left field, Maxie Van Dam laid a neat bunt down the third base line to advance him to second, Riley flied out, and Sullivan singled to right field, bringing Hartigan to third. Cahill then popped a roller down to the visiting third baseman, who obligingly fumbled, allowing Hartigan to scurry home with the first run.

Cambridge scored once in the third inning and again in the fourth, the initial tally coming in with the help of errors by Van Dam and Cahill, while Hopkins, receiving free transportation to first from the hand of Howie Gordon, came home on a double by Anderson. The native clubmen quickly evened things up, however, as, with two outs in the sixth session Sullivan bashed a lengthy triple into the far reaches of left field, and crossed the plate on a single by Cahill. Cambridge scored again in the following chapter with the aid of a pass to a first, a sacrifice, a steal to third, and a long left field fly with Crawley arriving home after the catch.

The eighth was a large inning for the Fitzgerald cudgelman, as three runs came galloping blithely across the rubber. Van Dam lit the fuses as he reached first on

(Continued on Page Six)

SWARTZ GATHERS IN FIFTEEN POINTS IN TWO MEETS

Team Takes Fifth Place at Harvard

Through the combined efforts of Captain Joe Enwright, Alan Swartz, and Bob Hall, Coach Hines's track and fieldsters amassed a total of ten points to take fifth place in the 47th annual Harvard Interscholastic track meet at the Stadium last Saturday. The meet, which Boston English High and Lawrence tied for first honors with 21½ points each, was replete with thrills, although the men of Brookline figured as point-winners in but three events.

Captain Joe Enwright accounted for four of the ten tallies, as he was beaten by a scant three yards in the 880 by Larry Hagstrom of Worcester North High, who is last year's State champion in this event, to take second place. He led the field all the way around the two lap course up to the last corner, when Hagstrom gradually edged in closer to take the lead in the last 100 yards. Alan Swartz, always good for at least one first, brought the total up to nine points as he won the high jump with a leap of 5 feet, 9½ inches, a full inch above the mark of his nearest competitor.

The versatile Bob Hall finished the Brookline track work for the day as he took a fifth place in the 220-yard dash. He took second in his preliminary and semi-final heats, and in the final, against sme of the fastest men in the State, he fought it out for his fifth and the lone point.

The Brookline tracksters again captured a fifth place in the Worcester Poly Tech Interscholastics the preceeding Saturday as they garnered sixteen points, ten of which were earned by powerful Alan Swartz. Captain Joe Enwright likewise took second in his feature event, the 880, to Don McKee, of Everett.

Swartz made his ten points with a double win in the shot-put and high-jump, as he beat Karreem Hajjar of Lawrence in the weight throwing with a 46 foot, 8 inch heave, and then bounded 5 feet, 7½ inches to take the high jump. Tod Plotkin tied with Sullivan of Lowell in this event at 5 feet, 6 inches, while his brother Ralph tied for fourth with Keef of Framingham at 5 feet, 5 inches. *(Continued on Page Six)*

B. H. S. TENNIS TEAM TAKES CLASSICAL UNIT

Loses Match To Newton Country Day

SILBERT AND CAPT. HALL TAKE SINGLES

Coach Barnes's protegés of the Brookine tennis team again quaffed the heady wine of victory as the Lynn Classical raqueteers fell in defeat before the onslaught of smashing drives and twisting slices last Wednesday at the Dean road courts by a score of 3 to 2. With the always dependable Captain Bob Hall at the helm, the team was, with very few exceptions, practically irresistable, subduing the visitors with singular ease, and carrying away one doubles and two singles matches out of the five engagements.

Hall led off with a victory over Klemm of Classical in a three set match at 5–7, 6–3, 6–2, succumbing to the strong and silent visitor in the initial tiff, but running off the second and third with little difficulty as his blinding serves and drives began to take their toll on the Lynn man's play. But dark gloom suddenly settled over the Brookline camp as Billy Lebowich crushed and broken, staggered from the arena after sustaining a heart-breaking defeat at the hands of the alien Lyons by a score of 6–0, 8–6. The encounter was fraught with trials and tribulations for Big Bill as the Lyons boy slowly but with bothersome consistancy asserted his superiority, and he was a total wreck after fighting the Lynn lad's steady drives and ungettable smashes in vain for two bitterly-contested sets. But the scholarly Paul Silbert, in his second singles court engagement this year, quickly turned the tide as he brushed off H. Ashkenazy with a 6–4, 6–3 victory.

Bob Hall and Bill Ittman lost to Klemm and Lyons in the first doubles

(Continued on Page Six)

ANNUAL CLASS DAY OCCURS ON JUNE 2

On the second day of June, the Brookline High School will again celebrate its Class Day. Seven o'clock seems to be a successful hour for the classic and at that time exercises will begin.

The entire school will be marshaled in the main building and march down the front steps — long columns of boys in black and white uniform, their officers with blue coats; girls in brilliant costume; a large band playing martial airs.

First the boys, in a number of battalions, will pass in review, an impressive spectatcle on the school campus. Then the relay races will take place, as usual the only athletic event. The girls

(Continued on Page Six)

THE MURDERED MIND

By NORMAN E. HUNT

Installment III

Dr. Curtiss had said . . .

I saw his face quite clearly. It was Paul Steinert, I knew, and yet the light of life had gone out of his eyes. He glared at me with that impersonal expression of a wild beast. Now he was gone, fled snarling at the voice of his friend!

They found me there next day, stark mad! I was taken home and cared for. Gradually I gained back my health and strength, but I was always to have that horrible memory of my friend. What had happened to him? Was he insane, or had he carried out some horrible experiment, instigated by Gottlein? Where was he now?

I determined to get the truth from the scientist and went back to Leipzig. I walked through silent corridors and flung open the door of his *cabinet de travaille* without so much as knocking. But I confronted an empty chair; Gottlein had gone.

Where had he gone? Officials of the school told me he left on the night of my "illness." (I had never mentioned the real tragedy of my madness). Gottlein told them he had been left an old feudal estate, Deringen Castle, and there intended to retire at once and into seclusion. He could not be induced to stay out the term at Leipzig and disappeared immediately.

He lied. I rode out to the old castle and found it unoccupied. I was all the more afraid that he had something to do with this unfortunate affair. So I cursed science in my futile rage, but try as I might, I could find no trace of Paul Steinert. I gave him up for dead.

I completed my education and went to Berlin. There I founded a clinic and gained my fame and fortune. For thirty years I have been prosperous and happy there.

Last year I retired in order to travel. I sailed for America in the fall of the year and my ship docked at New York on a glorious day in October. I stood on deck, reluctant to enter the bustle and noise of the city.

Then I saw, striding along the docks, a broad-shouldered fellow carrying a black brief case. He seemed to be in a hurry. Suddenly the lock sprang open, and the contents of the brief case fell out.

The man sprang for a small bottle that had fallen at his feet, thrust it back into his bag, and fled down the docks, leaving some papers behind in his haste. I was down the gang-plank like a flash, for the face of the man had brought back a memory to me. He was gone, but I rescued the papers from the breeze.

When I had time to examine them carefully, I discovered to my amazement the strange statement of Gottlein's that Paul and I had discussed on our last night together in Leipzig. Some of the papers were apparently very old. I found a name there, too.

"—The name of Paul Steinert?" broke in the detective.

"No. The name of one of your own famous doctors, Leopold Fiedler." The sleuth gasped. "But, although I have not dared to wait on Fiedler, I believe he must be the same Paul Steinert."

The detective, thoughtful, shook his head.

"Dr. Fiedler is too young a man, Curtiss. He's not over thirty-five."

"Still I believe the long-lost Paul Steinert has some bearing on this case."

"Why?"

"Look at the facts, young man. In these two assaults here in Boston, three months ago, I see the very same impersonal, emotionless creature who confronted me in Germany, forty years ago! Something of the brute that Paul had mentioned. And the meagre description of Sir Abbot's murderer corresponds, I think, to my man with the black brief case."

"And how does he compare with this Steinert as you knew him?"

"That's the strangest part of all. He looked exactly as Paul Steinert looked forty years ago. He was young; there was not a gray hair in his head, nor a line in his face."

"It's only a possibility, I know, and yet I've been waiting for something to happen, sir, ever since I first saw that German on the docks at Manhattan. There's a cloud hanging over this city, I tell you."

The sun was gone; the room was cold. The detective shivered, but not from the cold.

"Then there isn't a moment to lose, Curtiss. We'll go to Leopold Fiedler this very night."

"Wait a bit! What are you going to say?"

"Why say . . . say you're trying to get information about an old classmate in Germany, Paul Steinert. Ask him if he was born near Leipzig."

"Then I think you'd better not come. Your official presence might arouse suspicion."

"Very well. I'll let you handle things; find out what you can, report back here tonight."

"I'll wager you'll know more about this case before morning."

The Teuton took up his hat and stick, about to leave.

"By the way, Curtiss."

"Yes?"

"No maniac, you know, could go around this old planet, knocking people down for forty years."

* * * *

Rattana was a stealthy Japanese, he glided about in silence from chamber to chamber in the magnificent Beacon Hill residence of Leopold Fiedler.

The clock on the landing struck ten with muffled music. The Japanese heard it and padded up two flights of Wilton wool to his chambers.

His master was still working in his laboratory and the butler was out. Rattana yawned twice and hoped that the front door-bell would continue to be as silent as the rest of the house.

But it did not; it rang almost at once. Rattana descended to answer. When he reached the second floor, however, he noticed the doctor in the hall below, walking toward the front door as if to answer the bell himself. The servant stood on the landing, curious to see the late visitor. When his master reached the front door, instead of turning the knob, he ran into the door, fell back, snarled like a man demented, and beat against the panels with his hands.

What followed happened very quickly Rattana saw the door open, from the outside; he saw a man of swarthy complexion with a gray beard and gray hair step in, peering. He saw Leopold Fiedler, M. D., LL. D., his distinguished master, bound forward, tiger-like, and clutch the throat of the visitor.

The servant was down-stairs in a second calling to the other servants. But their combined strength was powerless against the brute force that was Fiedler, and when a police officer attracted by the hubbub of the terrified servants, burst into the house, he found Wolfgang Curtiss lying on the floor and Leopold Fiedler standing over him, still snarling.

Together the servants and the policeman .*(Continued in the next issue)*

CHESTER LITMAN GAINS FAME AT HARVARD

It is rather difficult to call a six-footer weighing about 180 pounds a bud, but in the college world he is just a beginner, and it looks as if "Chet" Litman has a remarkable athletic future before him.

Farrell, his new coach, picks him as the man to take "Red" Record's place. "Red" Record is also a former graduate of Brookline High School. Mr. Hines, his old coach, believes he will even outdo Record's records. He was a schoolboy champion hurdler, and he is now the Harvard freshman hope in the hurdle. "Rufe" Bond, Harvard freshman coach, says he should make the varsity if he shows the same enthusiasm he did as regular end on the Harvard freshman football team.

But athletics are really only a side issue with Chester. He has his heart set on going to Harvard Medical School, and fears his laboratory courses may interfere with athletics.

He feels that he owes a great deal to "Tom" Hines, physical director of our school. While in high school "Chet" was president of his class for three years, and at graduation he received the Richard Floyd cup. From the promise shown, it is expected that Litman will be one of Harvard's outstanding athletes.

FRANCIS OUIMET SPEAKS AT ASSEMBLY APRIL 28

The freshman-sophomore assembly on April 28, proved to be one of the most enjoyable that we have had. Mr. Ringer, after a few notices, introduced Mr. Hines who announced that there will be freshman baseball teams representing the various grammar schools. Then Mr. Packard introduced our guest, not revealing his name. But after he described his qualities some of which were sportsmanship, modesty, and generosity, we realized that we were honoured by the presence of the world-renowned gentleman and golfer, Francis Ouimet, a graduate of our school. Mr. Ouimet described his school days here, and confessed that the greatest mistake of his life was the fact that he did not study. He warned us to profit by his experience. He then told us to beware of inattention. He used as an example of it the fact that Bobby Jones missed a two foot putt because of that detrimental fault. Another story which related was where an important match was being as follows: At a famous golf course held, no one had ever played in a match without getting a five in some hole. Bobby Jones, whose ulterior motive was to break this record took the first sixteen holes in threes and fours, but missed an eighteen-inch putt in the seventeenth, and took it in five. He won the match, but was very much disappointed in himself.

Mr. Ouimet then used as an example of perseverance Bill Tilden. The famous tennis player played in every possible match, but was beaten by everyone against whom he contested. The only one who had confidence in him was Bill Tilden, and as all good does, he came out on top, in spite of disappointment.

Mr. Ouimet told us to pattern after Bill Tilden. It is the bitter things that make success sweet, and that in spite of defeats, if we are perseverant, we are bound to come out on top.

JOKES

Gladys Rice: "We have been married a year and never quarrel. If there is a difference of opinion, he gives in immediately if I am right."

Jane Doe: "And if he is right?"

Gladys Rice: "That never hapepns."

* * * *

First Waiter: "I've woke up that gent three times, and I'm just going to wake him up again."

Second Waiter: "Why don't you have him moved outside?"

First Waiter: "No! No! Every time I disturb him he pays me his bill."

* * * *

A police officer met an organ grinder on the street and said: "Have you a license to play. If not accompany me."

"With pleasure," answered the street musician, "What will you sing?"

PAINT AND POWDER

The young lady of today thinks herself very modern and "up-to-date" if she powders and paints her face in an effort to beautify herself. She is, in reality, following the example of her "as-far-back-as-possible grandfather;" if it was the man who first decorated his face. She is plying an art that is as old as man himself. She is, strange as it may sound, old-fashioned and not at all out of the ordinary. Powdering and painting is an art that has been practiced all over the world, by all peoples at all times.

The uncivilized man used paint to awe his enemies, as a form of his religion, and above all to decorate himself. His painting was done, more or less for a purpose or a form of expression. Gradually, the women adopted this painting of the body and face and as the women picked it up, the men dropped it, all except the savage who still reigns over his woman.

The Egyptian lady, the African belle, the grand-dame, and the young woman of today are fundamentally the same. As the Egyptian lady painted and powdered so does the modern miss. The woman paints and powders for the purpose of attracting the male and to achieve a sense of beauty—more often false than true. It can be said that the woman uses these implements for hunting also —but for hunting different game.

Painting and powdering is a matter of instinct as much as a matter of taste. It would be more attractive and beneficial if it were more a matter of taste than of instinct. In some cases on regarding the finished product one can readily notice the influence of the savage for the finished product is gaudy and crude and disfiguring rather than beautiful. In other cases the product is indeed a thing of beauty in its subtlety!

FRESHMAN—SOPHOMORE ASSEMBLY

The sophomore-freshman assembly started with a reading from the Bible by Mr. Gifford. Mr. Gifford then read some notices about candidates for baseball manager and about pupils who had too many subjects. The main point of the assembly was a very interesting talk on "Be on the job" by Mr. Jewett. He illustrated with experiences from his own life. The assembly ended with a talk by Mr. Ringer. He spoke on the subject "What shall we do after High School?" With the orchestra playing under the capable leadership of Mr. Jocelyn, the students marched out.

Jimmy: "My dad's awfully smart."

George, Jr.: "What does he do?"

Jimmy: "Why, he's a mechanic. He makes locomotives."

George, Jr.: "Gee, that's nothing; my father's a commuter and makes two trains a day."

A DAY IN LIMA, PERU

We have left Chile by ship, and three days later are arriving in Callao, the principal port of Peru, six miles west of Lima, the capital. As we come up on deck we notice how utterly colorless the scene is. The water is gray, the mountains, cliffs, and rocks surrounding the bay are also gray in the fog, and there is no vegetation anywhere in sight.

However, the merchants that are hurrying on board promise a more brilliant scene with the variegated wares which they plan to sell. One little man, who seems to think of us as prospective customers, profusely explains that he has a fur rug for sale and that at $150 we are getting a veritable bargain. As we pay no attention to him, he says that we may have it for $100. This does arouse our interest but we don't show it and soon we find him telling us to name our own price. It is in this way that all merchants sell their goods. They haven't any idea of the real value of things and they bargain with one until the sale is made at a ridiculously low price.

After luncheon on board, we get into a little launch, which has come up to the side of the ship and into which some stairs have been let down, and go ashore. Here we engage the services of a carriage (taxis are about as scarce as rain in Peru) and tell the driver that Lima is our destination. As we come into the city we notice a very well laid out "plaza" or square, in the center of it. It is Plaza Colón.

In the very center of this is a statue of Pizarro and along the edges are palm trees which look very pretty swaying in the breeze. We pass this and continue on the main street which really is nothing but a dirt road and not a bit like what we would expect to find in a city, to the Rimac river, which we cross by the very smallest bridge we have ever seen. We then proceed to the bull-ring which is deserted now, but the cabman tells us that on Sundays the place is crowded to its greatest capacity. The Peruvians seem to have inherited their love for bull-fights from their Spanish ancestors.

From here we go to the University of San Marcos, the oldest in America. It was founded in 1551, but one can hardly believe it, since it is in such good condition. Although it has a very damp and musty odor about it and no electricity (for fear of short circuit in case of a collapse), it really is worth our while to visit it. There is something about old buildings that helps one to understand the civilizations of the past.

Lima as a whole, with its Inca ruins, old buildings and colorful natives, is fascinating, but taken separately, its roads, sanitary conditions, and administration be looking for, or worrying about such things when traveling.

After seeing the points of interest we hasten to return to the ship, for it is only staying in Callao until six o'clock.

Who's Who

ROBERT HALL

I daresay there is no real need to describe the subject of this article, but, as a sort of introduction, one might give the details that, upon closer view, his face appears to be generously sprinkled with those inelegant articles, called freckles, and that he opens his mouth very wide when he laughs.

The earliest records of his education indicate that the John D. Runkle School was for eight years entrusted with the duty of instructing him during that time his school career must have been not inglorious, if not glorious, for in the first year of high school, he was elected a marshal, which position, with that of membership in the Teacher-Student, he has retained throughout the four years. Not content with being merely on the baseball team, a Four-Minute Speaker, and a member of the Bank Committee, he "bagged" the Civics Prize, for which efforts, presumably, together with a genial personality, he was elected president of the sophomore class. He was then automatically a member of the Court of Justice. In addition to these activities, he was on the track team, on the Senior Social Committee, and worked in the lunchroom.

As he was well satisfied with his rôle of president, and had served fittingly in that office, he was reëlected as a junior, and again as a senior. With equal consistency, he has remained a member of the marshal force, Teacher-Student Council, Court of Justice, and track team, while, for variation, he entered the debating club and tennis team; as an added diversion, he won the Math Prize.

Having proved that he was, in every sense of the word, prominent and adept in scholastic, extra-curricula and athletic matters, he did not see fit to slacken his pace in his senior year. On the contrary, he acquired a list of accomplishments not only longer in length but in prestige; the presidency of the class, of Alpha Pi, and of the Teacher-Student Government, the captaincies of both track and tennis teams; a place on the debating club; lastly, two questionable, though not unfriendly, appellations, "Class Grind" and "Class Pessimist." This, mind you, from the same individuals who have boosted him into every conceivable important position in the school! We may take it either as a joke, or as a sign that he is, after all, quite surprisingly, reasonably, and relievingly *human*.

The harbor has so many hindrances in it, such as projecting rocks, islands, etc., that all ships must come in or go out either after sunrise or before sunset.

SENIOR-JUNIOR PROM A FINANCIAL SUCCESS

(Continued from Page One)

The glee club appeared again as the final numbers. "Take Me Back to Tech" and "A stein Song" brought hearty applause from the audience. The entire program was of a high quality and was well rendered.

The lunch-room rang with the music of the dance orchestra and the talk and laughter of a large social gathering. Mr. and Mrs. Caverly, Mr. and Mrs. Ringer, and Mr. and Mrs. Gifford, Mr. and Mrs. Jewett and Miss Sawyer served with a number of parents and teachers as patrons and patronesses. The chaperons were Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jewett, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitney.

The junior and senior classes should be well pleased with the co-operation of the whole school in making the evening successful.

ASSEMBLY

The assembly on Wednesday, May 11, was not only one of the most interesting but also one of the most instructive assemblies of this year. Mr. Ringer conducted the devotionals, after which he turned the meeting over to Mr. Jewett, Director of Guidance, who introduced the guest speaker, Mr. Brenninger, Dean of the Boston School of Advertising. there were five questions that every person should ask himself, before he decides

In beginning, Mr. Brenninger said that on his future life work. The first question was "How big is the business into which I am going?" The speaker applied this question (and later, the others) to the specific business of advertising, saying that its field is very large. More than two billions of dollars are spent annually in the business. The second question was "How vital is this work to business and industry?" Mr. Brenninger answered this query in eight words: "No advertisements, no sales; no sales, no factories." A very important third question was "What is the *present* position of this business and its future?" In advertising, just at present, the speaker asserted, there is a great demand for young blood and creative work. The fourth vital question was: "What is the range of salaries?" In advertising, they are very high, assured Mr. Brenninger. The last, but certainly not the least question was: "Is it interesting?" On this point, the speaker emphatically recommended that advertising is the most fascinating work a man or woman can go into because, he stressed, it is creative and imaginative.

Mr. Brenninger concluded his talk with a brief description of the Boston School of Advertising and the training given in its various courses.

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Tuesday from November to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

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VOL. XXXVIII MAY 18, 1932 NO. 12

Conglomeration and Harmony

Filled with masterful words that surely would have caused a feeling of great pride sweep over Webster at having accomplished something so inspirational, we read the collections of breath-taking nouns, adjectives, verbs, and so forth (one hardly dares to call them by such lowly names) of our zealous students. We read on and on, thrilling more and more to the art which lies before us until we are fairly swept away in a flood of emotion. Now and again we hesitate in our inability to cope with the amazing selections and shamefacedly we resort to the dictionary, cursing ourselves all the while for our stupidity. Finally we have conquered the work and, as must a feeling of great satisfaction surged through the compiler, so too were we imbued.

In our reading we note the unusual sounds, muse on them, play with them. We see such sights as never before have greeted our eyes. Once in a while we run across a word that is wrongly placed but in its sheer beauty of size and strangeness, we mind not but merely credit our writer with the fact he might have been striving to keep together the symphony of words and besides, he might have poetic license.

The exaltation of a lifetime seizes us, we are held spellbound. Why we stare in mute admiration if we by chance see our hero! If we might only hear him; have him speak out a few of his awe-inspiring words! Then our cup would be full. But no, he passes on, casting upon us the disdainful glances of the great mind, the intellectual among morons. We are hurt and thrown into the pit of realized worthlessness only to be shouldered to the skies again at his next conglomeration—but no—that is not the word, "conglomeration"—we mean "harmony."

Remember, order your yearbook before May 23

FORMER STUDENT SENDS LETTER FROM CANAL ZONE

Box 513
Balboa, Canal Zone

Dear Friends:

It is awfully hard to realize that I am now living something like two thousand miles away from you, and that I haven't seen any of you for nearly three months. Since the time I left you my home has been made in an apartment, a boarding house, two trains, a ship, a Y. W. C. A. and four houses. I have moved five times since I've been in the Canal Zone. It is terribly hard to obtain houses down here. All houses in the Canal Zone are owned by the government and are rented first to the Canal Zone employees, then we may just sub-let the houses while these same employees take their vacations and go back to the United States. We may then stay for a period of months until the tenant comes back, when we have to find someone else who is going on a vacation. Our present house (which we moved into yesterday) is ours for three months.

I shall go back to the night I left Brookline, February 12 (How long ago it seems!) and describe my trip.

I left Brookline on the midnight train for New York. The train was horribly cold, and it gave me rather a queer feeling to know that each minute I was getting miles farther away from you, and knowing that I might never see you again. I was in New York until Tuesday, February 16. I didn't like the "Big City" at all, perhaps because I was sick in bed most of the time we were there and perhaps because I only saw the hurrying and bustling side of it. The time I didn't spend in bed I spent looking for summer clothes. Summer clothes in New York in the middle of February! Try to find some yourself some time and see what it's like.

At length Tuesday came. It was the coldest day in the year thus far in New York. We nearly froze to death watching the ship go past the Statue of Liberty. We sailed on the U. S. S. Ancon. It is one of the Panama Railroad and Steamship Line. It is named after a town down here on the Pacific Side, and the Cristobal (which is the other ship of the same line) is of course named after a city on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus.

Eight days sailing in perfect weather! Except for one night off of Cape Hatteras the trip was not rough in the least. After five days we reached Port au Prince, Haiti. It is the poorest, dirtiest city I have ever seen. The heat was terrific and you may be assured that I didn't stay ashore long. Swarms of begging natives followed us all over the streets. At one time one of the men from the ship thought we were in a riot and came to rescue us. We were completely surrounded by big black native Haitians, poor old women hobbling around tiny children who were all either begging for money, "showing the way to the Post Office," begging us to buy something or trying to get us to hire their cars to ride up in the hills which is the only place where it is halfway cool. At length after a long, hot day, which those who stayed on the ship (there were very few of us), spent in trading with the natives who came out in their little boats, we steamed out of the harbor at four o'clock in the afternoon. Three more days of delightful sailing on the blue Carribean brought us to the docks of Cristobal. We landed here and after waiting five hours took the train for Balboa, which I consider to be one of the prettiest places in the Canal Zone.

It is awfully hot down here of course but you soon get used to it, although you can't work too hard or you soon land in the hospital.

I shall soon write again to all of you, and hope that you will all write to me as mail down here is rather scarce and is a big event.

From a former schoolmate
CATHERINE ROPER

AN ANSWER TO "SO WHAT'S THE USE"

Due to the fact that several of my schoolmates have wondered as to just cle, I hope, will satisfy everyone. I have no doubt but what many more than those about whom I already know were also puzzled but did not question the article, and simply laid it aside without further thought.

After having read the article, the question in the reader's mind should certainly be *What's the Use?* But how many, I wonder, bothered to spare enough energy or any small part of their precious mentality, and tried to answer the question? Or were they afraid that by doing so, they might learn a little more than was required from them by teachers in the day's assignments.

One person who read the article told me that I had taken four paragraphs to say nothing! In keeping with the article, I might say that I have said everything! However, as that is quite a sweeping statement, I will moderate it by saying that I said a good deal,—as many might have learned had they though about it. It is for the benefit of those who did think about it, and got nowhere, that this item is being written.

"Man is good; he is bad. He is happy; he is miserable. He is true; he is false—etc."

With very few exceptions, no man is entirely good, nor is he entirely bad; he is not wholly happy, nor is he wholly miserable; he is not always true, nor is he always false. The success and happiness of one's life depends naïvely upon what one looks for in himself and in other people. If a man emphasizes the morbid, morose side of life, he will be treated accordingly. If you look for wrong in a man, you're bound to find it.

(Continued on Page Seven)

THE CITY AWAKES

By George Hawley

Darkness reigns and with it silence. A mysterious void hangs over the city. An inky blackness enfolds the heart of the puissant monster within its nocturnal grasp. Like a dormant creature it is flattened out against the ground beneath an inverted bowl of diamond studded obsidian.

Soon the black of night becomes the pallor of dawn. The fumbling fingers of the day withdraws the draperies of slumber and thrust their lantern above the eastern horizon. A scarlet sear in the holl gaps, drains the city's valley of its molten pitch. A blazing ball climbs the now heaven-blue wall like a spider, upon a web of its own brilliant splendor.

The sky-guardians of the night bow in humble obeisance to the mighty ruler of the day, and vanish.

The sun showers the awaking creature with a storm of blazing weapons which fall deep into the caverns below. No Greek army was ever so severely showered with Persian arrows as the giant ogre now was. A great monster stirs from its hypnotic sombulence, a million eyes blink and warm arrows of the sun carry their thrice-welcomed heralding of the morn far into the depths of human habitation there in the city.

The monster awakes.

It shakes off the chilling blanket of rest and dons the effervescent regalia of glimmering gold of day which the sun has laid upon it.

Through the veins of the creature, traffic blood flows, leading a rush of invigorating life into the frame of the great creature's system. It rises to its knees; great twisted marble columns gush from its nostril chimneys. The shrill whistling of trains and factories as hot breath wheezing through the monster's teeth.

It is upon its feet. The factories hum out their sing-song drone of power; tons of black smoke pour from their giant funnels. Cars shriek, horns cry; church bells, trains; business, commerce, accomplishment, power, palpitating tone, romance life, all are obvious factors in the clamor below.

And the sun sits high; smiling upon the awakened city.

* * * *

"George and Herman, you'll both stay in after school and write the name of your birthplace fifty times," said the teacher to two bad pupils.

School over, the boys settled down to their tasks. The teacher, looking down the rows of desks, saw Herman in tears.

"Why, what's wrong, Herman?" she asked.

"It isn't fair," replied the boy, through his tears. "George was born in Erie and I was born in Conoquenseeing. He's almost through."

THE SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

WAR GLORIOUS

Tramp-tramp-tramp; hours of it through knee-deep mud and slime! Oh, God! How much longer must this last? To Darrel Fiske it seemed Eternity. For two days he had been slopping through the oozy mud that clung to his army shoes like long, thin, black snakes.

They were going to the front. Every minute brought him nearer to the one thing which he feared,—Death. He was a coward at heart and he knew it. Ever since he had enlisted, he had fooled himself that the war would end before he saw any active fighting. Now he was on his way to the very midst of the conflict. The thought of it almost turned his stomach. But he could not turn back; he had succeeded in hiding his fear from the rest up to now, and to turn back would mean to be branded the lowest of cads, a shirker. He would not—he would not—.

"Hey you! Pick up your feet. What do you think you're doin', takin' a walk in Central Park?"

Fiske hurried along, daring not to turn around and face his adversary. Left-right-left-right. On through the blinding rain they went, never ceasing, never resting, lest they arrive too late to aid their fellow-men in the front line trenches.

"Halt!" The long column came to a standstill to allow a hospital truck to go by. As it was passing Fiske, it got stuck in a mudhole and several boys rushed to the rescue; he was not among them. Before the truck was on its way again, he caught a glimpse of the torn, mutilated bodies that were its cargo. The sight nauseated him and he fainted. Luckily, he fell forward and his face landed in the middle of a puddle. The shock of the water restored him, and, with presence of mind, he got up and roundly cursed a stone over which he had stumbled. Immediately, the march was continued, and the steady rumble of guns gradually became louder.

* * * * *

The time had come! In six minutes the men were to go over the top, straight into the yawning mouths of the cannon and the poisonous fangs of the machine guns. Fiske stood tapping his fingers on the bayonet which was attached to his Springfield.

"Boy, this sure is goin' to be a humdinger this time, Buddy, don't you think?"

Fiske turned to see a mere lad standing beside him. He remembered that when he had first seen the boy in the company, the thought that he and thousands like him would be slaughtered—Fiske shuddered.

"Oh, I guess we'll see some action," replied Fiske in a strained voice. The boy's eyes sparkled and his even white teeth showed his enthusiasm; while his bright red hair, which stood on end, seemed fired with ambition.

"Gosh, I always wanted to be a hero. Maybe this is my chance. You won't mind if I stick near you, will you Buddy?"

To Fiske, the boy's frankness emphasized the horror that he experienced in seeing such a youth at the front.

Before he could answer the signal was given to go over the top, and he involuntarily yelled, "Come on! Let's go!"

The two rushed forward with the rest into the midst of the enemy's fire. The boy was shouting something to Fiske, but it was drowned out by the shrieking shells which tore through the air, proclaiming their mission as they went. Even as he watched the boy, a shell screamed by taking off the top of the boy's head; the lips continued to move! The headless body fell forward.

Fiske howled at the top of his lungs and sped ahead. Run-run-run—never mind where—Run! As he ran, he saw forms take the shape of human beings in front of him; raising his gun, he emptied the chamber without bothering to take aim. He stumbled forward slashing right and left with his bayonet and felt the edge grip as it tore through human flesh. Suddenly, he realized that no one was fighting against him, and looking down, he saw four mutilated bodies at his feet. He must not stop, he must run on—on.

Still grasping his rifle, he raced over men who had been blown to Kingdom Come, taking no heed of direction or location. For the second time he saw forms take human shape before his eyes, and he lunged forward into the pit. Everything went black.

When Fiske came to, the first thing he realized was that he was on his back. He opened his eyes; everything remained dark. Something was wrong. He tried to move but found he couldn't. Then it occurred to him that if he yelled, he might attract attention and learn where he was. He opened his mouth, but no sound came. He tried again in vain. Then he heard voices. He recognized one as that of the company doctor. His first sensation was one of relief, for he knew where he was. As he lay there, he tried to figure out what had happened, and slowly everything dawned on him. It was appalling! He had been unable to move or speak, and believing that he was dead, they had covered him with a blanket; hence, the darkness. What could he do—would he be able to make them understand that he was alive—or would he be buried and left to die in the damp, cold ground, with the stench of dried blood and decaying flesh all around him? He shivered and his heart thumped so that he thought even the doctor would be able to hear it.

In reality it was only a few minutes, but it seemed hours to Fiske before he heard footsteps by his head. Would they lift the blanket? If only he could move or make a sound; another attempt at calling out proved a failure. The sweat broke out on his forehead as he heard the receding steps of the doctor. But before they were out of hearing, they turned and walked back to where he was covered. Two hands lifted the blanket and he looked into the face of a very surprised doctor. He tried to speak; failure again. The next best thing was to blink his eyes so that the doctor would not think they were opened in the glassy stare of Death. As he did his, he realized that the doctor already knew that he was alive. With no little difficulty he made the doctor understand that he could not talk; he was immediately placed under medical care.

Six long weary months in a hospital passed before Darrel Fiske was able to walk. But still he could not talk; he was destined to remain dumb until the end. While in the hospital, he learned that he was to receive a medal for bravery at the front. He had not the slightest idea what he had done to deserve this distinction, but he gathered that he had captured a German machine-gun nest single-handed. His first reaction was a violent desire to tell everyone of the great error which had been made. But his lips were sealed forever and he must accept the honor in silence.

For months after he returned to America, Darrel Fiske roamed the streets daily. He didn't know why, but he found it impossible to stay in the same place any length of time; he must walk somewhere, and see people, and hear noises. The nights tortured him. He lay on his bed tossing and turning. Everything was quiet.

One night he was more disturbed than usual, and instead of going to bed, he paced up and down the floor. In his hand was a medal, on which was the inscription: "To Darrel Fiske for bravery on the field of battle." Suddenly he stopped in the middle of the floor and gazed at the gold disk. But he did not see what was in his hand. He saw a smiling face looking at him, and he heard someone say, "Gosh, I always wanted to be a hero. Maybe this is my chance. You won't mind if I stick near you, will you Buddy?" Next he saw a pair of lips which were saying something he could not hear. Then, for the last time, Darrel Fiske found his voice. Shrieking at the top of his lungs, he bent the gold medal in two with his window. Silence followed.

Vox Ludi

Before continuing from where we were halted because of lack of space in the previous edition of this "noble experiment," we wish to state that our policy and intention is not to hurt anyone's feelings . . . We nominate for oblivion the optimist who said the first thousand miles are the hardest . . . He never stopped to realize that the last six weeks of school are the most exacting of all . . . The policy of today's first class "colyum:" In these slender times a full column for its readers with no increase in prices or "cover charge."

Reviving the old Ones

Some time ago at a German Club Party, Doris Reimer, the Sag's capable assignment editor, demonstrated her ability to perform a German dance. (The Sagamore, April 6). We should like to publish an artist's conception of the great event. Of course, it must be remembered that the scenery was entirely imaginary.

* * * *

Did you catch on to the way that great organizer, H. H. "Hank" Urrows gave his candy busines free advertising in the previous edition of his brainstorm, *The Spirit of '34?* . . . The Sag's advertising revenue must be protected! . . This, incidentally, is the first of a series of investigations of the causes of certain aspects of the depression.

* *

And then there's "Cyn" Jones who anticipates becoming a saxaphone artist . . . . Does her soprano sax (if there is such a thing) attract all the felines that are heard in her back yard or is it something else?

Watch for the next issue

TEAM TAKES FIFTH PLACE AT HARVARD

(Continued from Page 1)

In the 880, Joe Enwright ran a beautiful race from start to finish, but was nipped at the tape in a heart-breaking finish by the Everett flash.

TENNIS TEAM VICTORIOUS

(Continued from Page 1)

competition at 8–6, 0–6, 6–3 in the longest and most closely contested match of the day. Ittman showed lack of experience at times, although in the second set he played with the skill of a veteran. He did not have the steadiness to keep up to scratch in the nightcap. But the unbeatable doubles combination of Buster Gutman and Dave Summer came through for the fourth consecutive time with a victory to clinch the match for Brookline, defeating Ashkenazy and Dingris 6–1, 6–4 in the second doubles engagement. They had the situation well in hand from the start of the proceedings, and the Lynn pair did not have a chance against the faultless teamwork and perfect timing of the Gutman-Summer consortment.

On the Monday preceeding this match the team journeyed to the Newton Country Day courts, where, minus the services of the indispensable Captain Hall, they were defeated 4 to 1. The first two singles contests both ran to three sets and were bitterly disputed from the beginning. Lebowich played first man in place of Hall, and succumbed to Donovan at 6–4, 5–7, 6–2, while Ittman, in the second position, was beaten by Hill 6–2, 4–6, 6–4. In the first doubles match, in which the first and second men of both teams competed against each other, it was agreed that the winner of the first set be conceded the match, as there would not be time enough to play the full two out of three sets. The Country Day pair won this engagement at 6–4. The first and second singles and the first doubles were played off at Longwood Cricket Club, while the third singles and second doubles matches were completed at the Country Day Courts. Abbott Rosenberg, playing third man in the singles, was beaten by Wallinger 6–2, 6–3 in a very breezy contest on the wind-swept Country Day battlegrounds, while the infallible doubles combination of Gutman and Summer turned in the only Brookline victory of the day as they easily overcame Wallinger and Barrington at 8–6, 6–2.

BASEBALL NINE DEFEATS CAMBRIDGE

(Continued from Page 1)

an error by the short-stop, and then rounded the bags with the second colossal triple of the day which came from the formidable Sullivan shillilah. Cahill gained access to first base on a passed ball by the visiting catcher on his last strike, rounded second on Kaplan's infield out, and reached third as Sullivan scored on McDonough's opportune one base bingle. Tommy Quinn put the game on ice with another single, bringing home Cahill for the fifth and last tally. The Cambridge combination of Crawley, LaRonde, and Powers succumbed to Gordon's masterful twirling in the final session, the first two striking out in short order, and Powers retiring on a pop fly to Gordon, to end the game with a 5 to 3 victory for the Brookline baseballers.

RACQUETTEERS DEFEAT ROXBURY MEMORIAL

The Brookline tennis team added another victory to the already substantial string which they have accumulated by defeating the Roxbury Memorial racquet wielders by a score of 4 to 1 a week ago Friday, May 6, at the Dean Road courts.

All three singles matches were won in straight sets. Captain Hall defeated Golub 6–4, 6–2. Billy Lebowich trod upon Leonard to the extent of 6–4, 7–5, and Manager Abbott Rosenberg disposed of Greenberg in easy style at 6–2, 6–3. Hall and Ittman sustained the only Brookline loss as they fell before Golub and Leonard in the marathon set of the day, 6–4, 2–6, 6–2, while Dave Summer and Buster continued with their unbeatable tactics and brushed off Greenberg and Ennis at 6–3, 2–6, 6–2.

CLASS DAY, JUNE 2

(Continued from Page 1)

always furnish a beautiful appeaarnce in the annual pageant dancing.

The seniors only, this year, will march to the front steps for the exercises there. Then proceeding to th auditorium the "ace-men" will present the following program.

Speech of Welcome............Robert Hall
Presentation of Year Book
Paul Rutledge
Class Poem................Hodee Waldstein
Class History....................Milton Levy
Carola Nasmyth
Class Oration................Paul Rutledge
Class Prophecy.............Dorothy Burt
Philip Lewis
Class Will and Testament, Max Andler
Class Song.......................Julius Starita

B I A

Thank you

I wish to express my thanks to the many students who honored me with their presence when I made the address at the Brookline High School, Wednesday, May 11.

It gives me great pleasure to announce that since that date several seniors have enrolled in this business school, and quite a number have enrollments under consideration. As our classes are limited, we suggest early action on the part of those who wish to take up this great profession of Advertising.

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SPANISH CLUB HOLDS MEETING

The seventh meeting of the Spanish Club was held in the Girls' League Room. The president, Pamela Montt, opened the meeting with a short welcoming speech and then proceeded to the business of the day. The secretary, Jean MacMillan, read the report and then there was some little discussion about the next meeting. Most of the members thought that they would like a picnic. The Spanish Club has had one every year and as it has always been enjoyed very much it is quite likely that there will be one this year.

A most enjoyable program was then presented by Miss Adams's senior and junior classes and Miss Meier's sophomore class, who each gave a one act play. Pamela Montt sang three very delightful songs made famous by Raquel Weller, a Spanish singer of renown, and Miss Meier gave a charming interpretation of the Jota, a dance of Aragón.

After that refreshments were served and the meeting adjourned. It was one of the most successful meetings of the year.

GIRLS' LEAGUE NEWS

Eighth Grade Party

Over six hundred girls and their mothers were in the Auditorium to witness the presentation of a party given to the eighth grade girls and their mothers by the Girls' League and the Home Life Committee of the Brookline Teachers' Club.

The program was as follows: The orchestra during a regular rehearsal furnished the music. The president of the League, Jane McKnight, welcomed the guests and explained just what the purpose of the Girls' League is. Mr. Ringer gave a word of greeting also. Miss Barnes, representing the Home Life Committee, introduced the guest speaker, Mr. Carl Schrader. He spoke of recreation and how to use it to the best advantage. Being Superintendent of the Physical Education of Massachusetts, he explained how sports help in the daily routine. Elizabeth Howard, chairman of this party took charge of the program from this point.

The Sewing department held a fashion show while Marion Phillips played the piano.

Because of its former success, the freshman play "Elmer" was again presented. We recognize some five actresses among the freshmen. Miss Sawyer spoke about the mothers' teas. Then, the visitors went to the Girls' League room for refreshments and met some of the teachers.

We were very pleased to see the number of girls present at this party.

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THE ROVER

The Sagamore's Roving Reporter

A long room lined with rows and rows of books, tables covered with magazines, a large desk with flowers, and a fire-place — that's the High School Library. Seventeen hundred students are here supplied with information on every subject possible.

The librarian and her assistant are ready at all hours to help booklovers and research workers. English classes are instructed in library work—use of the card catalogue, knowledge of valuable reference books, and the way to find any book in the library.

This room seems to be the very center of school activities, for language clubs transform it into a literal museum of exhibitions. Dolls, posters, and projects often line the walls and weight the tables, and the kind librarian has been known to serve tea "gratis" at library parties.

One of the chief aids to education is a choice collection of books. A place where you can go and read as much as you please; a corner where you can sit and live in the wealth of literature that is our heritage.

Nowhere in the school is there such a pensive and quiet atmosphere. It's very easy to study there, but then of course there's a great deal there to study and a great many there studying it.

And remember this! If you go in the wrong door, you'll be turned right around and sent out again. So don't waste the time.

And one more word. We do wish our friend who runs the "organ of the sophomore class" would just run his own wonderful feature instead of trying to run all the others.

When the ink has dried on next week's SAG, it will again bring you the Roving Reporter and the story of the swimming pool.

P. S. Please send in suggestions. We'll gladly report on anything in which you are interested.

AN ANSWER TO "SO WHAT'S THE USE"

(Continued from Page Four)

There are two sides to every question, and the side you take molds your character.

One fellow told me that the choosing did not mold the character, but the character decided the choosing. Which statement might well match the question, "Which came first, the chicken or the egg?"

I hope that this article will satisfy those ambitious, knowledge-seeking people who have said. "But what was the point? What are you trying to prove?" The point, I trust, has been made clearer. I have attempted to prove no thing. I merely put before the readers an enigma, for which, since it has been unsolved for ages, I modestly claim no solution.

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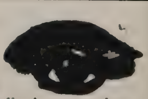

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVIII BROOKLINE, MASS., JUNE 2, 1932 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

1800 STUDENTS TO PARTICIPATE IN ANNUAL CLASS DAY EXERCISES

"MONTY" WELLS TO TEACH AT BROOKLINE

Holds World's High Hurdles Championship

On the evening of May 17 the School Committee appointed "Monty" Wells, noted sprinter and high hurdler, to fill the place in the Brookline High School Mathematics Department left vacant by Mr. Case's retirement.

"MONTY" WELLS

(Courtesy of the Boston Transcript)

Mr. Wells comes to us from the Roxbury School in Connecticut where he is at present teaching. His career on the track began at Winthrop High School under Coach Cliff Roman. At Dartmouth he was elected captain of the team, and won many points for his college as a high hurdler in many meets.

(Continued on Page Eight)

Class Day Ushers

HEAD USHERS

Roger Bernhardt
Joseph Malone

William Lelt
Paul Silbert
Warren Fox
George Hartstone
Lawrence Daniels
Irving Perkins
Edward Shaw
George Hawley
Stanley Driscoll
Leonard Tarlin
Ralph Plotkin
Harold Wyer

Ralph Kaye
Arthur Boles
Louis Bonelli
Joseph Enwright
Robert Schmidt
William Lebowich
Maynard Leventhal
James Corbett
Burton Aronson
Edward McGee
Rupert Lewis

MR. CASE TO RETIRE AT CLOSE OF YEAR

31 Years at B. H. S.

New Year's Day of 1901 brought to the High School not only the beginning of a new year but also a teacher who was to become one of the most remarkable and beloved in its memory.

Mr. Case proved singularly ambitious and capable; well-fitted as head of the math department, which capacity he filled for the greater part of his service. His accomplishments extend far beyond the field of mathematics — he has played admirably in several of the Teachers' Club dramatics; has had charge, for

(Continued on Page Five)

Huge Crowds of Brookline Townspeople Anticipated

CLASS DAY

Class Day Marshals and Aides

HEAD MARSHAL
Jean McKillop

CHIEF AIDE
Mary Taylor

Alma Ames
Ruth Browne
Rita Cohen
Anne Geoghegan
Evelyn Greenspan
Laura Lee Horne
Elizabeth Howard
Jacqueline McGrath
Jane McKnight
Louise Mooreshead
Mary Mulvihill
Elizabeth O'Connell
Doris Reimer
Elise Thomas
Margaret Wilder
Lorraine Wood

Eleanor Charlton
Grace Coughlin
Priscilla Daley
Evang. Dascalakis
Marybelle Finger
Margaret Green
Evelyn Hicks
Cecelia Huberman
Eleanor Lydon
Marjorie McCabe
Eileen McElroy
Marie Osgood
Anne Parks
Marion Phillips
Eleanor Saxe
Freda Stevenson

Class Day Programme

❖

Outdoor Programme

Processional from Building..ENTIRE SCHOOL
Salute to Colors..ALL BOYS
March in Review..BOYS
Decorations of Numerals..GIRLS
Danish Dances ....GIRLS
Relay Races ....BOYS
Senior Assemblage on Steps
Raising of Numerals...SENIOR CLASS
Songs and Cheers

❖

Class Day Officers

Commander-in-Chief
ROBERT HALL

Adjutant
GEORGE KAPLAN

Major, 1st Battalion
JOHN GLEASON

Major, 2nd Battalion
MILTON PAISNER

Major, 3rd Battalion
STANLEY COHEN

Reviewing Staff

MAJOR LESTER WHEELER
Army Base

MR. WILLIAM KENNEALLY
American Legion

MR. THOMAS HUGHES
Commander, Vet. of Foreign Wars

DR. N. BROOKS MORRISON
Commander, American Legion

❖

Indoor Programme

Processional of the Class of 1932
Welcome Address.............................ROBERT HALL, *Class President*
Presentation of Year Book...PAUL RUTLEDGE
Musical Selection..HIGH SCHOOL BAND
Class History.. { MILTON LEVY / CAROL NASMYTH
Class Oration ....PAUL RUTLEDGE
Musical Selection...HIGH SCHOOL BAND
Presentation of Class Gift...GEORGE KAPLAN
Class Poem...HODEE WALDSTEIN
Class Will and Testament ....MAXWELL ANDLER
Class Song ....JULIUS STARITA

MARCH REVIEW TO FEATURE PROGRAM

EXERCISES IN AUDITORIUM FOLLOW OUTSIDE ACTIVITIES

Friends of Brookline! This is Class Day! The seniors have spent their last hours under this roof and are about to be sent out into the great world of competition with inspiring exercises. It has been a great class — a class of budding actors, speakers, journalists, poets, athletes, and scientists.

But this is more than a day for seniors; it is the gala event of the whole school. The imposing group of brick buildings, the long stretch of green campus, the columns of trees rearing their majestic heads to the sky, all form a magnificent background for the exercises. The battalions marching under the rays of the setting sun, the girls in bright costumes the band playing military airs, and the huge crowd seated, watching the performance like the colosseum spectators of old complete the picture and make an impressive spectacle at the evening hour.

The relay race, an athletic classic, follows the military drill. The four classes are represented in the running and provide a thrill for the onlookers. The girls take up the program at this point and introduce the gentler accomplishments of beauty and grace. It has also been the custom to release a host of bright-colored balloons that rise to the evening breeze, each carrying a Brookline tag. The seniors then assemble on the front steps and proceed from there to the auditorium.

The officers of the High School battalions have been chosen by the Department of Physical Education from the ranks of the senior graduates. These boys have been chosen partly according to their ability in scholastic work and partly according to their accomplishments in outside activities. They represent the finest achievements of Brookline during their stay in the school — on the athletic field, on the stage, with the school journal, in the classroom, along many lines. The SAGAMORE is proud of the privilege of heralding the Class Day Heads.

Robert Hall, popular and versatile president of the senior class, is to be commander-in-chief of the entire Class

(Continued on Page Eight)

R Colyum

Hallellujah Brothers! three-quarters of the year have gone the way of all school years. Boy, oh boy, are we glad!

* * * *

We wonder how many saw those banjo players recently in their preview of the latest tunes. As they say at talent nites not bad for hamateurs.

* * * *

Seems funny that the "Rho D—— Rho" fraternity has not had a meeting yet. Big cheese Tilden is slipping.

* * * *

It seems that after every social function it is our duty to mention how handsome our ushers looked.

* * * *

This was partly due to the fact there was great rivalry to see which was going to be the lucky boy to show a certain freshman lassie to her seat.

* * * *

Jack Daly has all rights reserved on his new game of fixing blinds.

* * * *

T's funny that of all people who go around school that Dick Liden should be the one to discoved the school's one and only Clara Bow.

* * * *

Many pople think that Jane Cooper looks pretty nice behind the wheel of that Chrysler roadster.

* * * *

Arnold Mork still takes the cake (sponge).

* * * *

Anybody going to Nantasket this summer look for Bernie Covitz or in other words try to Dodgem.

* * * *

Walter Winchell is quite sick these days but we are quite well, thank you, though it's no fault of some people we know.

* * * *

We wonder if Connie Southgate would like to run a drug store this season. Can't blame us for wondering can you.

* * * *

Betty Pierce still advocates the three-week plan, still we wonder how Chucky is making out with it.

* * * *

This concludes the broadcast of the latest news. This is the town crier of the Brookline High School.

GUIDANCE DEPARTMENT

COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL ART AS A CAREER

Qualifications:

1. Artistic talent and ability
2. Imagination, inspiration, concentration, training and enthusiasm
3. Artistic and commercial sense
4. Ability to "sell" himself and his work

Advantages:

1. Attractive and paid well
2. If in business for one's self, own working hours
3. Congenial associates
4. Stimulus of increasing success
5. Self-satisfatcion

Disadvantages:

1. Person who is all artist:
    a. Must have ability for salesmanship
    b. Work apt to lack selling ideas
2. Person who has commercial ideas but little artistic ability:
    a. Standard of artistic production too high
    b. Would probably do better in salesmanship without the art
3. Must frequently work late
4. Great deal of time correcting work to harmonize with the ideas of the buyer
5. At the beginning, must do work that one dislikes

Training:

1. Many commercial art schools in the country
2. Art Institute of Chicago:
    a. Confers degrees and awards diplomas
    b. 18 years old for entrance
    c. Graduation from an accredited high school
    d. For a degree, must successfully complete a prescribed 4 year course in the day school.
    e. Industrial Art School of the Institute trains designers for American industries
    f. Close and friendly relations with the manufacturers of Chicago

Starting the Career:

1. Seek work in some studio or commercial enterprise
2. Do minor tasks
3. In some of these apprentice positions, the artist progresses
4. Sometimes a long grind

Salaries and Opportunities:

1. Moderate income
2. $20,000 to $50,000 a year for work for national advertisers
3. Cartoonists and illustrators draw large incomes
4. Fashion drawing and designing for the young artist, draws about $25.00 a week. $100 a week for better ones
5. Architectural work

ALUMNI NOTES

W. Raymond Ward, (B. H. S. '29) of Griggs Road, was one of the delegates to the annual Spring Conference of the Connecticut Valley Union of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions which was held March 18th to 20th at Wesleyan University Middletown Connecticut. Mr. Ward, a junior at State College, recently resigned as president of the Liberal Club to become acting-president of the International Relations Club. He is also chairman of the Student Committee on Disarmament, member of the Christian Association Cabinet, and was recently elected managing-editor of *The Massachusetts Collegian,* the College newspaper. His grades for the winter term, which has just closed, will place his name on the Honor Roll.

Walter Murphy, '29, captain of the freshman baseball team at Amhert College last year, has been doing excellent work as shortstop on the "Varsity" team. He also won his letter on the hockey team this year.

GIRLS' LEAGUE NEWS

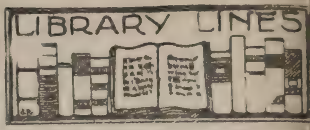
The last meeting of the Girls' League was held in the Auditorium, May 6. The freshmen and juniors were guests while the seniors and sophomores were the hostesses under the capable leadership of Jean Whittier, and La Reine Gardner, chairmen.

A regular business meeting was the first item on the program. The Senior Advisors and the Advisory Council were announced for the coming year. After the meeting Francis Bowser sang a solo. Then, a fashion show and spelling bee followed. Mrs. Whiteman very kindly consented to show two reels of tennis pictures. Such notables as Helen Wills Moody, Sarah Palfrey, and Sally Jones, who is from our own school, were shown in action. The girls adjourned to the lunchroom corridor for refreshments. Every one had a very enjoyable time.

The faculty advisors Miss Poland and Miss Sawyer and the Girls' League Officers attended a supper conference at the Girls' Club of Quincy High School. After the supper, a conference was held and each representative had to speak about the activities of the present year. Jane McKnight explained the different activities of the Girls' League of Brookline. Some very good ideas were gathered from this conference.

EXCHANGES

The Sooner Cub—University High School, Norman, Oklahoma. "Cub Grunts" is very interesting. We don't think that any high school paper is complete without a sporting section. Fall River, Massachusetts. Editorial tooning is quite clever. A very good *Durfee Hilltop*—Durfee High School, page is best we have ever seen. Car- "News" paper.



LIBRARY LINES

Here are some quotations from recent books purchased by the library. From *Igloo,* "He was the first to hear the hum of the plane as it drew near Little America; and he very nearly lost his life when he incautiously ventured in front of the moving skiis." From *Best Bird Stories I Know,* "The sailor who brought him appeared at my office and said; 'I've got him down here, but they won't let me bring him in, so I've checked him!' "

If you are interested in the Popular Science Prize contest see Mrs. Seibens at the library for the details. Prizes range from $2.00 to $50.00.

In the *American City Magazine* an article appeared entitled "Brookline Plans Steadyflow Highways." It was written by Robert Whitney of New York. It seems that other states are interested in Brookline.

This quotation from the *Town Report* is about the school library. "This library which has had about $350 of our book appropriation allotted to its use each year, needs more money for books if its work is to keep pace with the fast increasing enrollment fo the school which had 828 students in 1917–18 and has 1,782 at the present time." Let us hope that this plea will be heard and we will have more books in the library.

In the Junior Library Lessons, Miss Lewis's IIA was first with all A's. Closely following were Mr. Newsome's IIE and Miss Sear's IIK.

The depression is doing some good for our library. All the old shabby books are being recovered by unemployed kept busy by the town in doing this work at the Public Library.

A few new books are: *Washington and his Comrade in Arms,* Wrong; *Communication,* Woodbury; *How our Government is Run; Selected Poems,* Masefield. There are several other new books of poetry.

JOKES

Soph: "Are there any people around?"

Freshman: "No."

Soph: "Good, then we don't have to smoke."

* * * *

Marie: "I had some new pictures taken yesterday."

Polly: "Got any proofs?"

Marie: "No, you'll have to take my feeding the chickens cocoa for two weeks."

word for it."

* * * *

"Did you see much poverty in Europe?"

"Yes, a good deal. In fact I brought some back with me."

HUNDAGA'S HEAD

By Charles E. Osgood

Robert Weston was in a bad mood nd the unchanging, brain aching, throbbing of the drums did him no good.

"When in heavens name will those onfounded black apes stop that infernal pounding Walaba?" he asked in an iritable voice.

"That is up to the great Hundaga (the witch doctor) to decide, Bwana."

"To hell with Hundaga, Weston exlaimed. "If he doesn't stop 'em before ong, I'll feed him some hot lead."

"It is bad to say such things, Bwana" Walaba said in a sepulchral tone. "Hundaga is bad medicine and makes bad dreams."

"Rot."

With that Weston grabbed his express ifle and lunged out of the stinking naive hut into the blistering sunlight. Out in the center of the clearing, surrounded by a ring of wooden posts that seemed to just barely stem the tide of he dark, forbidding jungle, the warriors of the tribe were hopping about to time of the tom-toms, while the fetid odor of sweating black bodies rose in hot clouds above them, mixing with the other and much cleaner smells of the ungle. Weston looked this way and hat and at last caught sight of the witch doctor's long frame gliding in and out between the dancers, urging them on by fierce cries.

Striding up to him Weston seized his rm and twisting him around gesticuated to the effect that he wanted the hing stopped. Hundaga bowed slowly with a wicked sneer on his lips and hen before the onlookers could do ought o prevent he had a long rusty dagger out and lunged at the unprotected breast of the white man. Just in time did Weston twist aside to escape the deadly thrust, and, as it was lodged in the thick muscle lining his chest. The ıssassin turned and running like a deer tried to make the protection of the jungle but Weston was a good shot and brought him down with a stell-jacketed bullet right through the brain and out his right eye, leaving a gaping, red jagged hole, where the devil's eye should have been.

All that night the tribe moaned and vailed until Weston was almost frantic.

Suddenly the noise stopped and intead he heard one man haranging them n a fiery voice, until the crowd's tone hanged to one of malignant fury. Try s he might he couldn't seem to get to leep and when at last he did, he had he most horrible dream one could magine. He dreamed that the severed head of Hundaga was laughing in fiendsh delight at him and to his horror n his dream the head seemed to follow wherever he went, always sneering and grinning while it glared with deadly hate with the eye that it had left while in the other eye's place . . . that, was a hideous, resh, blood gap. When Weston awoke he lay in his hammock for a few seconds with a hot sweat dripping from his brow. Then with a half shrug of his manly shoulders he swung his naked over the side and slid softly to the floor where, to his horror and fright, he stepped on a hard object that rolled from under his feet. He leapt backward and looked down and saw the head of the witch doctor newly severed from its body with its features twisted into a sardonic grin.

"My God" he said, with a trembling voice, "It's happened, the dream the dream." Then taking control of himself he called to Walaba. "Here take this thing and throw it into the river."

"Yes, Bwana."

With averted eyes, Walaba picked the head up gingerly by an ear and after depositing it in the yellowish waters, washed his hands and gave up prayers that he might not be done harm.

It was a day later, when Weston finally got started back down stream toward the sea. He had been going a day or so when he was suddenly awakened from his noon-day siesta by the sound of something bumping along the side of the canoe. Without bothering to stir from his comfortable position he ordered one of the boys to fish it out. It was the hoarse cry of the black lad that made him leap to his feet and almost upset the boat; because in the hands of the former was lying the dripping head of Hundaga. With a hoarse shout of fear, Weston knocked the hideous thing back into the water. All the rest of the voyage Weston's eye was full of visions of the fearsome head and all of his waking hours were made dreadful by his fear, that gradually became so great that he began to see the head while he was awake. This continued even after he had boarded the ship bound for the Americas, and one day there came the thing that completely broke him up. He was talking with another explorer that had just come down the Congo river, as had he, when the other said:

"Oh! Ah say old chap, ah got a marvelous souvenir of the Congo natives. C'mon down to mah stateroom and ah'll show it to you."

Once in the dark cabin, the Engishman opened his trunk and extracted a rough cardboard box, and putting it under his arm, returned to the lighted deck.

"Here you are. Open it yourself, the steward's calling my name."

Without any misgiving, Weston undid the box and upon opening it saw, lying face up, the sickening, horrible countenance of the witch doctor Hundaga. With a low moan he dropped the box and then as the head, with seeming internal life, rolled out of the box and bumped like a monstrous billiard ball against his shins, something ssemed to snap in his brain and he covered his face with his hands and fled to the dark and silence of his cabin. But the darker the cabin the more vivid and lurid the face of Hundaga seemed to be before his eyes. Crying aloud in terror, he switched on the light and for a moment thought he was safe. But then as his eyes swept the room, instead of a vase, where it had originally been, was the sneering visage of the one-eyed, bald headed black, bleeding head. He tried hard to force himself back into channels of sanity—but as the head began to make grimaces and grins, he lost all control and fell on his knees before it, begging it to be left alone. Then suddenly, he stopped begging and listened; Good legs over the side and slid softly to the Lord, the head's mouth was moving and he was hearing its words.

"My God," he cried in mortal terror, "Even my senses have gone against me."

"Yes, white man, I have you in my power and I am going to destroy you. Yes, destroy you. But first you will suffer. Suffer for my eye, which you took from me."

The hideous red gap seemed to open as though it wished to see once more and to poor Weston, the head seemed to multiply as though everything in his cabin was hatching heads, black heads with one eye.

The next morning the steward found him lying doubled up on the floor with a broken vase in his hand. When Weston was turned over by the doctor, he found that one of the poor man's eyes was gone and in place of it, was a bit of broken vase.

AFRICA SHRIEKS

(or the adventures of Trader Yawn)

By Roberta Marsh

Gentle (?) reader, of late, any theme that is not dripping with blood and half rotting corpses is greeted by our class with yawns and that "bored-to-tears" look. Not to be outdone, I have decided to write something of that type. Call the undertaker! !

Trader Yawn and I made our way up the Zambesi river, idly paddling our "sjambooks" (I have only a vague idea what they are but it gives local color I think) in between the gaping jaws of the crocodiles, who playfully devoured against the side of our frail craft, and bit off Trader Yawn's hand up to the wrist, taking along the paddle as an h'ors d'oeuvre. So we floated downstream until we came to a tribe of natives who were noted for their murderous nature.

An awful cry went up when they saw us approaching. 'The game's up," said Trader Yawn, "they've spotted us." Just then a rotten corpse came floating downstream; the face was half-eaten off by sharks (are there any sharks in Africa? No? Well it must have been some place else, anyway, it's the principle of the thing), and what was left of it was a the natives who ventured too near. One friendly fellow lashed his scaly tail livid grey. Other parts of the body came later.

"Ah, how things have changed," mused Trader Yawn, "they used to feed all the bodies to the crocodiles, and have it over with, now just look how careless they've become. I—" His meditations were interrupted at this point because the natives tied us with rope and carried us on shore.

When I woke up, I found myself in a hut made of hay or something and outside the door was a big, black fellow with a long, curved dagger in his hand and a necklace of shrunken skulls around his neck. I reflected what a glorious speciman of manhood he was, untarnished by the taint of civilization, there in the costume of his native land. I found out he was just a simple child at heart. He would come running into our hut, and when he thought no one was looking, would roguishly stick his long curved knife into our backs. Then he would laugh with childish glee as he hacked off the arms of our native guide. We spent many a lonely night in such jolly pastimes.

One bright morning, I said to Rastus (I called him Rastus because I couldn't pronounce his real name) "You know, I've been in this village a week now and I haven't see the king yet. How about going over and paying him a call?" Rastus tickled my throat with a poisened arrow, and put his left foot behind his right ear (he couldn't talk English) to indicate that he thought it was a good idea—Thus encouraged, I started out immediately, I looked back and saw he was following me. Then it dawned on me that he didn't trust me. He might have known I wouldn't run away, because I left a copy of The Sagamore behind in the hut.

I saw they were having fried hippopotamus for lunch, so I told them not to put too much salt on mine. They were quite rude and said I probably wouldn't live long enought to eat lunch.

"Oh bother," I said, "I haven't finished that story in The Sag yet."

"Aw shut up," laughed one of the cooks, playfully throwing a six-foot spear at me.

When I reached his hut, the king was in bed with a headache. He had been out on a sort of a celebration the previous night. There was a quaint ceremony, he told me, of cutting the heart out of the enemy chief and eating it. (Old African custom).

To be cordial, he opened up a bottle of aqua fuejo, the native drink. All that is necessary with this stuff, is to remove the cork from the bottle, pass it slowly under the nose and inhale deeply. You then feel you head rising slowly and majestically, and in a dignified manner, hitting the ceiling, where it bobs about for a while. We got friendly and I found out he was my fraternity brother at dear old Deta Gamma Sigma Phi—We sang several old songs and generally got together. He confided to me that he was having trouble with his wives, they didn't understand him — poor fellow!

(Continued on Page Seven)

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Wednesday from November to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the SAGAMORE Box in the Library or mailed to the SAGAMORE Office.

The SAGAMORE Office is in Room B 2, office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. No copy accepted later than the Friday preceding the day of publication.

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VOL. XXXVIII JUNE 1, 1932 No. 13

Are You A *Cheat?*

CHEAT! Doesn't that strike your very core with shame? Does it apply to you? Are you so yellow that you can't stand on your own two feet — and be secure? Can you be classed as a cheat?

Cheat! How far worse to me that word is than coward — for cheat includes cowardice, and weakness, falseness, dishonesty, and lowness. Oh, yes! we may try to call it something else. We may call it "joint studying" when each does just half the work. We may call it "only occasional" when Latin "comp" is left time after time to be copied from so and so's paper who is far too good natured in lending it; when French is left half-finished because such and such a paper is *so* reliable; when cribbing—far too elegant a word as Skippy Skinner would say, for such is carried on widely and successfully during an exam. But don't fool yourself. It's CHEATING.

Take a student who deliberately copies a theme or math problem. All for which these things are given him goes absolutely over his head. It's of no benefit to him at all and, if anything, weakening his character. Think of the influence on the character of a boy who although failing the course knows that he has done his best in comparison with that of the boy who passes the course with flying colors — yet in reality a failure. With no self respect a "feller's down and out." And lots of times, it affects the character of his classmates, toiling away—staying up late and rising in the wee hours of the morn saying "what's the use!" It means a lot to know that you're not the only one trying to play straight and fair.

Isn't some one's trust a big enough thing to strive for? When someone has trust in your honesty, it just builds something in you that you feel — well, that old popular song comes back to me, "I'm sitting on top of the world," and it's a world seen through rose-colored glasses, too!

Yes, it takes courage and self control. Yet what a thrill it gives to look back on your grades and know that they're *yours,* and be able to hold up your head, square your shoulders, and face the world.

Is Brookline High School going to be only fifty per cent square? A cheater only cheats himself! *Let's be true blue!*

The Poet's Corner

RAIN

By NORMAN E. HUNT

Still it is falling, the drenching rain,
Falling from lowering clouds,
The loss to the sky, to the earth the gain;
Swelling the brook to a mighty flood,
Changing the desert sands to mud,
And falling from heavy clouds.

* * * *

Still it increases, the falling rain,
From ever-approaching clouds,
Always to wax and never to wane.
Has the world been cursed by some titian's wrath,
Or is it just cleanséd in Nature's bath,
Beneath those heavy clouds?

* * * *

Now it is colder the drenching rain,
From dark and sombre clouds,
Lashing and chilling and drowning the the plain.
The meadows are swamps in the fading light,
And the lanes that divide them are black as the night
That comes with the last of the clouds.

GLANCING OVER THE PAST

Another school year has passed. Nine months of a precious lifetime, and in that period many worldly events have taken place; revolutions, kidnappings, assasinations, deaths, and countless other distressing events, intermingled with a few highly satisfatcory and beneficial achievments. But what have we, here in school, accomplished?

Have we co-operated with our teachers, our parents, and our fellow men? Have we tried and given our best or have we slid along, hoping, praying, that we would get by? Have we contributed to the school by indulging in extra curricula activities, or have we wasted our spare time?

It is now that a persons willingness and ability to help his school comes to the fore. In the selection of class day and senior class officers, only those who have given that little extra something get the coveted positions. Those who are content to slide along, remain in the background, hoping, but never quite attaining success.

Look around you and notice which people are the leaders. Are they the ones who are continually talking about their future activities, or the ones who with a minimum of sacrifice and a maximum of pleasure go out for teams, and make them. Benefit by your past experience and wherever you are next year, whether in school, college or business, do not be afraid to give that little extra something for the reward is out of all proportion to the work rendered. And if you have not put everything you have into your work this year, see that you do in the future, for, if you have tried your best, you have done something worth while.

THE WATERFALL SONG

By NORMAN E. HUNT

Glorious garden of God!
Hewn from the rock and the sward.
Cleft by the fall
From the mountain wall
Of the shimmering, glimmering water.

* * * *

Beauteous bower of the West,
Haven of refuge and rest.
The sun and the shade
Play on the cascade,
On the splashing, dashing water.
This is the mansion of Pan,
Too sacred a dwelling for man.
Here elfins may prance,
And dryads may dance
With nymphs that come up from the water.

* * * *

Water and rocks; sun, shade, and water!
This is the mountain of Pan!
Water . . .

ADVICE TO ANY WHO WISH TO TAKE IT

By DONALD GRAHAM

The easiest thing to give and the hardest thing to take is advice. Since this is the time of year when, although no more is given than at other times, it is more evident, one additional article will matter little. Why should I go to school? Why should I study Latin anyway, I'll never use it when I get out of school? Why should I have to take four subjects this year when I need only two more credits for graduation? These and innumerable similarly asinine questions are being asked by students this year.

Would it surprise you if I made a statement that you don't go to school to learn in what year Cæsar died, or whether Xerxes was a Russian or an Egyptian, or that an infinite number of perpendiculars can be drawn to a line, or a million other facts which are insignificant to making a living. (Teachers excepted, of course.) Well, go ahead and be surprised, and see if anything can be done about it.

I don't know how well-known it is, but it is a fact that a student retains, on the average, about one-half of the knowledge he gathered in high school and college, after he has left these institutions. If the future citizens of the United States would get it through their heads that they come to school to learn *how to learn,* and would regulate their attitudes toward school accordingly, they would be far wiser adults and parents when the time came for them to fill these important positions in life.

Regarding the second question, "Why should I study Latin anyway, I'll never use it when I get out of school?" any other subject might be put in place of

(Continued from Page 1)

OOVER RECOGNIZES BARNARD PROJECT

oney Management Method Urged by Mrs. Rogers at Wash.

Brookline High School has received signal honor! The President of the ited States was recently presented with Money Management Method ingurated in the Brookline schools by rence Barnard, our teacher of economics. The plan is sponsored by Repretative Edith Nourse Rogers of Massasetts and has received recognition at White House in Washington.

MISS FLORENCE BARNARD

This plan, well known to most of you, met with great success, not only in schools of Brookline but with many wn people who realize the need of ful economy. This budget provides % of the allowance for saving, 10%, Biblical standard, for giving, and the er 70% remains to be divided among necessities of life and the opportuni- for self-betterment. It has been ven a well-balanced and practicable hod. Miss Barnard urges that every lent be provided with an allowance money and be instructed to use it in way. Representative Rogers declares t "proportional spending as well as ing is being emphasized and balanced ng demonstrated."

The President has always been interd in the welfare of children throughthe country and this plan has been ed as a factor in the great humanian work of the Chief Executive.

Miss Barnard has been a Brookline cher for many years but two years headed the instruction of this pioneer k in economics. This year she is elling and has left her many duties the capable hands of Miss Marquis b.

THE ROVER

Th Sagamore's Roving Reporter

The wing of the "old" new building is occupied by the auditorium, an imposing edifice on the outside, a veritable theatre within. The large floor and the balcony together seat a thousand students. This hall has been equipped with the most modern appointments and is acoustically perfect. The large windows are hung with brown velvet matching the stage curtains.

Many Boston theatres would be proud fo the stage. It is spacious and well-proportioned. The drops, the curtains, the magnificent illumination are all very professional. The switchboard is an interesting affair which controls not only the lights of the auditorium but of the entire school.

Each year in this auditorium the J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking program is presented. The fine tradition of this contest promotes the desire for achievement in speaking. Scholarship Dramatics is another annual event — a social affair where dramatic talent is exchanged for a scholarship fund.

During the year many noted and interesting men address the student body from this platform. On many occasions the hall rings with the music of the orchestra. Thus drama and speech and music are the Muses which dwell in the auditorium.

ASSEMBLY RECOGNIZES MEMORIAL DAY

One of the most interesting freshman-sophomore assemblies of the year was the Memorial Day assembly held Thursday, May 26. The incoming students were greeted by several selections of the band who were making their début but at a freshman-sophomore assembly. After the opening exercises, Mr. Gifford introduced Lieut. William R. McNeilly, a former Brookline High School athlete who bravely enlisted when the United States declared war on Germany fifteen years ago. His spicy talk was very inspiring besides occasioning a laugh now and then. He told several of his school mates, who were then among the foremost athletes and scholars in the school and who lost their lives fighting for their country and when unfortunate circumstances brought about their death. His final words concerned the correct recognizing of Memorial Day. Following this a son of one of a noteworthy Civil War veteran told some stories of Civil War time, of the exploits of Commander Theodore Clark, and of Commander Finney. With the unwelcome bell it ended one of our most inspiring and beneficial assemblies of the year.

MR. SEVERANCE HEADS MATHEMATICS DEPT.

We have all regretted to learn that next year we shall not have Mr. Case as head of the Math department, due to his retirement. His place is to be capably filled by Mr. Otis C. Severance. This is rather unusual as the latter has been at Brookline High only a few years. However, a little inspection of his past record dispels this wonder. He has taught at many places before Brookline was lucky enough to get him. We hope he will be with us for many years as our "formula president" and "geometrical leader."

MR. CASE RETIRES

(Continued from Page One)

many years, of the tickets at Class Day;

The news of his retirement is received by the faculty and students with a distinct feeling of regret because he has become an important factor of the school, a tradition not only to his former pupils, but to any who have graduated with them.

A fitting tribute to all Mr. Case has done and been for Brookline High School can hardly be expressed in a short article: we may only say that he can never be entirely replaced in our hearts as teacher and friend combined in one. and is constantly offering further aid to various school activities. Notwithstanding, he is extremely modest.

Those who have worked with or under him know that he is a good sport exceptionally considerate of others, and very patient.

B I A

To Any Senior Who Plans Taking Up

ART

There are two kinds of Art—Art for art's sake and ADVERTISING ART. The former usually puts the student's head in the clouds but no money in the pocket.
To the best of our knowledge and belief there is no school in New England that teaches ADVERTISING ART except this — the only ALL ADVERTISING school in the country. If you have illustrating talent, why not enroll in this Institute where your instructions and training will be along strictly commercial lines or as some of our students so aptly term it — PAY ENVELOPE ART.
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Vox Ludi

Vox Ludi comes back, despite predictions to the contrary . . . We sympathize with the friends of "J." Cohen and Bernie Singer because of their recent bereavement. They were swallowed up by their *Vacuum Cleaner.* Please omit flowers . . . Alas! Somebody else felt the effects of Old Man Depression besides Dramatics and various other social functions. Ask anyone who is collecting dues for the sophomore class treasury. . . We just love to belittle our rivals. Last Tuesday a group of dignified seniors was seen picking the remains of *The Spirit of '34* out of a rubbish barrel near the Manual Training Building.

* * * *

AN APOLOGY

Sorry to say, we will be unable to reproduce any cartoons in this issue, first because too many of our followers are over-sensitive, secondly the Sag is running a pictorial section which serves as an excellent substitute for our drawings, and finally because we were unable to find a suitable subject for the artist to work on.

* * * *

In response to many requests from residents of the Old Building, we wish to state that the celebrities who inhabit that section of our school will be found filling their fountain pens *gratis* from our censor's varied assortment of inks. Seen one morning among the notables were George Ware and Lincoln Moss who are probably as versitile as they are made . . . And by the way we notice that George has been out of the colyums of late. Well, we have plenty on him, and we'll tell you later when he's not around.

* * * *

Since Myra Hootstein raises her head so gracefully in a certain class, her teacher has appropriately nicknamed her "Liberty."

* * * *

One of our ancient and honorable students recently asked us why we published a picture that was printed many, many years ago. He claimed that he saw it published back in his Sagamore of November, 1926, which shows that five or even six years aren't the limit in this institution of learning.

* * * *

Signs of summer are now in the air. Did you notice the pants worn by the great Urrows? . . . And if you're interested in them, "Fill" Goldenberg will tell you where to buy them *bon marché!*

Merchant: "See here, you've owed me this bill for a year! But I'll meet you half-way. I'm ready to forget half of what you owe me."

Frank Brown: "Fine! I'll meet you likewise. I'll forget the other half."

BROOKLINE LOSES TO NEWTON, 6–5

Brookline forced Newton to go eleven innings before it was beaten in a close finish. Brookline scored one in the second, three in the sixth and one in the tenth. Newton scored one in the first, two in the second, one in the eighth, tenth, and eleventh.

In the eleventh, Choquette reached on an error, stole second, and scored the winning run on Mullen's single. From Gordon and Lee, Newton collected 10 hits, and Brookline got 8 from Choquette. George Kaplan got two of these hits.

RHAPSODY IN RUST

By Norman E. Hunt

A morning in October:
Hills aflame,
Beyond, majestic heights
Alive with game.

* * * *

The deep, blue arch of Heaven,
Clear and cold,
And the rising sun become
Sapphire and gold.

* * * *

Apollo's steeds advance
Across the sky.
The earth that was so green
Is brown and dry.

* * * *

Rushing streams are lost,
And lakes are shallow.
The great swamp is bereft
Of spring—time mallow.

* * * *

Above the tow'ring trees,
Maple and oak,
Borne on October's breeze
Rises smoke.

* * * *

A mist of blue-gray smoke
Rises slowly,
Hangs on the pine tree's height —
The smoke hangs low.

* * * *

A ball of fire sinks
Into the sea.
Eastern shadows creep
From tree to tree.

* * * *

October's ray is done—
Autumn day!
Full of flaming trees
And smoke blue-gray.

* * * *

Full of gold and blue—
The sun and sky—
Streches above the earth,
Brown and dry.

* * * *

The glow of harvest moon
And star-dust
Change all these autumn shades
To rust!

* * * *

Crimson flame, sapphire, gold,
blue-gray!
Rust . . .

WHY WE SHOULD READ BIOGRAPHIES

Every man, woman, and child should read good biographies because they broaden our outlook on life as we perceive through the pages of a book how other people have regarded it and made the most of its opportunities. It is truly said that living is an art of the highest order. Biographies give us intimate glimpses into this art as it has been perceived by the great personages of our generation and of generations long called to rest by their master, Father Time.

The people of today do not consider themselves well educated unless they are familiar with the lives of great men. They are tired of reading scientific weeklies and cheap, gaudy magazines and are turning to the rapidly developing and changing field of biography. Many of the colleges of this country have initiated a special course in the study of biography and its evolution. The advertising pages of one of our leading magazines last year showed that biography held the lead among the non-fiction publications.

A study of biography is extremely interesting because all conceivable types and methods of writing are illustrated. They are vivid narratives about the lives of the most worth-while people who forged ahead in the world of today and yesterday. A great deal of pleasure is found in this type of literature by many people because they unconsciously project their commonplace selves into the lives of interesting people.

The individual who reads freely of biography can never go away from it the same person because he has had an insight into enough important lines to have learned a better standard of measurement for the life that lies around him.

Biography lends one a sense of reality. Even if we cannot meet our hero in the flesh; we can at least sit down and allow some eminent author to talk to us about him through the pages of a book.

Most fiction books are not very elevating reading although interesting and entertaining but a good biography is even more interesting to the average reader because they are stories of life minus the glamorous tint of imagination which illuminate the usual story of fiction and are much more beneficial to the reader. The phrase "There is nothing so interesting to people as other people" may in some way account for the tremendous popularity of biographies.

Biograpies are also an easy way of approaching fields of thought much deeper and harder. History is in reality a series of biographies of the men who made it and it is made much more alive and interesting by the stories of these men brought from its dim distant past.

Biographies should hold a significant place in all libraries because of their elevating qualities and intensely human and appealing interest to everyone.

THE GALLEON

By George F. Hawley

The sun, a blazing globe of fire,
Showered its shafts of flame
Like shimmering gold at King Midas
touch
On the seas of the Spanish Main.

At the end of the sea and the edge
the sky
A galleon hove in sight
As the wings of a tired and flight-wea
bird
Her sails strained at the bight.

A shower of gold, a sea of foam
Dashed from beneath her prow,
As she leaned against the water's pu
Upon her battered bow.

Her scuppers gleamed in a bath of
Where ne'er the warrior recks
The fire and sword and the balls'
death
That sear red lanes through her dec

Her rails were snapped, her capsta
split
Her rigging trailed in the sea,
Her rudder was torn; she told a tale
Of a terrible battle to lee.

With her decks a mass of blood a
dead
Along with the spoils of war,
She doggedly drove her homeward wa
The pirates sailed no more.

And over the edge of the sea and sky,
As a tired bird she hove
Upon the swells of the Spanish Ma
Where never again she'd rove.

The sun above, in a sky of blue
Shone down on a deathly tale
In the wake of the ship in the seethi
brine
Streaks of red-flecked foaming trail.

The sun a blazing globe of fire
Showered its shafts of flame
Like shimmering gold at King Midas
touch
On the seas of the Spanish Main.

EXCHANGES

The Artisan—Mechanics High Schoo Boston, Massachusetts. You have excellent school paper. News Ite and sports are interestingly writte up.

The Beacon—Chelsea High School, Che sea, Massachusetts. Too many article and not enough news of the schoo Sports section might be larger.

The Colby Echo—Colby College, Wate ville, Maine. Too much fraterni matter on front page. The Histor and Legend of Colby College is ver good idea.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

Along with spring came the slam books — but not as bad as last year's —they couldn't be—last year one stewd got bounced because a teacher picked a book up with his name on one of the pages—the poor boy never saw the book before his father was called up to school —*Time* says that any High School student who receives an I. Q. (intelligence test) rating of over 130 has promise of being a genius — that puts a few of us into the genius class — yes, us — here's a mouthful from an English book that would stop even Elly Saxe — "From Macauly's essay on Cook's edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson — or would you rather go fishing?— the American eague is seriously considering a 9t place and endowing it to our deah ole Red Sox — There is quite a void in school since "Kupie" Spaulding has left — I don't see any Harold Teen Beer suits around B. H. S. — they would probably be outlawed anyway — along with sleeveless sweaters and packets — Red seems to be the popular color this season — sweaters, hats, — ties, and *hair,* all turning slightly scarlet — All seniors with an English average of *B* or over had to write a 1000-word essay —it pays to be dumb sometimes — A senior class recently was asked who of all the famous people in the world they would most like to have talk in the Auditorium — the following is an unbiased tabulation:

Herbert Hoover	3
Ghandi	2
Bing Crosby	4
"Jafsie"	2
The Shadow	5
Homer Zilch	2

and *Clarence* of Mert and Marge led all the rest with *seven* votes — such is fame.

JOKES

Junior (insisting): "I certainly did invite two girls to the dance!"

Soph: "How did you get away with it?"

Juniors: "Neither of them accepted."

* * * *

"I never forget anything when it is once in my head."

"Well, old man, how about that $25 I lent you some time back?"

"Of course, that's different. I put that in my pocket."

* * * *

Teacher: "If Shakspere were alive today, wouldn't he be considered a great man?"

Pupil: "He certainly would. He would be 341 years old."

* * * *

"Well, Tommy, did you behave in school today?" asked the father of a young son who had been in school but a short time.

"Behave!" explained Tommy, in a tone of amazement, "of course I did. Why the teacher said she never saw a pupil who behaved so."

BROOKLINE SECONDS BEAT MILTON 8–4

On Friday, the Brookline Seconds took the Milton boys into camp, 8–4. George Driscoll pitched for Brookline, and allowed but 4 hits in seven innings. Little Joie Walsh finished up and kept them scoreless. The pitchers were the hitting stars of the game, each collecting a double and a single. Brookline scored in the first on Malone's single, a steal of second, and a single by Walsh. In the ninth Brookline scored four runs when the Milton Team went to pieces. Burton singled, Broadhurst doubled, Litman singled, Driscoll doubled, Hines and Lally reached on successive errors, Driscoll scoring and Hines then scored on two wild heaves. Walsh had Milton helpless in the ninth.

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ADVICE TO ANY WHO WISH TO TAKE IT

(Continued from Page Four)

the word "Latin" and apply to the student. In the light of the statement I have already made concerning reasons for a young man's or woman's presence in any educational institution an answer is provided for this question also. From a personal point of view, I have found, since adopting that attitude, that I spent much less time complaining about the matter, in addition to taking less time to learn more about it.

The answer to the third question is also found in the fact that you go to school to learn *how to learn.* For one proof of this statement, we might consider the subject of mathematics, plane and solid geometry in particular. As far as I can see (and I can't see very far) this branch of the science is of little practical use in itself. It seems to me that if a carpenter had a triangular piece of board, and he wanted another piece exactly like it, he could trace around it with a pencil and obtain the required object, without bothering about corresponding sides or angles being equal or any of the numerous other facts pertaining to triangles which may be learned in school. If you'll take the trouble to read over the sentence preceding the last one I've written, (if you don't take the trouble, there's nothing I can do about it.) you will notice that I stated that I thought there was little practical use of the subject *in itself.* The fact remains that is doing you a world of good, if you are one of those persons who considers himself unfortunate for having to take the subject, and a great many of them do. It teaches you to use whatever's given you and to solve a problem by following a logical train of thought, instead of hopping all over the place like a bug on a hot stove. This method of attacking a project can be applied to any kind of business whatsoever. Hence, you will find that this subject of plane geometry, which is not plain to many, really is an aid to your future, whatever it may be.

However, enough of this, I have homework to do. In closing, I repeat, the easiest thing to give and the hardest thing to take is advice.

AFRICA SHRIEKS

(Continued from Page Five)

The next morning I felt generally a little off-color due, probably, to a little too much aqua fuejo the previous night.

Trader Yawn brought me a bromo-seltzer and I was beginning to recuperate a little when the blood-curdling war-cry of the savages drove all minor considerations from my head.

(It isn't really, but I had to end the
…… thing somehow) ……

(Continued in the next issue)

BOB HALL, COM.-IN-CHIEF OF CLASS DAY

(Continued from Page One)

Day Program. George Kaplan has been selected as his adjutant, an athlete and capable leader. The color bearers are also well known, Robert Tilden and Milton Levy, as are also Paul Rutledge and James Mason, color guards.

John Gleason will be major of the first battalion Milton Paisner will head the second and Stanley Cohen the third.

Officers in the band are Kenneth Farrell, Harry Mahakian, Julian Rifkin, and Herbert Wall while Ruth Alexander is Senior Aid of Band. A complete list of company officers follows:

FIRST BATTALION

Company A — Capt. Lamson Kerins, First Lieut. William Lee; Second Lieut. Leslie Street.

Company B — Capt. Richard Harding, First Lieut. Thomas Melican, Second Lieut. Alan Covitz.

Company C — Capt. George McDonough, First Lieut. Anthony Dean, Second Lieut. John Minahan.

Company D — Capt. Howard Gordon, First Lieut. Samuel Gutman, Second Lieut. Timothy O'Leary.

Company E — Capt. Mortimer Silverman, First Lieut. Benjamin Sheinwald, Second Lieut. Paul Dean.

Company F—Capt. Thomas Hartigan, First Lieut. Lester Meyer, Second Lieut. Richard Steele.

SECOND BATTALION

Company A — Capt. Abbot Rosenberg, First Lieut. Dan Lacy, Second Lieut. Fred Howard.

Company B — Capt. Max Andler, First Lieut. Lloyd Cohen, Second Lieut. Richard Starr.

Company C — Capt. George Delano, First. Lieut. Leslie Horn, Second Lieut. Alfred Carroll.

Company D — Capt. John Daley, First Lieut. Julian Brightman, Second Lieut. Robert Abels.

Company E — Capt. Richard Holt, First Lieut. John Lally, Second Lieut. Phineas Norman.

Company F — Capt. Harold Millen, First Lieut. Richard Lyden, Second Lieut. Myron King.

THIRD BATTALION

Company A — Capt. Samuel Lourie, First Lieut. Phil Lewis, Second Lieut. Stanley Rosen.

Company B — Capt. Charles McDonald, First Lieut. Samuel Levine, Second Lieut. Walter Murphy.

Company C — Capt. Victor Merolla, First Lieut. Andrew Badaracco, Second Lieut. Milton Mersky.

Company D — Capt. Robert Warren, First Lieut. Thomas Quinn, Second Lieut. Theo Hewitt.

Company E — Capt. David Aronson, First Lieut. Emil Lembree. Second Lieut. William Blatt.

Company F — Capt. Michael Gorma First Lieut. David Summer, Second Lie Edward Stone.

"Monty" Wells, New Instructo

(Continued from Page One)

While in college he broke the world 45-yard high hurdle record, clearing t barriers in 5 4/5 seconds. He has dupl cated this feat many times. July w most likely find him carrying his cou try's colors in the Olympic Games Los Angeles.

Mr. Wells is also as fine a mathem tician as a sportsman, and we wish h many years of success at our school.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXVIII BROOKLINE, MASS., JUNE 22, 1932 SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

299 SENIORS RECEIVE DIPLOMAS IN BRILLIANT COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

CLASS DAY SPECTACLE THRILLS TOWNSPEOPLE

GIRLS' COSTUMES PROVIDE COLORFUL APPEARANCE

Company F, 3rd Battalion Wins Review Competition

ROBERT HALL, CLASS DAY COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

1932 Class Day will long be remembered in B. H. S. Before a huge audience surrounding the grounds, 1,800 students presented the Class Day Program with unusual success.

The boys in three battalions led the procession from the building, enacted the salute to the colors, and marched in review to the music of the school band. A distinguished reviewing staff awarded the prizes; first prize went to company F, second to company E, and third to D, all of the third battalion, company B of the first battalion taking fourth place.

The girls interpreted their dancing in picturesque costumes and with exceptional grace. The relay race was a thriller, with no accidents this year. The seniors captured first position.

The centre of attention was promptly shifted to the front steps where the seniors assembled for the raising of numerals, the songs and cheers. This performance called forth long applause from the admiring spectators.

Continued on Page 9

BILL LEBOWITCH ELECTED TENNIS CAPT.

At the last meeting of the tennis team, Billy Lebowitch was unanimously elected as the leader of that unit for the coming season. This year he won the school tournament and his "B". Versatile, he plays a red hot game in both singles and doubles.

The team will lose by graduation, Bob Hall, Abbott Rosenberg, Dave Summer, and Buster Gutman. Besides the captain-elect, Bill Ittman, Paul Silbert, Lew Lappin, Phil Ford, and Benny Ulin are the remaining veterans.

GEORGE KAPLAN, CLASS
Class Day Adjutant

ALLAN SWARTZ NEW TRACK CAPTAIN-ELECT

At the last meeting of the lettermen of the B. H. S. track team, Allan Swartz was elected as captain for next season. Swartz starred at several meets this season breaking the high jump record of the Northeastern meet. He has also distinguished himself in the shot-put.

Coach Hines, whose opinion is to be valued, says: "Swártz has great possibilities. If he applies himself scholastically, and matriculates in college, he may become an inter-collegiate champion."

JOE MALONE ELECTED CAPTAIN OF MARSHALS

A meeting of the marshals was held recently to elect a captain for next year. Those eligible were: Warren Fox, Lawrence Daniels, Fred Wiggin, Ralph McNeilly, William Lett, Joe Malone, Paul Silbert, and Edward Shaw. The marshals then voted, as a result of which Joe Malone received the election. It is expected that Joe will make as good a captain as he has been a marshal this year, and that under him and his assistant. the marshal force will continue to be one of the outstanding democratic features of Brookline High.

MARSHALS 1932-1933

The senior marshals for he coming year are as follows:

Joseph Malone, Captain of Marshals

Jane McKnight
Roger Bernhardt
Warren Fox
William Lett
Elizabeth Howard
Ralph MacNeilly
Fred Wiggin
Paul Silbert
Eileen McElroy
Jacqueline McGrath
Edward Shaw
Theodore Bradley

Jean MacKillop
Norma Marcus
Doris Reimer
Harold Wyer
Leonard Tarlin
Marion Phillips
Rita Cohen
Selma Kingsdale
George Hartstone
Barbara Gordon
Laura Lee Horn
Constance Southgate

The student members of the present sophomore class and the Teacher-Student

Continued on Page 9

GRADUATING CLASS OF 1932 LARGEST IN B. H. S. HISTORY

WINNERS OF PRIZE AWARDS

J. MURRAY KAY	
Prize Speaking	Paul Rutledge, '32
	Christine Adams, '32
History	Irving Appleman, '33
LINCOLN MEDALS	
English	Hodee Waldstein, '32
Latin	Robert C. Hall, '32
	Hodee Waldstein, '32
Spanish	Jean MacMillan, '32
Mathematics	Marjorie Frank, 33
Physics	Sumner Abrams, '33
Art	Alma Shmauk, '32
Honorable Mention	George Delano, '32
FLOYD CUP	Robert C. Hall, '32
HARVARD CUP	Milton C. Paisner, '32
HARVARD BOOK PRIZE	Warren Fox, '33
KATHERINE BRADBURN SCHICK CUP	Anna Lee Delano, '32
WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN MEDAL	Robert A. Warren, '32
DAUGHTERS OF AMERICAN REVOLUTION	Esther E. Peterson, '32
ALFRED D. CHANDLER PRIZE	Norman Stevenson, '35
JULIET S. BALDWIN PRIZE	Hodee Waldstein, '32
CHARLES W. HOLTZER PRIZES	
Music	Kenneth Farrell, '32
Manual Training	Leslie Small, Jr., '32
SCHOLARSHIPS	
Devotion	Ruth Friedman, '32
Heath	Mary McPhee, '32
Pierce	Jean MacMillan, '32
Dramatic Club	
Full	Paul Rutledge, '32
	Richard Starr, '32
Part	Milton Levy, '32
	Robert Hall, '32
Phi Alpha Pi	Katherine Forbes, '32
Tau Beta Beta	Carola Nasmyth, '32
Woman's Club	Helene Dawson, '31
	Mary Mawhinney, '31

WARREN FOX ELECTED NEW CHIEF JUSTICE

In the recent Chief Justice election, Warren Fox, secretary of the junior class, attained the coveted office by an overwhelming majority. Opposing him were Louis Bonelli, William Lett, Edward Shaw, Paul Silbert, and Harold Wyer, but Warren came out 402 votes ahead. Louis Bonelli was the nearest with 205 votes. Warren Fox has been a conscientious worker in all that he has undertaken, representing Brookline High School at the Red Cross Convention in Washington. We wish him success and good luck in the forthcoming year.

BASEBALL LETTERMEN ELECT JAMES CAHILL

The lettermen of the varsity baseball team, at their last meeting of the year, have elected James "Lefty" Cahill as captain for next season. Cahill has been a regular on the team for two years, and on the freshman and the second teams during his first two years. He will have a veteran infield, with the exception of present Captain George Kaplan, and Outfielder Eddie Rae, to help win games next season.

GEORGE W. WIGHTMAN PRESENTS DIPLOMAS

Noted Guests on Platform; Mr. Southworth, Chief Speaker

The Class of Nineteen-Hundred Thirty-Two received its diplomas and prize awards during impressive graduation ceremonies last Thursday evening in the school auditorium before a large audience of parents and friends. Two-hundred-ninety-nine graduates filed across the stage to receive the treasured scrolls from the hand of Mr. George W. Wightman, chairman of the school committee. With these exercises the seniors completed their high school careers!

The graduates ascended to their places on the platform as the orchestra played *The Pretorian Guard.* Robert Hall, president of the class, delivered the address of welcome. He paid special tribute to all who have helped the class during its progress through the past four years.

Mr. Ringer, headmaster, in warm words of praise and admiration, introduced a friend of long years, Stacy B. Southworth, headmaster of Thayer Academy, who delivered the address of the evening. Mr. Southworth mentioned in words of sincere feeling his previous association with Mr. Ringer and with Mr. Caverly. After this introductory comment, he reviewed the past record of the Class of 1932 telling them that the present is the raw material out of which they, as young men and women, may build something useful if they have the desire, and that the future presents a challenge to their ability. He stressed the qualities of fidelity and concentration as being necessary companions to cleverness and winning personalities.

Prior to the awards, the orchestra played the overture, *Youth Triumphant.* Our superintendent, Mr. Caverly was presented as "a friend of every boy and girl in Brookline." When he awarded the J. Murray Kay prizes, he emphasized the importance of training in speech and lauded the winners as being in the vanguard among those who recognize its value in the world. Mr. Alexander Lincoln presented the medals awarded each year for excellence in a number of studies and for which his father, William H. Lincoln, had established a permanent fund. Mrs. Lotta Bradburn Schick awarded the Katherine Bradburn Schick cup, named in memory of her daughter, to the best all-around

Continued on Page 9

Who's Who

DOROTHEA LAKSON

In reviewing the outstanding member of the graduating class, one could scarcely eliminate Dorothea Lakson. Ever since she first entered the High School from Edward Devotion, she has displayed exceptional leadership and scholastic ability.

She obtained membership in various of the student organizations: the Glee Club during her freshman and sophomore years; the French Club for three consecutive terms, Girls' League, of which she was elected secretary in her last year; throughout her attendance; entered Alpha Pi as a well-qualified member when a junior, and the Spanish Club as a senior.

As she possesses a remarkably clear and pleasant voice, she has naturally taken part in several oral activities; won Prize Speaking as a freshman, and was a Four Minute Speaker during her first two years.

The SAGAMORE has been the source of many of her achievements; as a fresh-for three years, later assistant captain of the marshals, a senior advisor, the treas the self-government system; a marshal man she was a reporter, but was raised to a position on the staff which she held for the next two terms, and became assignment editor in her senior year. As further work in the journalistic line she was the official High School correspondent for the *Brookline Chronicle*.

She has been an important factor of urer of her junior class a member of the Teacher-Student Council, and the vice-resident of the Associated Council of Massachusetts Teacher-Student Councils.

In addition, she has worked for the Red Cross, was a Class Day marshal; and is on the Class Day Dance, and Picture Committees in this, her graduation year.

Certainly, a well-rounded program, representative of almost every important activity, and indicating distinctly that her school career has been unusual and of benefit not only to herself, but to the school at large.

Exchanges

The Signboard—Springfield, Massachusetts.
The Bowdoin Orient—Brunswick, Maine.
The Log—Danville, Kentucky.
Stetson Oracle—Randolph, Massachusetts.
The Elms—Groton, Massachusetts.
The Imp—Boston, Massachusetts.
M. H. S. Review—Medford, Massachusetts.
Item—Dorchester, Massachusetts.
The Beacon—Gloucester, Massachusetts.
The Sooner Cub—Norman, Oklahoma.
Albania.
Laboremus—Albanian Vocational School,

THE STOLEN STAMP

By P. P. HOCHBERG

"I say ya can't swing dis job, Limpy."

"Aw cut the oil, ya might tink you was plannin' dis job. C'mon inta my room an talk it over."

"Awright but I tell ya dat ya can't do it."

This short conversation was tossed back and forth between two sour looking individuals while they were slinking down a dark disreputable alley in a down-town district in a leading Pennsylvania city. Tim McGinnis, a red-faced, stoop-shouldered, untidy lad, who hasn't quite shaken off his brogue, and his pal, Limpy Grant, who was well dressed, ill mannered and known for his mistreatment of the English language, were two bad boys with big ideas.

The two boys have been talking about a "job" so let us listen in on their conversation in Limpy's room. Are you listening?

"Well, I gut it figured this way, Tim. Old man Pierce gets his stamps out of da safe ev'ry Thursday night and locks himself in his lyberry to give 'em the once over, and dats where we come in."

"Say, how the divil do ya know all this ennyhow?"

"How?"

"Yeh, dats right, how?"

"How do ya tink? My ritzy brudder, Poole is his name, is the old guys valee, so instead of my brudder givin' me money he tells me dat the old man has a stamp, just a punk piece of paper, worth fifteen grand. Hey, quit yankin' dose butt'ns off'n you vest or ya won't have any ta butt'n.

"Gee, do ya mean that we is goin' ta get fifteen grand? Why didcha tell me?"

"Hey, not so fast sap, I gotta plan dis."

Tim opens a book to read while Limpy Grant the "big shot" makes plans for the "big job." After twenty minutes . . . with two bay windows for plants and sun experiments, also a dark room for photography, etc., and a machine shop for apparatus.

"O. K., Tim, close ya book, mouth and the door and I'll tell ya the story. Tonight's Thursday so we might as well do the job tonight. Well, here's how. I told my brudder ta leave the lyberry winda open so we can get in. Now, here's where you come in. While you keep the old man covered I scoot cross the room and takes the stamp and den we beats it. See?"

"But Limpy, why doncha take the alboom?"

"Why? 'Cause it's easy to get caught wid it and anyways fifteen grand is enough. Are you ready, c'mon.

The library of the wealthy Mr. Pierce is elaborately decorated with valuable antiques and the walls lined with expensive volumes of first edition books. In one corner of the room is a safe in which rests the stamp collection of the aristocratic Mr. Pierce. The door of the library opens and Mr. Pierce enters.

"I won't need you any more tonight, Poole."

"Yes, sir, good night."

"Well," said Mr. Pierce to himself, "I'll just open the safe and see if my stamps are as I left them. Hello! What was that noise?"

"Up wit ya arms and don't make no noise or I might tap ya on ya bald head which ain't gut no sence in it."

"I tell you you'll be caught and punished for this you . . . " and the words used by this respectable citizen were unbecoming of his rank.

"Aw cut the oil, c'mon Tim, let's go."

"Poole, Poole, where are you?"

"Here I am, sir, what has happened?"

"Quick you idiot, call the police."

"But, sir, what has happened?"

"Will you do as I said," replied the excited Mr. Pierce.

"Very well, sir."

Mr. Pierce was heart-broken to think that his most valuable stamp had been stolen and once more he went to make sure which stamp had been taken and . .

"Never mind phoning, Poole, I'll take care of the affair myself."

"Humpf."

"What did you say, Poole?"

"Oh, nothing, sir."

* * * *

"Tim, what do ya think happened, I took da wrong stamp and it's ony worth three bucks."

"If ya try ta double-cross me, Limpy, I'll squeal on ya."

"Aw cut the oil," said Limpy, using his pet phrase.

"Well, what are ya goin' ta do about it?"

Nothin' much 'cept go back and get the whole book of stamps, so we won't make a mistook, nex' Thursday."

"O. K. fella, suits me foine," said Tim, using his best brogue during the short spell of excitement.

"Aw cut the oil an go ta bed," replied Limpy, as he curled himself into a cozy overstuffed chair.

* * * *

"Well, Mista Pierce, we sees ya once agin, huh?" asked Limpy.

"Yes, boys, I was expecting you."

"Yeh? Well, we is here an' we is goin' ta take the bloomin' alboom wid us."

"That's fine," said Mr. Peirce, then . . . . "All right, boys."

The two boys turned to stone, seems if, as three plain clother policemen marched into the room brandishing shiny new handcuffs.

"You see, boys," began Mr. Pierce, addressing Tim and Limpy, "I thought you would be back next Thursday night, that is, tonight when I discovered that you had taken the wrong stamp. And now I will turn you both over to these three officers who will give you a-rest."

"Aw, cut the oil," said Limpy.

THE SPIRIT OF '34

(The organ of the sophomore class)

Dedication

We hopefully dedicate this column to l'il Lloydy Berman, the printer. We hope that his taste in the criticizing of columns will improve as time goes on.

* * * *

A Notice

There was to have been a masterpiece of the modern art of column writing under the title of this one. The class president, Mr. Gardener, wrote us a letter; the secretary reported on what muschief sophomores were in this season; l'il Eliot Alter, the treasurer, was to give a report of the finances of the class; and the class gossip-monger, Dorothy Freedman, wrote some of the most beautiful slush you ever read. But alas! Some fiendishly jealous column writer wilfully destroyed the *pièce de résistance* in a fit of jealousy. But ne'er you mind, gentle reader, because next year the *Spirit of '34* will be a-torturing you again.

* * * *

CHATTER

We're pinch hitting for some good stuff, but remember that the following was written in haste . . . We hear that Dorothea Collier will march on Class Day. That's what comes of studying diligently . . . That Hartstone person has been complaining about his name being put in a "soph" column. We apologize. We meant well. He should be *at least* a sophomore by now . . . Eddie Rothstien is again in the peanut company.

* * * *

Aristocratic Sportman: "You would scarcely believe, Lady Melinda, what a shocking coward the hare is!"

Heh Ladyship: "O. I don't know. If the hare had your gun and you had its legs, do you think you would be any braver?"

* * * *

The insurance office was rung up by a very excited woman.

"I want to insure my house," she said. "Can I do it over the phone?"

"I'm afraid not. Perhaps we had better send a man to see you."

"I've got to do it immediately, I tell you!" came the frantic voice. "The place is on fire!"

* * * *

"You leave those pearl necklaces in the window all night? Are you not afraid that they will be stolen?"

Jeweler: "No, every night I put a notice on them: 'Imitation, $1.00 each.'"

* * * *

Mind Reader: "Now I have finished your reading—$2.00 please!"

Customer: "Sorry, but if you had correctly read my mind when I came in here you would have known I didn't have $2.00 with me."

* * * *

THE MURDERED MIND

By NORMAN E. HUNT

Installment IV

A half hour later the snarling Fiedler was caged in the back of a police ambulance that hurtled through the streets of the city in a mad rush toward police headquarters. Dr. Curtiss was propped up in bed at the Fiedler mansion surrounded by police, reporters, the young detective and a surgeon. Several officers were searching the laboratory.

"Leave the man alone" grumbled the surgeon to the crowd milling around the old German's couch, "There's no more for him to say; let him sleep." He shooed them out.

"How can I sleep," spoke up the white-faced patient, "How can I rest until this problem is solved!"

He was interrupted by the entrance of an officer who held a sheaf of papers in both hands.

"Found these in the lab" said the stolid messenger. His chief glanced at them and then ejaculated, "Steinert's name again, Curtiss."

The German snatched the papers from the sleuth.

"Listen! 'To whom it may concern: I, Paul Steinert, do set down in writing on this 17th day of May, 1893, certain facts hitherto unknown to science.

"I have obtained from the animal brain a substance that has a peculiar effect on the human being. It deadens the senses and destroys all personality and will-power, leaving the human being a creature of animal instincts! It is, I believe, proof that man has developed from such an animal by a process of evolution!"

There followed a long scientific account of the reaction of the human brain to the strange potion. At the end was a chemical formula for the drug.

It seemed that Paul Steinert had explained his discovery to Dr. Gottlein who persuaded him to leave the University and to carry on his experiments in the Black Forest of Germany.

"William Gottlein was a selfish wretch," said Curtiss. And then he lay back on his pillows, exhausted. The detective took up the reading.

"I have left a bottle of this drug," said the letter, "together with my account of the discovery for my young wife at Berlin—"

"— his wife!"

"—that's what it says."

"That's very strange. I didn't know he was ever in love. Well, go on!"

"There's nothing more," said the detective in a flat voice.

Curtiss shook his head as if unable to understand. He had been through a terrible experience that night.

"It fits in with your story, doctor," said the other.

"Yes."

The deep silence of the room was broken by the insistent vocie of the telephone. The detective answering, He was scared off but continued running.

Somewhere along the way he must have torn the black cloak from his back. When he reached Park Square, he found it practically deserted. Sir Abbot Fawcett, however, leaving the Statler Hotel was struck down by the brute; murder followed.

wild beasts tore him to pieces.

But Fiedler knew nothing of all this until he had been through medical school. When he opened the iron box that his unhappy father had left at Berlin, he read the strange story and saw the bottle.

But Leopold was not ready to experiment on himself. He came to America. When he had taken several prominent scientists into his confidence and at last attempted to find an answer to the forty-year-old question, he first experimented on his Japanese servant, Rattana. But the poor fellow was merey knocked unconscious by the force of the drug.

Impatient he locked himself into his laboratory and took a generous dose. He was like a wild bull. The walls of his laboratory could not keep him. The height of Beacon Hill could not hold him. He tore down Charles Street and attacked the unfortunate garage man.

Again Fiedler fled from his pursuers and raced down some near-by alley. The drug was wearing off and he began to realize where he was. No one seeing a pale gaunt figure climbing Beacon Hill recognized him as the Park Square murderer. He did not know it himself until he read the papers. For his mind had been murdered.

Perhaps the murder would never all very clipped and cold telegraph style.

"Fiedler has come to his senses," turning to the German. Before Curtiss could answer, the room was empty.

* * * *

The grey dawn brought the answer to the Park Square tragedy of three months before.

Fiedler was the murderer. As you may have guessed, his father was Paul Steinert whom Curtiss had known forty years before in Germany. He had become obsessed by the strange pseudo-scientific ideas of the half-mad Gottlein. He wanted an heir to his strange fortune — and so he married. First he changed his name to Fiedler and then he married. He left a bottle of the drug locked in an iron box at Berlin.

No one knows what happened to him. It was during one of his nocturnal wanderings in the woods near Leipzig thât Curtiss had come upon him. No wonder he did not recognize his friend.

Leopold Fiedler was drawn by an irresistable power, undefined, unknown, that induced him to give himself up to the spell of the murdered mind, to the drug discovered by his father, Paul Steinert. *Finis!*

The Guidance Department

BROOKLINE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

March 22, 1932.

Mr. John V. Jewett
Director, Guidance Department
Brookline High School
Brookline, Massachusetts

My dear Mr. Jewett:

Many thanks for the opportunity to correct what might be unfortunate impressions resulting from the article in THE SAGAMORE of March 9, 1932, entitled, *Physical Education as a Career.*

Many statements are so out of step with present day demands that I am sure you will be glad to have them corrected insofar as they relate to woman's career in this particular field. The entire subject is so new that its content is constantly changing so that by the time the Career Committee collects data and presents it, much of the material is out of date unless constantly checked up by contact with those in the field.

Before enlarging upon the educational requirements, let me say that there are two or three points that may mislead people who are anticipating work in the field rather than acting in the field.

Any disadvantages relating to the coach and attitude toward a defeated team or notoriety cannot possibly relate to the activities for girls and women.

Disadvantage No. 7. "Little opportunity for the accumulation of moderate wealth" relates to a job and not to a career.

Qualification No. 10. "Realization at all times that you are an example physically, mentally, and morally" is an inconceivable poise.

Regarding preparation and equipment of the teacher, the last decade has found the majority of administrators following the high standards previously set by the few. In addition to health, personality, character and special aptitude for motor activities, the same educational background is required as for the teacher of any subject. A two-year intensive course offered by private schools for physical education has been found to be entirely inadequate and affiliation with a college course leading to at least a Bachelor's Degree is fast becoming necessary for appointment in the best systems of physical education — private or public schools or colleges. Its nearest equivalent is unusual aptitude and high qualities of leadership combined with rich experience in the true art of living.

The field has been overwhelmed by applicants whose only claim for attention was a special skill in and a desire for basketball or a similar sport. Without the mental satisfaction derived from other motives, the desire for large salary and short hours has been the principal ambition. This condition has led to unemployment in the present demand for teachers of high standard.

Since the article appeared in THE SAGAMORE, many women teachers have been questioned, including those of our own Department, and the consensus of opinion is that although hours may be long, demands and responsibilities unusual and exacting, the enthusiasm and joy of association with modern girls and children in true leadership more than compensates. Such an answer indicates that some right people have found their way into the profession. We need recruits and the finest girls of Brookline High School are always welcome.

A leader has said—"We need more education in physical education and more physical education in education." May the coming generation contribute richly to such a need?

Sincerely yours,
BESSIE L. BARNES,

JOKES

Rastus: "Ah's sure advanced in de pas' couple of years."

Mose: "How's dat?"

Rastus: "Well, two years ago, ah was called a lazy loafer, and now ah's listed as an unfortunate victim of de unemployment sitcheyashun."

Jimmy Durante was made-up and ready to go on the set the other morning, but he couldn't find his spectacles. Turning to the director, he said, "Say, Charlie, do you know where my glasses are?"

"Of course," answered the director, "They're on your nose."

"Listen," replied Durante, "don't be so definite."

THE SAGAMORE

Founded in 1893

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Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the SAGAMORE Box in the Library or mailed to the SAGAMORE Office.

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Vol. XXXVIII BROOKLINE, JUNE 22, 1932 No. 14

To The Class of 1932

As the last strains of music die away the class of 1932 marches from its graduation exercises into the arms of fond parents. Each senior holds in his hand a precious roll of paper bedecked with three ribbons, one red, one white, one blue. The three great influences upon the student's life are here joined: the school with its lessons, knowledge, and teachings; the parents, loving, ambitious, proud; and the country, with its ideals and expectations of its newest members.

Another class is graduating from Brookline High School! Four years of hard study entitle its graduate to what appears to be no more than a sheet of rolled paper, of no intrinsic value in itself, but symbolic of another goal passed, another step climbed in the ladder of life. Your four years here have but prepared you for newer, higher things, Visions of *more* to be learned, and *more* to be enjoyed fill the vista that stretches before you. You realize that your education does not end with high school and that a great many of you plan to enter college or some other higher school in the near future. Within a few years, you will take your places as full-fledged American citizens.

We, the undergraduates, hope that we may do as well as you have done. May we, therefore, extend to you our most hearty congratulations for what you have accomplished in the past! Whatever the future may hold for you, may it find you prepared to triumph.

"It's muddy and bloody, and looking like death, but
never you mind, Carry on, carry on!" —SERVICE.

After the recent announcement of the Headmaster concerning curricula for 1932-33, many of us felt exceedingly remorseful. How chillingly cold and hard these rules seemed! If there had only been some handwriting on the wall, or some such sign to warn us in September! Pessimism was king for a day or so.

But, exceedingly lucky for many of our young hopefuls, the powers that issued the iron-bound code of rules governing the curricula waxed sympathetic. Our good fortune becomes more definite as we commence to work. If we can advance past that final barrier,— examinations — this season's battle has been finished. A few individuals will stroll past them, a select couple will waltz through, but most of us will have to wade through with almost indefatigable energy.

SAGAMORE REPORTER INTERVIEWS DR. BROUGHER

One of the busiest men in Boston is J. Whitcomb Brougher, D. D., LL. D. It is nearly as difficult to get an interview with this noted pastor as to see President Hoover. For his secretary scrutinizes your card and then indicates a chair where you may wait for the score of official and unofficial visitors who have made previous appointments. But though you may enter his sanctum in fear and trembling, you emerge with a feeling of inspiration and with curiosity satisfied.

He is a tall man, physically fit and bearing his sixty years lightly. Iron-gray hair and a lined but always pleasant face lend an impression of dignity. He dresses in impeccable taste.

The long desk in Dr. Brougher's study is ornamented with small animals and knicknacks now in vogue. A sign bearing the word "smile" stands in front of the ink-well; this is the keyn-ote to Dr. Brougher's personality.

When your reporter told him that he had come for a personal interview representing the SAGAMORE, he laughed heartily and said, "This reminds me of my own High School days. I helped to edit and publish first our school paper and later a college magazine. This led to the position of editor and publisher of a paper representing all the Baptist churches of Oakland, California. Later I was connected with a denominational paper of the Pacific Coast and secured advertising for it. This paper was *The Herald of Truth* and I was told if I could get advertisements for this, my career was assured me.

The doctor's parents moved to Oakland when he was twelve years old and he was educated there. He graduated from college with the degree of B. A. From his Alma Mater he received later the degree of M. A. Three different colleges have conferred upon him the degree of D. D. and two other prominent colleges that of LL. D. His friends say the last honor stands for "Doctor of Love and Laughter."

He has lived thirty-five years on the Pacific Coast. After graduation from college he came to Rochester, New York, with his young wife, and took a three years' theological course. His first pastorate was at the First Baptist Church, Paterson, New Jersey, which position he occupied for six years. He went from there to Chattanooga, Tennessee, to the First Baptist Church of that city. After four years in the South he returned to the West and preached for six years in the White Temple at Portland, Oregon. His stay of sixteen years at the Temple Baptist Church, Los Angeles, California was especially successful, for he led his church from a membership of 1,000 to 4,000 and purchased a property worth $1,750,000.00.

In 1926, he became President of the Northern Baptist Convention. Last week he spoke at St. Petersburg, Florida, representing this Convention before the Southern Baptist Convention of *four million* white Southerners.

"I have been to Europe on two occasions. I was abroad during the World War under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association."

Dr. Brougher has two sons in the ministry and two married daughters,— all are college graduates. It is indeed a family of culture and education.

Dr. Brougher is a 32nd degree Mason; chaplain of St. Paul Royal Arch Chapter; one of the Grand Chaplains of the Grand Chapter of Massachusetts. He is an honorary member of the Alleppo Temple of Shriners in Boston. The famous pastor belongs to the Boston Rotary Club, the Boston Advertising Club, and is complimentary member of several business men's organizations both in California and Boston.

"Mrs. Brougher and I have never enjoyed living in any section of the country more than we have in Boston during the last two years." Again the humorous twinkle came into his eyes. "I have not found the Bostonians reserved, cold, or extremely conservative. The hospitality extended to Mrs. Brougher and me has not been surpassed anywhere. I have never had a more hearty response to my sermons and addresses than in New England. I am very happy in my work at Tremont Temple, and like New England just as well as the West."

The doctor's chief recreation is playing golf. His valuable time is planned very carefully and he has more secretaries than the governor. He was the minister who married Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. He is also a friend of Will Rogers, famous comedian. Dr. Brougher is noted throughout the country as a humorist as well as a successful pastor and inspiring minister.

WEEKLY ASSEMBLY

The last assembly of the year was opened by Mr. Ringer on June 8, 1932. After talking about Class Day, and praising the work of the school, Mr. Ringer gave a farewell address to the seniors. He also read the inspiring poem "If" by Rudyard Kipling.

"Pa" Case is leaving us, after being here for thirty-one years. Mr. Ringer lauded him for the wonderful long and faithful service that he has rendered to the school, a service which will never be forgotten. As a tribute to Mr. Case, he read "A Mile With Me" and "My Friend" by Kneeland.

The remainder of assembly period was devoted to important notices. The list of the pupils who successfully passed the Red Cross examination was read. The assembly ended with the notice that pupils must come back to school June 20 and June 22, unless specially excused for some most extraordinary reason or scheduled to take college board examinations.

Vox Ludi

THE COLUMNIST GLOATS

I am monarch of all I survey,
Bedecking all of those I portray
With the blackest and cheapest array.
Cheer me! I'm the news-print king today.

Money I collect, great names I wreck;
Gossip is told by my pen bold
Though I am a leech, friendless and cold:
I'm the reason why tabloids are sold.

THE SPIRIT OF '34

(The organ of the sophomore class)

They tell us that the *sophs* won't have it so *sopht* in the next school season.

* * * *

It seems that there weren't enough class dues to allow even the treasurer any surplus. Talk about frenzied finance!

* * * *

It is known now that "Stuie" Goldenberg made his pile in the pants business. Class Day lined his pockets, and emptied ours.

* * * *

The most recent best seller published is entitled "The Gentler Art of Keeping Quiet" by Dorothea Collier. No wonder it's popular.

* * * *

Peculiarties of Certain Personalities: Norman Hunt seldom signs his homework papers until they are to be passed in . . . George Ware is extremely fussy about the type of ink his fountain pen drinks.

* * * *

We haven't yet recovered from the remark our friend Gladstone made about two months ago. This student observed, "I've done all my math, except the proofs."

* * * *

Rittenberg and Singer have joined the unemployed columnist's group.

* * * *

THE LAST WORD

We'll say good-bye, and we'll
Bind in a great volume
Each and every complaint
Blackening this colyum!

LIBRARY STAFF HAS SOCIAL AFTERNOON

On May 19 at 2:30 the Library Staff gave a party in the Girls'League room; since each member brought a friend there were fifty-two present. As soon as each person entered she had her name and a sweet pea pinned on her. Then each was given a piece of cloth and a needle and thread and told to sew on an object, the name of which was written on the bottom of the cloth. The objects ranged from elephants to books. When the designs were finished they were pinned on a screen to be judged by Mr. Ringer, Miss Sawyer, and Miss Collins. The prizes were bouquets of white lilacs and were won by Dorothy Kenny, Mary Bonzagni and Janet Printz. Each person was then given a pencil and paper on which to draw his idea of "whoopee." The results ranged from auto accidents to broken dishes. Everyone gathered around a large pink and blue May basket while Miss Kleinberg told about German May Day customs. Then each one pulled a ribbon and received a lolly pop as a favor.

The president, Gretchen Case, was made queen of the May, Doris Rice was her page. Everyone danced around the May pole and afterwards tried to learn the Portland Fancy but gave it up in despair and went to modern dancing. After the dancing was over refreshments were served. The party ended at about 4 o'clock.

Milton Paisner

After a rather peaceful training in the Audubon and Higginson schools, he entered Devotion. Here he made his letter in track. For a while during class at B. H. S. he was rather inconspicuous, making the track squad and the circulation department of the SAGAMORE. But big trees grow from little nuts, and Milton rose in the SAG staff to the office of sports reporter in his soph year. Continuing his track career in his junior year he blossomed forth into a big flower and was elected a marshal. He was promoted to the office of Business Manager of the SAGAMORE. a play entitled "Private Secretary," and our hero portrayed a major rôle. During this year also, he made his "B" in track, and was elected secretary-treasurer of the Spanish Club. This year he was on the football team, the Teacher-Student Council, the executive council of the French Club, and Captain of the Marshals. He has been a member of the French Club for four years.

Outside of school, he is the treasurer of the Alpha Mu Beta fraternity. His favorite recreation is track, and he says that the finest improvement that could be made to B. H. S. is a new gym. His immediate future leads towards Harvard, and he hopes to enter some day the Harvard Business School. His particular passion is detective stories. The ideals which spur him on to victory are rather intangible, and are not for publication.

"ENTER MUSIC"

by

A. J. PEEL

The simple Shakespearean stage direction with which no doubt you are all familiar, and which was used to denote musical periods on the stage, has its application today in high school life and activity. Most high schools in New England have their bands and orchestras . . . Young America is becoming increasingly musical. Even the radio which ushered in the "great listening era" in our country has in a brief ten years or so stimulated the desire to participate in musical performance . . . to express oneself musically . . . in other words to *produce* music instrumentally or vocally.

This desire to be a participant in musical expression rather than a mere auditor means fuller and more abundant living . . . for music is the language of the emotional life and dumb emotions are as unsatisfactory as dumb lips. But music, of course, may be a means of earning a livelihood. The opportunities for well-trained and competent musicians are not so discouraging as one might imagine. The rapid growth of musical organizations in schools, churches, institutions, offers an expanding field for those who desire to make music their life-work.

The various organizations and clubs which fill such an important place in our civic and national life offer another field for instrumental and vocal artists. The lull in musical activities in this and other directions at the present time will not last, for music is essential to normal social activities.

Then, of course, the radio field is becoming the El Dorado for musical artists with the necessary training and experience.

In your high school years you have had opportunities for musical training. If you are in the band or orchestra you have had some good experience. But no public school claims to be able to give a musician all that is necessary to "finish" his musical education. This must be a matter of further study.

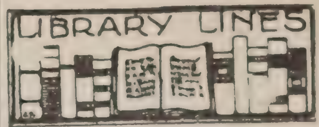
In New England we have one of the finest and the oldest musical colleges in America . . . The New England Conservatory of Music. The roll of honor of this famous musical institution includes such names as Madame Nordica, Edith Mason, Chadwick, Pattison, Maier and many others who have achieved national and international fame in the world of musical art. This institution . . which is really a university of music . . . offers everything that is necessary to complete one's musical education up to degrees and diplomas. Whether the student desires to be a successful church organist or a perfect jazz saxophonist, he will find the opportunity and the equipment at hand at the Conservatory of Boston. He may also continue or begin his study of associated cultural subjects . . . Languages, Art appreciation, Literature, Dramatics.

The Conservatory has three orchestras and a band—the big Symphonic orchestra numbers over 100 members. Opportunities for radio broadcasting from a licensed studio on the Conservatory premises are utilized in giving students practical experience in radio work.

The faculty includes well-known musicians who can *teach* as well as perform . . . a distinction which you will appreciate.

With the business employment market somewhat glutted with trained and experienced people who are finding it difficult to retain or obtain employment, it might be worth your while . . . if financial conditions make it possible . . . for you to consider taking some courses at the New England Conservatory of Music if you are musically oriented. The experience will be valuable whether you use the knowledge gained vocationally or avocationally; and will yield a rich return in artistic enjoyment as well as bring you into contatct with interesting people.

Interesting literature is available to those who write for it, and your letters may be addressed to Ralph Flanders, General Manager, New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass., or if you are in Boston, call and have a chat with Mr. Flanders. You will find him very helpful for he can speak out of a wealth of experience in helping young men and women desiring a musical education.



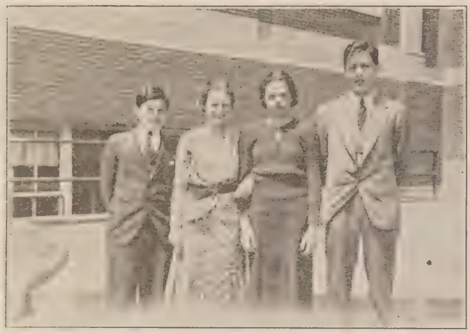
LIBRARY LINES

The two leading sections in sophomore library lessons were Mrs. Henderson's IIIA's (with all A's but one) and Mr. Barnes's IIIF.

The summer book lists are now out; you are asked to take one and make use of it. These lists are not thrust upon you, but are offered to the students as a list that will insure excellent reading of all types and will help many to pass happy hours this summer reading in their favorite haunts while they absorb the goodness of summer. There is no companion like a book!

You may take out for the summer all the books on this list, except the very recent ones. So it is suggested that you obtain one of the lists and make your selections first. You may find, by checking your likes and dislikes as you read, help in discussing these books afterwards in the English classes. This is the library's contribution to give you the very pleasant vacation that it sincerely wishes you.

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS
President Roger Bernhardt, Vice-President Norma Marcus, Secretary Eileen McElroy and Treasurer Warren Fox



SOPHOMORE OFFICERS
President Frank Gardner, Vice-President Barbara Logan, Secretary Jean Leslie and Treasurer Eliot Alter

Mr. Wilfred Harvey Ringer, Brookline's New Headmaster

SAMUEL LOURIE
Member of Football and Track Teams

STANLEY COHEN
Class Day Major, Member of Track Team

MAXWELL ANDLER
Class Lawyer

JOHN GLEASON
Class Day Major

RUTH FRIEDMAN
German Club President

MILTON LEVY
Class Historian
Class Day Color Bearer

GLADYS NORRIS
Member of
All Boston Junior Hockey Team

MIRIAM HURWITT
Prize Speaking Winner (1930)

MR. WILLIS B. GIFFORD
Brookline's New Sub-Master

MISS DOROTHY TAFT AND MR. LELAND HOLLINGWORTH
Through whose efforts the Year Book was made possible

PAUL RUTLEDGE
Class Orator, Prize Speaking Winner (1932)

HODEE WALDSTEIN
Class Poetess

DOROTHY BURT
Class Secretary

SAMUEL GUTMAN
Class Prophet

DOROTHEA LAKSON
ssistant Captain of Marshals

MARY ÇLARK
Vice President of Class

CAROLA NASMYTH
Class Historian
Secretary of Honorary Society

ANN DELANO
Member of All Boston Junior Hockey Team (2 yrs.), Secretary of Advisory Council

PARTY WIRE

Gentle readers; we regret to announce that our noted columnist was at his post by the keyhole when someone opened the door hastily and he has since been unable to continue his journalistic career. . . . Rather a black-eye to the profession! (pass the puns!) But to replace it, we have still another "colyum" and our sterling motto is, "Of the peep-hole, for the peep-hole and by the peep-hole." (we would have had it in the language of the mighty Cæsar only we flunked Latin last month.)

* * * *

Overheard in the corridors as our male fashion plate strolls down the hall: "Isn't Jack McGlynn the smoothest dresser!" . . . that's what the (un) fair sex say anyway. How do you do it, Jack?"

* * * *

I heard, oh I heard, no, it wasn't told to me, I only heard—Bud Small's frat pin seems to be back on his manly chest again. What's the matter, Helen, Just Friends?

* * * *

On account of the rather free-and-easy way he drives, Laurance Allen's lizzie just missed another car up on Clark Road, not so long ago. He says himself if the old boat had had another coat of paint on it they would have placed a lily in his hand. The other driver said things that in calmer moments he would have hesitated to spell. But let the matter drop.

* * * *

By the way, did you notice the stag lines at the Prom? I'll bet a lot of girls stayed home and played solitaire. Guess our boys must have more than a little blood of that noble race which can hardly be called spendthrift, in their veins.

* * * *

Is there no justice! The boys are compelled to cover their adams-apples with collars and ties while half of the sweet young things dash through the halls and corridors exposing sun-tans, freckles, and all too frequently, skinny shoulder-blades to an observant world, by means of "sun back" tennis dresses . . . Oh well! . . .

* * * *

My, my and doesn't everyone just *love* Class Day practice. Battalions of beaming students tramping doggedly around the dusty campus of our dear old alma mater — and do we have fun! Everyone marching enthusiastically, most of them out of step; and no one is keeping time to the music. But who cares? It's the spirit of the thing that counts! And so they go merrily on their way (in the wrong direction, a little thing like that doesn't bother them . . . why go on? You get the idea.

* * * *

Well, I've got to go and do the dishes now, so as they say in Chile (or is it Afghanistan?) Auf Wiederseben!

THE GERMAN PICNIC

Saturday, May 28, 1932, was the day scheduled for the German Club Picnic. Doris Reimer had kindly consented to lend her summer camp for the occasion. After a pleasant trip, the party of twenty-two members arrived at its destination, a large lake about thirty miles from Brookline, called "Long-Sought-For."

On arrival, John Stevens, accompanied by Miss Mickey Metzler, embarked in the one and only boat on the premises. Meanwhile, Calhoun Ancrum, having forgotten his swimming suit, borrowed a pair of 1952-style shorts, and after having employed several safety pins to fit the raiment, he appeared on the beach to the great enjoyment of everybody.

Baseball, swimming, fishing, boating, and the roasting of marshmallows took up most of the time until six o'clock, when the party began its return trip. Everyone had a very enjoyable time, and extends his hearty appreciation to the hostess, Doris Riemer, and to Miss Kleinberg, our chaperone, who kindly supplied part of the refreshments.

COMMENCEMENT MUSINGS

What are the thoughts of the graduate as he marches out through the doors of Brookline High for the last time? Are they the satisfied thoughts of the winner, those of success and attainment, or are they those of the loser, . . . dreary and perhaps accompanied by a little self-disgust?

Having been given every opportunity, the student himself must decide the rest. After all is said and done the fundamental reason for the success of genius of any sort,—educational or otherwise—is ordinary effort plus great determination not to give in to tendencies to weaken.

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY
DAY DIVISION

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

In co-operation with engineering firms, offers curricula leading to the Bachelor of Science degree in the following branches of engineering:

Civil Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Electrical Engineering
Chemical Engineering
Industrial Engineering

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Co-operating with business firms, offers courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the following fields of business:

Accounting
Banking and Finance
Business Management

The Co-operative Plan of training combines theory with two years of practice. It enables the student to earn his tuition and a part of his other school expenses.

Graduates of Brookline High School may be admitted without examinations if grades are satisfactory to the Department of Admissions

EVENING DIVISION
(Coeducational)

An effective university education is available in the evening for high school graduates who for financial or other reasons cannot enter day colleges but must go to work following graduation:

School of Business

Grants B.B.A. and M.B.A. degrees.
Specializes in accounting and business administration.
Only 24.9% of graduates held executive positions on entering school; 71.9% now in major executive positions.
Graduates outstandingly successful in C.P.A. examinations.
Actual business problems the basis of instruction.

School of Law

Four-year course.
LL.B. degree.
Prepares for bar examinations and practice.
Case method of instruction similar to that in best day law schools.
A School of high standards adapted to the needs of employed men and women.
Alumni outstandingly successful as lawyers, judges, business executives.

Graduates of Brookline High School admitted without examinations

Catalogs or further information sent upon request

Northeastern University
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

CHOOSING A CAREER

High School graduates in large numbers, either immediately after completing their high school courses or even after they have acquired still further cultural education, find themselves making the decision to seek positions in business rather than in the professions, in order that they may the sooner become financially independent. At such times both high school and college graduates are face to face with the same difficulty — that of persuading employers that they possess qualifications which may be developed into valuable business assets.

Should you choose to enter Business as your vocation, it would be well for you to take an inventory of your assets, and consider whether or not you can offer an employer anything he would be willing to purchase.

Assuming that in addition to your education you are possessed of such valuable assets as good personality, initiative, willingness to work, etc., have you that which in the eyes of the employer is absolutely essential — a satisfactory knowledge of the fundamentals of business practice, without which your other qualifications are of little value in the modern business office? Lacking such training it is almost impossible to secure admission to a business office; much less to meet successfully the severe competition of those who with less cultural education yet are possessed of a practical knowledge of business fundamentals.

Young men and young women who may be interested in training for successful careers in business will find it to their advantage to write to Principal L. O. White, Bryant & Stratton Commercial School, 334 Boylston Street, Boston, for information regarding Business Administration or Secretariel Courses. The Summer Session opens July 5; the Fall Session September 6. *(Adv.)*

GRADUATION

(Continued from Page 1)

senior girl. In the absence of Mr. Richard Floyd, Mr. Caverly presented the Floyd Cup, the Harvard Cup, and the Harvard Book Prize. The Washington and Franklin Medal, The D. A. R. medal, the Alfred D. Chandler prize, and the Juliet S. Baldwin prize were presented by Mr. Ringer. Mr. Matthew Porosky, in bestowing the Charles W. Holtzer prize on scholars distinguished in the fields of music and manual training, told something of Mr. Holtzer's career in Brookline.

Miss Celina H. Lewis, teacher of English and chairman of the scholarship committee enumerated the Scholarship Awards, two full scholarships and two part scholarships, made possible this year by the proceeds from Annual Scholarship Dramatics which had been especially successful under the devoted direction of Miss Louise Hannon, in charge of speech training in the high school. Miss Lewis praised the students chosen for the scholarships, saying that they were candidates for "the aristocracy formed by the union of high mental achievement with sound character "for which there is always great need in a democracy."

Two musical selections followed the awards. Carol Adams sang *I Know A Lovely Garden,* by D'Hardelot. Harry Mahakian played the next selection, a trombone solo, *Ballad,* by Pinard.

Then the Class of 1932 rose in one gesture and united their voices in the Class Song, composed by a classmate, Julius Starita.

After the presentation of diplomas, the orchestra played Verdi's *Aïda* while the throng of graduates, now Brookline High School alumni, marched from the auditorium.

MARSHALS

(Continued from Page 1)

Council elected the following to serve as junior marshals next year:

Frank Gardiner
George Driscoll
Leonard Beckwith
Dorothy Freedman
Eliot Silverman
Marjorie Gordon
Bertram Litman
Barbara Logan
June Bradfield
Le Reine Gardner
Deborah Kinsman
Philip Baird
Theodore Plotkin
Selma Levine
Ellin Dowling
Joseph Hartigan
Edna Hibbel
Jordan Cohen
Henry Urrows
Jean Leslie

For next year's sophomore marshals, the following have been chosen:

Philip Ford
Norma Nasmyth
Harry Shooshan
Elinor Fisher
Myron Cohen
Paul Cusick
James Hogg
Myron Wallace
Sarah Gauman
James Hines
Janet Dubinsky
Myrtle Niccolls
Marie Clarke
Robert Leslie
Eugene Bliss

It is to be confidently expected that these marshals, many of them new to their responsibilities will carry on the effective work and high traditions of the marshal system.

Guidance Department Closes Year

JOHN V. JEWETT
Director

The Guidance Department was instituted by the School Board at the request of Mr. Jewett, September 1930.

To be of greatest value, guidance work, educational or vocational, is distinctly an individual problem. No one person can always determine the best solution of a human problem; but the cooperation of many minds, each stimulated by an earnest desire to serve, produces results at times seemingly impossibl. The Brookline Guidance Department has this motto, "Help; make a record if possible, but in any case, help."

ANNE REYNOLDS
Secretary

Actual statistics gathered from the Classes of 1930 and 1931 have gone on record to show the assistance this department has rendered parents, teachers, and students. With no paid counselors to assist, the amount of detailed conference work has been more than the time and strength of one person could adequately cover. Results, however, have been most gratifying and the Director is conscious of a feeling of satisfaction that this Department has been able to be of service to so many.

Much credit is due to the loyal cooperation from every teacher in the Brookline School System.

FACULTY REVEALS ITS VACATION PLANS

The teachers of Brookline High School are planning to go to all corners of the country this summer. Miss Lewis intends to cross the continent, and visit the sunny climes of California.

Miss O'Brien will correct college1 boards at Columbia University for ten or twelve days; then she will teach summer school at Middlebury College in Vermont. After that, she hopes to rest a while before beginning the school year. Miss Chamberlain will also teach summer school for six weeks at the University of Maine, after which she will spend the rest of the vacation at Houlton, Maine.

Miss Perrin, the new French teacher, will sail on June 25, aboard the *Scythia* for Europe. After spending a few weeks in England, she will go to France, visiting the Riviera and the Alps. Mr. Snow will spend his vacation in his summer home in New Hampshire.

CLASS DAY

(Continued from Page One)

The indoor program was the first event of the year that displayed our senior talent only. After the seniors, boys in blue and white, girls in charming colonial costume, were seated on the tremendous platform, their president, Robert Hall, made the opening address. Paul Rutledge presented the Year Book to Miss Taft and Mr. Hollingworth, through whose efforts it was published, and to Mr. Ringer who has just completed a year of successful work as headmaster. The band struck up in maritial melody and filled the hall with music. The Class History was presented by Carola Nasmyth and Milton Levy who were seen poring over ancient records in anticipation of 1960 Modern American History College Boards. These old annals contained the glorious record of the class of '32. Paul Rutledge delivered the oration with characteristic eloquence, portraying the class outlook on life.

The class prophecy was made in the guise of a conversation between Samuel Gutman and Dorothy Burt in the lobby of a 1960 hotel. Every member of the class of '32 had distinguished himself in some way, ranging from president of the United States to successful novelist. The Class Gift, Rembrandt's painting, "The Student," was then presented by George Kaplan. Hodee Waldstein interpreted her own ode to the senior class which had been selected as the Class Poem. The Class Will and Testament was read in solemn voice by the Class Attorney, Maxwell Andler. As a close to the program, Julius Stanta led the seniors in the singing of the Class Song.

A winner never quits
A quitter never wins.

Gratis

Ah . . . my friends . . . with you again after an extended vacation . . . suh . . . this heah spring air sure gets into one's blood . . . Capn' Milt's ambition is to marry Greta Garbo for her money . . the idea of signing Year Books has turned into a business . . . class day was——
. . . Lamie Kerrins has started the sale of tickets for the Thanksgiving dance . . and now for some advice to the fair sex . . .

Don't bite the hand
Which buys the chicken sandwich.

* * * *

As the year closes we take our Hall of Fame into consideration . . . for 1932 we nominate for permanent fixture . . . the Salle Moderne . . . Connie's hair . . . winter sport shoes . . . Badaracco's idea of an honor study . . Jo Axelrod's idea of something funny . . Alan Schwartz's idea of a crowded automobile . . Leighbowich's idea of electricity . . Charlie Richardson's boys . . . Mr. Bop . . . Ben Bernie and all the lads . . . Max Andler's good nature . . . a pair of a certain somebody's rubber soled shoes . . . oh!! that's enough . . . so long . . .uh—but wait . . . Miss Betty Gullerin wishes all her schoolmates a pleasant vacation . .

OMEGA

This column is dedicated to those brave seniors who are going to have the courage to come back next year.

I suggest that the five-year men get service stripes. That is, they should get a stripe a year for the first eight years, after that they should get a gold star.

Here's to our future gold star mothers.

Things I'd like to know:

Why Toots Weinstein is always going nowhere so fast?

Why Max Andler was allowed in the front row when class pictures were being taken?

How Lebowitch (Leighbowitch) really spells his name?

Max Andler was the biggest attraction on Class Day.

Did you see Mackey running around the field Class Day? Sh! don't say anything, he thought he was a general, but he was only a little Lemon Aide.

Did you know that Swartz and the Plotkin brothers are going to start a leper colony. You see they're all jumpers.

O.K., I apologize for that last one.

Laurie Daniels is filling Max Andler's shoes on the SAG staff. We ought to be glad it isn't his pants.

Will you sign my yearbook; Huh!

ALUMNI NOTES

M. I. T. News

John V. Jewett was recently elected captain of the track team and member at large of the Athletic Association.

Thomas Regan has been elected captain of the hockey team.

I. H. Summer was recently elected business manager of the Combined Musical Clubs.

PAUL RUTLEDGE

Interviews with figures prominent in political and business life are, of necessity, difficult to obtain but it seems almost incredible that the same difficulty could arise with a student in our school. Since all attempts to interview Paul Rutledge were futile, due to the innumerable meetings of the Year Book Committee and the Board of Bank Directors on which he is serving, I had to forego a personal meeting and accept, in its stead, a list of his accomplishments during his stay at Brookline High.

As a freshman, Paul "crashed into" the semi-finals of Prize Speaking. In 1931, he earned honorable mention in the finals, and in his senior year, the prize was his. He displayed his dramatic ability also in the Washington play presented by the history department and in *Philippa Gets There.*

Paul's versatility in languages has won for him not only membership in the German Club during his sophomore and junior years, but also a four-year membership in the French Club, with its vice-presidency in '31 and its highest office in his senior year.

His second year marked the beginning of his service as a bank director which continued until he obtained the chairmanship of the Bank's Board of Directors. In 1930, he was a member also of the Glee Club and the Four Minute Speakers.

During his junior year he became editor-in-chief of the SAGAMORE and this literary ability was recognized in his senior year by his election to the position of Class Orator.

His fine personality and friendliness to his fellow students have won him the positions of marshal, senior representative of the Court of Justice, and a member of the Senior-Junior Social Committee.

With such an enviable record, one may safely predict that those same qualities that have earned for him the various high school honors will continue to be equally recognized in his future scholastic carrer or business affiliations.

Jokes

Medical examiner (to young student): "Suppose there were a gunpowder explosion and a man were blown into the air. You, as the nearest, doctor, are called in. What would you do?"

Student: "Wait for him to come down again."

* * * *

Martin: "I tell you, you can't find a man anywhere who enjoys a good joke better than I do."

Swallow: "I imagine that's so. I've heard you tell the same joke 40 times and laugh at it every time."

* * * *

Burdett Training

—whether secured before or after college, is helpful throughout life. It is an essential part of the equipment of every young person in seeking employment or in building a career. Courses include basic subjects with several distinct opportunities for specialization. Instruction intensely practical. Close attention paid to individual needs. Separate courses for men and women.

Business Courses

FOR YOUNG MEN—
Business Administration and Accounting Courses as preparation for sales, credit, financial and accounting positions. College grade instruction. Highly specialized technical training in two years.

FOR YOUNG WOMEN—
Executive Secretarial, Stenographic Secretarial, Stenographic, and Finishing Courses as preparation for attractive secretarial positions. Individual advancement.

FOR BOTH Young Men and Young Women—
Business and Bookkeeping Courses as preparation for general business and office positions.

Burdett students last year came from 70 universities and colleges, 356 high schools, 114 academies, and 165 other business and normal schools. Facilities unsurpassed—able and experienced faculty—placement service for graduates. Previous business training not required for entrance. Correspondence invited.

FALL TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 6th

BURDETT COLLEGE
A Professional Business School of College Grade
156 STUART STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

For new illustrated catalogue, sent without obligation, address F. H. Burdett, President

B I A

To Any Senior Who Plans Taking Up

ART

There are two kinds of Art—Art for art's sake and ADVERTISING ART. The former usually puts the student's head in the clouds but no money in the pocket.
To the best of our knowledge and belief there is no school in New England that teaches ADVERTISING ART except this — the only ALL ADVERTISING school in the country. If you have illustrating talent, why not enroll in this Institute where your instructions and training will be along strictly commercial lines or as some of our students so aptly term it — PAY ENVELOPE ART.
Remember, the Advertising field consumes more than 90% of all the commercial art produced in America. Write for catalog or call and consult our Faculty.

Diagonally opposite Boston Public Library

BOSTON INSTITUTE OF ADVERTISING
711 BOYLSTON STREET BOSTON, MASS.

IF I WERE THE ROVING REPORTER

As I enter the stately portals of the Brookline High School Library, I see a shiny doorknob gleaming 'midst an ocean of signs, hung precariously by two solitary thumbtacks. A choice group of from sixty to one hundred pupils form a snake-like line, waiting patiently (?) for slips. If a larger place is not built soon, the library will have to impress all available funds into buying shiny seats to be suspended from the ceiling, hung on the walls, and attached to any other available space. The librarians are ready at all times to help the floundering students to find any stray tid-bits of information but even librarians can't handle ten or twenty students at a time. To help us to help ourselves, library lessons are given. Their purpose is worth-while but the achievement is indescribable. Some students are rushing madly around with their contract sheets in their hands, trying to find out who wrote the poem with this for its first line: "I'm a lean dog, a keen dog, a wild dog, and lone." Or, what is the height of Mt. Githsis in Tyrrhenia.

If you can study in the engine room of a ship, or in a boiler factory, you may be able to work in the library while contracts are on.

Before long we shall have a new library. Then all will be changed. We'll miss those signs that usually adorn the door. No longer will we confront "Closed the sixth period," "Library closes at 2:15," and various other standbys. New evils may be present in the new library but at least we shall be free from window seats. In winter a howling gale blows down one's back and the unrelenting sun presents a premature tan in spring. I feel that whereas gales and sun are passable in their respective places one does not expect to encounter them in a library. In the library there is information stating that chewing gum is an old South American product but the product itself is tabooed and it will eventually land in the waste basket. So beware, all addicts of the product of the ancient chicle tree!

AERO CLUB PRESENTS BOOK TO THE LIBRARY

Do you remember the old Aero Club of this High School? When the members of this Club graduated they left with the faculty adviser, Mr. Downing, a sum of money to be spent in purchasing an aviation book for the Library. Mr. Downing, with the aid of the librarian, has finally chosen the book which seems best: the *Aircraft Yearbook for 1932*. This book will soon be available on the shelves of the Library. You may be interested to know that the former president of this club, George Mason, is now reporting for the *Boston Evening Transcript* in the Aviation field.

DO YOU BLUFF?

In a most interesting book, "Keeping Jp With Science," the late Edward Sloson wrote of a novel experiment with ne nation's students. An average group f college undergraduates and students f technical schools were given tests vhich weren't tests. Along with cusomary examination questions there were tricks." In an English test the poor udents were asked to define words hich they had never heard of before, or nat anyone else had. In the chemistry xam the student was asked to define ne properties of a reagent which name as invented for the occasion. After nese students were quizzed in such a ean and vile manner, the same exams ere given to a class of chauffeurs, ooks, etc. After the exams were corected and the grades compiled startng facts were found. Everyone had one some bluffing, but the college stuents bluffed a great deal more than eryone else taking the exam. These uffed anywhere from twenty to over xty percent of the test! The bluffing erage of the others varied greatly.

After reading those items we wonered what we would do under the cirumstances. It's a tempting situation to e a verb that you don't recognize, but hose meaning you believe you can work it through its latin roots. Would you uff? We would, without hesitation.

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BEING A FAMILY DOCTOR

After a full day at school, it's not much fun to be greeted by the cry of, "I've twisted my foot, what'll I do about it?"—or "I've a bad headache; what will relieve it?" This has fallen to my lot ever since I can remember. Now it seems it is just a habit to be known as the family's physical adviser.

The other night I was called on to bandage my aunt's ankle and place it on a hot water bag, and I had to give my mother aspirin and keep a cold cloth on her head. Meanwhile a little boy's kitten upstairs had cut its tail (the little boy's mother ran the sewing machine over the end of it), and the blood was dripping all over the place, so, naturally, I was the one chosen to undertake the task of stopping the bleeding and cleaning up the gory mess afterwards. What can a person do with a combination like that?

An interesting incident occurred last summer. Our dog, Tip, had somehow cut his ear. When I started to fix it I touched the sore spot too severely, and Tip was off with a yelp of pain. My cousin and I chased him over the house not leaving one piece of furniture right side up, and breaking up a rather intimate discussion in the parlor. When we finally did catch the dog, the wrath of the household descended upon our heads a thousand fold.

So, bring your bruises and bumps to Dr. Hicks. She'll fix you up (or as my mother says), "she'll either kill you or cure you."

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